CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN

SCHILLER AND GOETHE

FROM 1794 TO 1805.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF THE GERMAN
WITH NOTES.

BY

L. DORA SCHMITZ,

TRANSLATOR OF DR. ULRICI'S 'SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC ART,' AND DR. SCHLIEMANN'S 'TROY AND ITS REMAINS,' ETC.

VOL. II.

1798—1805.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1890.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

404.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 2, 1798.

I shall look upon it as a good omen that my first letter under the new date is addressed to you. May fortune be as gracious to you this year as she has been during the last two years; I can wish you nothing better. Would that I too might this year have the pleasure of working out successfully what is best in *my* nature as you have done with yours.

Your peculiar way of alternating between reflection and production is truly enviable and admirable. Both species of activity are wholly distinct in you, and this is precisely the reason why both are so well developed. While at work, you are in reality in the dark, and the light is merely *in* you; and with reflection the inward light comes forth from you illuminating objects for yourself and others. In me the two species of activity are mixed, and that moreover not to the advantage of the matter in hand.

I lately read a review of your *Hermann und Dorothea* in the *Nürnberg Gazette*, which was again a proof to me that the Germans appreciate only what is general, rational, and moral. The criticism is full of good-will, but does not contain anything that shows poetic feeling or that evinces an insight into the poetic economy of the whole. The good man clings merely to certain passages, and more especially

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to such as enter into what is general and broad, and give one something to take to heart.

Have you ever seen or heard anything of that strange book of Retif's: *Cœur humain dévoilé?* I have read it as far as it is written, and in spite of all that is objectionable, low, and revolting in it, have enjoyed it very much. For I have never yet met with so vehemently sensual a nature, and the variety of the personages, chiefly female, to whom one is introduced, the life and the vividness of the descriptions, the characteristic account of customs, and the delineation of French character, among a certain class of people, cannot fail to excite interest. To me, who have so little opportunity for drawing my materials from without, and for studying real life, such books—among which I also class *Cellini*—is of inestimable value.

A few days ago, to my great delight, I read in the Intelligence sheet of the *Literary Gazette* an announcement from the younger Schlegel that he no longer has anything to do with the editor of the *Lyceum*.* Hence our prophecy that this publication would not last long, has proved true!

Farewell for to-day; to-morrow I shall expect definite notice as to how soon you can come to us. My wife sends kindest greetings. Meyer will, I hope, come for one day in any case.

SCH.

405.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 3, 1798.

I feel quite happy in the thought that the New Year finds us so near one another; I only hope that we shall soon meet again and spend some time together uninterruptedly. There are many things I wish to discuss and to confide in you, in order that a certain period in my meditations and work may the more speedily be matured.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to seeing something of your *Wallenstein*, for I shall thus be able to

* The editor was Reichardt, so frequently alluded to in some of the earlier letters.

take a new interest in your nature. I only wish that you may be able to finish it this year.

I had hoped to have been able to come to you next Sunday, but a new obstacle seems to be coming in the way; on Saturday I shall be able to say more definitely. You will at the same time receive a copy of an old dialogue between a Chinese scholar and a Jesuit,* in which the former appears a creative idealist, and the latter a regular Reinholdite.† The thing has amused me inconceivably, and given me a good idea of Chinese acuteness.

Retif's book I have not yet seen, but shall try to procure it.

Were it of importance to us as poets—as with conjurers—that no one should perceive how the trick is done, we should certainly be the winners in the game; for all who please the public can count upon good luck, inasmuch as they swim with the stream. In my *Hermann und Dorothea* I have—in regard to subject-matter—for once complied with the wishes of the Germans, and hence, they are extremely well satisfied. I am just considering whether we could not, in a similar way, write a dramatic piece that might be seen played in every theatre, and be generally declared excellent, without the author himself requiring to consider it as such.

This, and the discussion of many another subject, must be left till we meet. How much I wish that you could be with us just now in order to see, in the self-same hour, and hence, as it were, side by side, one of the most misshapen creatures in organic nature—an elephant—and the most graceful of all artistic forms—Raphael's Florentine Madonna.‡

Schelling's ideas towards a Philosophy of Nature I shall bring with me, it will give rise to many a discussion.

Farewell, and give your dear wife many kind greetings from me.

Friedrich Schlegel has had a mad essay of his inserted

* See Letters 407, 410.

† One of the noblest inquirers after Truth since Kant produced his 'History of Philosophy.' He was born in Vienna, but subsequently became one of the professors at the university of Jena.

‡ Meyer's copy of the *Madonna della Sedia.*

in a number of the *Lyceum*, while it was being printed in Berlin, where he was at the time; there happened to be a dearth of manuscript, and this essay was put in without Reichardt's knowledge; there is an attack upon Voss in it, and this has given rise to a dispute between the two noble friends.

G.

406.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 5, 1798.

My landlord* and his wife cannot say enough about the friendly way in which they were received by you, and about the beautiful things that were shown to them. I am really astonished at the interest with which the old man speaks of these works of art; the artist himself has every reason to rejoice at the effect produced by them in a character like his.

I am greatly disappointed that your intention of coming here has been thwarted so often, for, owing to a former letter of yours, I have been calculating upon seeing you ever since Christmas Day. I have meanwhile advanced some steps with my work, and am now in a position to lay before you four times as much as the Prologue amounts to, although this includes nothing, as yet, of the third act.

Now that I have got my work cleanly copied out in another person's handwriting, and it, therefore, looks less familiar to me, I am really pleased with it. There are obvious proofs that I have gone beyond myself, which is the result of my intercourse with you; for it is only the frequent and continued communion with an objective nature so opposite to my own, my active striving after it, and the combined effort of contemplating it and of reflecting upon it, that could enable me to keep the subjective limits of my own nature so far apart. I find that the clearness and thoughtfulness which is the fruit of a later period in life, has not deprived me of any of the warmth that belongs to the earlier one. However, it would be more

* Griesbach, professor of theology at the university of Jena.

appropriate that I should hear this from you, than that you should hear it from me.

I grant that I should not choose any subjects but historical ones; freely invented ones would be dangerous ground to me. It is quite a different thing to idealise what is realistic, than to realise what is ideal, and this is what has actually to be done in free fiction. I know it to be within my power to animate and to give warmth to any given subject that is definite and limited, and so to say to make it sprout up, whereas the objective definiteness of such a subject would curb my imagination, and be an obstacle to my wishes.

If I succeed with one or two dramas and win the public over to my side, I should be very much tempted to do something wicked and to work out an old idea of mine about Julian the Apostate. For here, likewise, there would be quite a definite historical world; there would be no fear of my not finding poetic material in it, and the fearful interest in the subject-matter would only make the power of the poetic representation the more effective. If there should be a copy of Julian's *Misopogon* or of his Letters (that is to say a translation) in the Weimar Library, you would be doing me a great favour by bringing them with you when you come.

Charlotte Kalb, I hear, is said to be in danger of becoming blind; she would be greatly to be pitied.

Farewell; I enclose something of Körner's concerning your *Pausias*. Please be so kind as to send me back Humboldt's letter which I wish to answer on Monday.

SCH.

407.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January, 6, 1798.

I congratulate you upon your satisfaction with the portion of your work you have finished. The clearness with which you have examined the demands that you were obliged to make upon yourself, leads me to think that there can be no doubt about the justness of your own testimony. The fortunate meeting of our natures has

already been of many an advantage to us both, and I hope that the relation may always continue equally effective. If I have served you as the representative of much objective matter, you have led me back to myself from too exclusively contemplating outward things and their circumstances. You have taught me to look at the manysidedness of the inner man more fairly, you have given me a second youth and re-fashioned me into a poet, which I may be said to had ceased to be.

Very strange still is the effect which I feel my journey* to have had upon me. The material which I gathered I cannot make use of, and have got completely out of the mood for doing anything. I recollect this having been the effect upon me in former years, and I know very well from many instances and circumstances that impressions received have to work away in me for a long time in quiet, before they will willingly allow themselves to be put to poetical use. For this reason I have made a complete halt, and am now waiting to see what my first sojourn in Jena will bring forth.

Körner's interpretation of *Pausias* is again very remarkable. We ought to make our work as good and as varied as we can, in order that every one may be able to pick out something and take an interest in it after his own fashion. Körner's remark is just in some respects, the grouping of the poem is as definite as if it had been painted, and animated only by sentiment and recollection, whereby the rivalry between the poet and the painter is made more striking.

I have, moreover, again very clearly perceived, in the case of the poems in the last *Musenalmanach*, that no sympathy however valuable can teach us anything, and that neither is any species of censure of any use. As long as a work does not exist, no one can form any idea of the possibility of its existence; and as soon as it does exist, praise and blame are in all cases subjective, and many, who cannot be denied to possess taste, will wish something added to or taken from it, whereby, possibly, the whole work would be destroyed, so that not even the

* Probably his journey to Italy, in 1787–1788.

actual negative value of the critic, which is perhaps always the most important, can be of any benefit to us.

I wish, for very many reasons, that your *Wallenstein* may soon be finished. Let us again go thoroughly over the demands of the drama, both while you are at work with it and afterwards! If in future you feel sure and determined in regard to the plan and the arrangement, then, considering the exercise your talents have had and the inner wealth of your mind, you would not be doing right unless you were to write a couple of plays every year. For it seems to me clear that it is necessary for a dramatist to come frequently before the public, continually to renew the effect which he has produced, and, if he has the talent, to go on building upon it.

Our poor friend Frau von Kalb is really very ill. She has already lost the best use of her sight, and it is very likely that she will lose it altogether.

I will remember Julian.*

Herewith comes the promised philosophical discourse.† The Chinaman would please me even better had he taken the fire-basket and handed it to his adversary with the

* See Letter 406.

† This refers to a work of Erasmus Francisci, which Goethe mentioned in Letter 405, and again speaks of at the end of Letter 411. Francisci there quotes a passage from a treatise by Trigault, a Jesuit, entitled: *De Christianorum Expeditione ad Sinas a Societate Jesu suscepta.* It is an amusing conversation between a Jesuit and a Chinese priest, a portion of which may be quoted here to explain the allusion in the letter. The Chinese, upon being asked by the Jesuit what he thought of the Lord of Heaven, replied that "he did not consider Him to possess any special majesty, power, or divine strength. For," he added, "I, too, and every other man, are like unto him, and in no way his inferior." The Jesuit then put the question as to whether he could do such things as it was universally acknowledged the Lord of Heaven had done? The reply was: "Yes;" and the heathen ventured further to say that he could also create heavens and earths. "Ah! my good man," replied the Jesuit, "then make a fire-basket like this one;" for it happened that a fire-basket was standing by full of glowing coals. Thereupon the idolatrous priest exclaimed that it was unfair of the Jesuit to desire this of him; and the other replied in a still louder voice that it was more unfair to presume to promise a thing that could not be performed, &c.

words: "Yes, I *created* it; there, take it and make use of it!" I should like to know what the Jesuit's answer to this would have been.

While reading Schelling's book various thoughts have again struck me which we must talk over in detail. I willingly admit that it is not nature that we perceive, but that it is comprehended by us merely according to certain forms and faculties of our mind. There may indeed be very many different stages of perception between the appetite of a child for an apple and the fall of an apple which is said to have awakened in Newton the idea for his theory; it is very much to be wished that these stages were very distinctly laid down, and that, at the same time, it were made intelligible to us which is considered the highest. The transcendental idealist of course believes himself to be standing at the top of all, but one thing in him I do not like is that he is ever disputing other modes of conception, while the fact is that not any one mode of conception can be disputed. Who would dissuade certain persons from believing in the idea of the appropriateness of organic natures towards the outer world, when experience itself daily seems to express this doctrine, and a plausible explanation can so easily be made to settle the most difficult phenomena? You know how much I am inclined to believe in the idea of the appropriateness of organic natures to their inner life, and yet, of course, it cannot be denied that there is a *determination from* without, and a *relation towards* things that are without, whereby one again comes more or less near to that mode of conception which cannot be dispensed with in any discourse as a mode of speech. In the same way the idealist may defend his idea of *things in themselves* as much as he pleases, he will nevertheless, before he is aware of it, come upon *things outside of himself*, and, as it seems to me, on first meeting them, they will come athwart his path as the fire-basket did the Chinaman's. It always appears to me that if the one party can never get at the spirit from without, so the other will probably hardly be able to reach matters from within, and that therefore it would be better to abide by the philosophical state of nature (Schelling's ideas, p. xvi.), and to make the best possible use of one's

undivided existence till philosophers are agreed as to how that which they have separated can be re-united.

I have again come upon some questions which I shall require to have settled for my next work, and in regard to which I shall beg you to give me your opinion. Farewell. I am inclined to defer coming to you for a short time, in order to be more likely to be able to enjoy a continuance of happy and fruitful days with you.

G.

408.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 9, 1798.

The enclosed* Cotta sent me for you, and you are to have it regularly. The parcels are always to be enclosed to me, because they cannot be prepaid to Weimar.

To-day I can only bid you good evening. I had no sleep last night and mean to go to bed immediately. How are you keeping in this abominable weather? I feel it through all my nerves. For your own sake I am glad that you are not here just now.

Farewell. SCH.

409.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 10, 1798.

The last days have really been of such a kind that one did well to think as little as possible of the existence of heaven and earth, so I have kept mostly to my room. Meanwhile, during these colourless and cheerless days, I have again taken up my studies on colour, and been putting my papers into order, so as thoroughly to examine what I had hitherto done. I have, namely, kept notes from the beginning, and thus preserved an account of the false as well as of the right steps I had taken, but especially of all my experiments, experiences and ideas; I

* The opening number of the *Neueste Weltkunde*, the editorship of which had been declined by Schiller. E. L. Posselt, the historian, undertook it, and a few months later was assisted in this by Huber, a friend of Schiller's and of Körner's, when the periodical received the name of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

have now separated the pile, had paper bags made, classed these according to a certain system, and put the different papers into them, and shall thus be able more easily to examine my materials for each separate chapter, to destroy all useless papers, by separating those that are useful, and, at the same time, to revise the whole. I now see what a mad undertaking this has been, and shall take good care never to attempt anything of the kind again. For even now, although I have got things arranged thus far, I shall have much trouble before I get my material worked out in proper form. Still I have gained much in culture by this, for my nature would scarcely have vouchsafed me an insight into these matters without my having taken this strange interest in the subject. I enclose a short essay * which may be from four to five years old; I think you are sure to be interested in seeing how I looked at things in those days.

I send you, at the same time, Herr Bouterwek's æsthetic essays which I beg you to keep carefully till I come. Nothing could well strike me as more odd. The whole book seems to me to consist of old traditional ware, of indefinite views of his own, and of fragments of the new system of philosophy. It would be amusing enough if, at some future time, one could get hold of notes he might have taken during lectures; I shall try and do this.

It is very good of Cotta to send me his new *Weltkunde*,† and I shall thank him for it myself. The pamphlet will have a large sale, although I will not deny that its style is repugnant to me; it reminds me of Schubart's *Chronicle*, and does not show either good taste or dignity. But what does that matter, if friend Cotta's expectations are realised? If I can at any future time serve him by sending him a contribution of some sort, I will gladly do so. The third number came to me direct yesterday.

Keep as well as you possibly can! I shall remain here throughout January, on the 30th have another opera performed, and then hasten over to you, where I hope to find

* The essay which is now included in Goethe's work bears the title of *Der Versuch als Vermittler von Subject und Object.* (1793).

† See note to last Letter.

Wallenstein in a good way. I shall probably not be able to do anything meanwhile but arrange and settle things.

Farewell. G.

410.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 12, 1798.

Your essay gives me an excellent idea and account of your proceedings in the study of natural history; it touches the highest concerns and demands of all rational empiricism, inasmuch as its object is only to lay down the law for a single branch. I shall read it through again carefully and think it over, and then tell you my observations. This, for instance, is very evident to me, that it is dangerous to wish to prove a theoretical proposition directly by experiments. And, it seems to me, it corresponds with another philosophical warning, never to try to prove one's propositions by examples, inasmuch as no proposition is equal to the example. The opposite method wholly ignores the essential difference between the world of nature and the world of reason; nay, it disregards all nature by allowing us to find only this conception in things and never conversely. In general, a phenomenon, a fact, which is something always variously *definitive*, can never be equal to a rule which is simply *defining*. I wish that you felt inclined to work out the main substance of this essay by itself, and independently of the investigations and experiments to which it serves as an introduction. You would give important hints for a stricter and purer distinction between practical procedure and theoretical application; people would be brought so far as to be convinced that science can be extended, on the one hand, only by following a phenomenon without any consideration of a unity to be established, by looking at it from all points, and by only endeavouring to compass nature in its breadth; and, on the other hand, (if only the first has been established) by favouring the freedom of the powers of perception, and by applying the power of combination as much as is wished, with this reservation, that the imaginative faculty should try to create things only in its own world, and never in the fact itself. For it seems to me that

hitherto men have erred in two different ways when studying nature; at one time nature was narrowed by theory, and at another the thinking powers were too much limited by the object. Both must have justice done to them, if a system of rational empiricism is to become possible, and both can have justice done them only if a strict critical police separate their domains. As soon as we favour the freedom of the theoretical powers, it cannot but be—as experience itself teaches—that the multiplicity of the modes of conception by which they mutually limit and frequently neutralise one another makes up for the harm produced by the despotism of the one, and we are thus forced back upon the object even on the theoretical path.

The metaphysical discussion between the priest and the Chinaman * amused me very much, and it is particularly good in the Gothic language. Only I am uncertain, as often happens in such cases, whether something very clever or something very commonplace may not be hidden behind the Chinaman's reasoning. Where did you discover this exquisite morsel? It would be a good joke to have it printed with a gentle reference to our latest system of philosophers.

Bouterwek's *æsthetic* commodities are really remarkable. Never have I seen so insipid, belletristic a chatterer with so muddled a head, and such barefaced pretension to philosophy, together with such wretchedly rhapsodical implements.

Your having deferred your visit till February will make this melancholy month of January seem all the longer; but I shall try and extort one advantage from this state of solitude, and proceed busily with my *Wallenstein*, It will moreover be well for me to have brought the tragedy to a certain heat of action before I show it to you, a point where it will move on seemingly of its own accord, and so to say, be in the act of rolling down-hill, for in the first two acts it is still in a state of ascending.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to Meyer. My wife wishes to be most kindly remembered.

SCH.

* See Letter 407, and note.

411.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 13, 1798.

Your instructive letter finds me among colours produced by glass plates being pressed together, the phenomenon in which you yourself were so much interested, and which I now intend to trace to its first elements, inasmuch as I propose working out one chapter after the other. Be sure to write and tell me what you think of my essay, for we must now be making a good step forwards, and I have again come to see, in looking through Schelling's book, that but little assistance is to be expected from modern philosophers. During these last days, while separating and arranging my papers, I have seen to my satisfaction, that by faithfully moving forwards, and by unprejudiced observation, I have left stiff realism and stagnating objectivity so far behind me, as to be able to subscribe your letter of to-day as if it were my own confession of faith. I will try and see whether I cannot practically represent this conviction of mine in my work.

This week, while again looking through different works on physics, it struck me very forcibly that most investigators make the natural phenomenon a means for making use of their individual powers and for exercising their own peculiar trade. It is almost inconceivable that Newton should, at a wrong time, be found playing the part of a geometrician in his optics; it is no better than if one wished to set the phenomena to music or turn them into verse, simply because one happened to be a director of music or a poet. The *mechanist* makes light to consist of balls which come into collision with one another and drive one another on; their striking off more or less obliquely is said to give rise to the different colours; with the *chemist* it is caloric and, in recent times, more especially, oxygen that is said to produce them. A peaceful and peculiarly modest man like Klügel is doubtful about this, but does not urge the point; Lichtenberg jests with and ridicules the conceptions of others; Wünsch brings forward an hypothesis madder than any chapter in the Apocalypse,

squanders his skilfulness, his cleverness in experimenting, and his acuteness in combining, upon one of the most absurd ideas in the world; *Gren* repeats what is antiquated, like one praying to a symbolical confession of faith, and maintains that it is the right one; enough, it seems to be more or less everybody's object to connect his own special condition with the case, and wherever possible to make it suit his own convenience. We must see how we are to guard ourselves from such dangers as these; assist me by also taking note of them.

I will one day soon write you out a sketch of the subject in order to let you see my method, object and idea of the work.

To-day I can only send you my best wishes for the progress of your *Wallenstein*.

The mad philosophical conversation is taken from Erasmus Francisci's newly polished *Mirror of History, Art and Manners*,* a nonsensical book which, however, contains some matter that might prove useful to us.

Farewell. The message-woman is at the door.

G.

412.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January, 15, 1798.

Only a friendly greeting to-day. To-morrow evening I shall write by the post. I have been so absorbed in one of my principal scenes that the night-watchman has just warned me to stop. All is still going on quite satisfactorily with the work; and although a poet cannot set any more value upon his first draught than a merchant upon such of his goods as are at sea, still, I nevertheless think that I have not been wasting my time.

Farewell. Sch.

413.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 17, 1798.

The good news that your work is progressing, is a compensation to me for the want of a longer letter which I should otherwise have been sorry to miss.

* *Geschichts-, Kunst- und Sittenspiegel.*

Herewith you will receive a short essay * on some points which I would rather have discussed with you by word of mouth one day soon. I think that when we have once or twice discussed the matter properly, it must become clear. I yesterday read a chapter on electricity in Gren's *Naturlehre*, it is as sensible as the one on colours is senseless; but how much had not already been worked out and prepared for him?

As far as I can as yet foresee, the theory of colours, when well taken in hand will, in regard to exposition, have an advantage over that in electricity and magnetism; for in the case of colours we do not deal with signs, but with the conditions and effects of visible differences in nature.

Herewith also you will receive supplementary remarks by our friend Hirt † on his *Laokoon*.

Böttiger, in his favourite fashion, had treacherously let this friend of ours know of my essay on the subject, and he has consequently been placed in the greatest embarrassment, as his supplement proves.

It is worthy of notice that he adduces his examples from bas-reliefs, which, as inferior works of art, may indeed go somewhat further, and that he is silent in regard to the family of Niobe, a work of art which ranks as one of the highest, but does not speak in favour of his hypothesis.

If only the group itself had arrived safely in Paris and were again to be seen, our twaddle on the subject might all end in smoke.

People in Paris are already beginning to lament over the bad condition in which the works of art have arrived there. Friend Meyer maintained, for instance, that it would be impossible to transport the Cecilia by Raphael, because the chalk ground had in many places been raised; and so it has proved, for in the shaking it has received much of the chalk has fallen off. How fortunate Herr Posselt seems to me in being able, from the depth of his heart, to rejoice in the success of this over-powering and over-bearing nation.

* *Ueber die Methode bei den Naturwissenschaften.*

† Compare Letters 340, 342.

Farewell. I shall have a good deal to do for the next few weeks, but as soon as the birthday is past, I mean to come to you in order to take part in your work. My kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

414.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 19, 1798.

It will be interesting and instructive to you, to examine the ideas, which you brought forward in that older essay and again in your last one, according to the *Categories*. Your judgment will be quite confirmed, and it will at the same time awaken in you a new faith in the regulative use of philosophy with regard to matters empirical. I will here confine myself only to a few modes of applying it, and moreover at once in connection with your last essay.

The idea of experience under the three different kinds of phenomena is entirely exhaustive if you test them according to the Categories.

a.

Common empiricism, which does not go beyond the empiric phenomenon has (according to quantity) always but one case, a single element of experience, and hence no experience; according to quality it always asserts but one definite existence without distinguishing it, without excluding it, without opposing it, in a word, without making comparisons; according to relation, it is in danger of conceiving what is accidental as substantial; according to modality it remains confined simply to a definite reality, without suspecting what is possible, or even leading its cognition up to necessity. According to my idea common empiricism is never exposed to error, for error first arises when it is made the basis of a science. What it observes, it really observes, and as it feels no desire to make its perceptions laws for the object, so its perceptions may always, without any danger, be isolated and accidental.

b.

It is only with *rationalism* that there arises the *philoso-*

phical phenomenon and error ; for in this field the thinking faculties commence their play, and arbitrariness enters with the freedom that is granted to these powers which are so inclined to substitute themselves for the object.

According to quantity, rationalism always comprises *several* cases, and as long as it is modest enough not to represent plurality as totality—that is, to make objective laws—it is harmless, nay useful, for it is the *way* to truth, which can be found only when one understands how to free oneself from particular cases. When abused, however, it becomes hurtful to philosophy, because, as you yourself very clearly state in your essay, it will maintain the immense combining powers of the human mind at the cost of a certain republican freedom of facts; in short, because it regards mere plurality as unity, and hence treats that which is no totality, as a totality.

According to quality, rationalism very properly contrasts the phenomena one with another, it distinguishes and compares, which (like rationalism generally) is also praiseworthy and good, and the only way to philosophy. But the despotism of the thinking powers spoken of above, manifests itself here also immediately by *onesidedness*, by *strictness* of distinction, as before by *arbitrariness* of combining. It runs in danger of strictly separating that which is allied in nature, as in the above case it joins what nature separates. It makes divisions where none exist, &c.

According to relation it is the everlasting endeavour of rationalism to enquire into the causality of the phenomena, and to unite everything *qua* cause and effect: again very praiseworthy and necessary for philosophy, but likewise extremely hurtful owing to onesidedness. I refer here to your essay itself which chiefly censures the abuse which occasions the causal relationship of the phenomena. Rationalism seems to be at fault here principally from the fact that, inadequately, it merely takes into account the *length* and not the *breadth* of nature.

According to modality, rationalism quits reality without arriving at necessity. *Possibility* is its immense field, hence its unlimited hypotheses. Even this function of the understanding is, as I think, necessary, and the

conditio sine qua non of all philosophy, for, in my opinion, it is only through what is possible that a passage from the Real to the Necessary is to be found. Hence I uphold, as far as I can, the freedom and justification of theoretical powers in the domain of physics.

c.

The *pure phenomenon* which, as I think, is one with the objective law of nature, can be got at only by *rational empiricism.* But, to repeat it again, rational empiricism itself can never begin directly with empiricism; on the contrary, rationalism will in all cases first lie between them. The third category arises at all times from the union of the first with the second, and thus we also find that it is only the full activity of the freely thinking faculties together with the purest and the most extensive activity of the sensuous powers of perception, that leads to scientific knowledge. Rational empiricism, consequently, will effect both these things: it will exclude arbitrariness and call forth liberality: the arbitrariness which influences the mind of man towards the object, or blind chance in the object, and the limited individuality of the single phenomenon towards the power of thought. In a word, it will grant the object its full right by taking from it its blind power, and procure for the human mind its full (rational) freedom by cutting off from it all arbitrariness.

According to quantity, the pure phenomenon must comprehend the totality of instances, for it is the element of constancy in every one of them. Hence it again restores unity in the plurality, and that perfectly in accordance with the meaning of the Category.

According to quality, rational empiricism always sets a *limit*, as may be learnt from the example of all true enquirers into nature, who are equally removed from all absolute affirmations and denials.

According to relation, rational empiricism pays heed both to the causality and to the independence of phenomena; it sees all nature in a reciprocal state of activity, everything is determined alternately, and hence it takes good care not to allow causality to assert itself only

according to a simple scanty *length*, but *breadth* too is in all cases taken into account.

According to modality rational empiricism always penetrates to necessity.

Rational empiricism, in accordance with its idea, is indeed never exposed to abuse like the two preceding species of cognition; but one ought nevertheless to guard against a false and apparently rational empiricism. For in the same way as a *wise limitation* constitutes the real spirit of this species of rational empiricism, so a *cowardly* and *timid limitation* may produce the other. The fruit of the former is the *pure* phenomenon, the fruit of the latter the *empty* and hollow phenomenon. I have on several occasions observed that timid, weak minds—on account of too great a regard for objects and their variety, and from too great a fear of the powers of the mind—in the end, so limit and, as it were, hollow out their assertions and enunciations that the result is *nil*.

There is still so much to be discussed on this subject and on your theses, that I am looking forward to your coming in order thoroughly to enter into the matter, for it is only *conversation* that gives me actual help in quickly grasping and retaining hold of the ideas of others. In the monologue of a letter I am always in danger of only taking up my own side. I more particularly wish to hear you yourself discourse upon that which you call the *direct* application of cases to rules.

My poetical work has been at a standstill for the last three days, notwithstanding my having been quite in the humour for it. An affection of the throat, which has been going the round of our house, has at last attacked me also, and this trouble having come upon me just when I was in a state of great sensitiveness, produced by my work, I was very feverish all day yesterday. To-day, however, my head is already much better, and I hope in a few days to have quite got rid of my troublesome visitor.

I congratulate you upon your new *Xenion*.* We will, of course, put it *ad acta*.

The mad pranks which Herr Posselt is cutting before the public will not do his publisher any great injury.

* Probably a Xenion enclosed in Goethe's previous Letter.

People are asking here continually whether you are going to have Gotter's opera, *The Enchanted Isle*,* performed in Weimar.

As Herr Hirt has to some extent prepared people for your essay on *Laokoon*, do you not feel inclined to let it appear in the *Horen?*

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

415.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 20, 1798.

Accept my best thanks for your examination of my essay by the Categories; I shall always keep it before me when at work. I myself feel, to judge from the spirit in which I treat these subjects, that I shall herein soon arrive at a noble freedom of thought. I am incessantly planning, going over my collection and endeavouring to bring the phenomena out of the midst of what is unnecessary and erroneous, into the safest definitions and the purest results. How glad I shall be when all the useless rubbish is burnt, and I have got what is useful written down on a few pages. The labour has been immense, for I have been working at it now for eight years, and I had no experience in the subject, and had always to gain it for myself in and by practice. As we have now come so far, do not let this last work cause us any vexation; do you but stand by me on the theoretical side, and it is sure to proceed more speedily.

I enclose a hasty sketch towards a history of the theory of colours. You will, while reading it, be able to make some good observations on the course of the development of the human mind; it runs round a certain circle till it has exhausted it. The whole thing, as you will see, turns upon common experience which merely expresses the phenomenon, and upon that rationalism which hunts after causes; there are but few attempts at a clear classification

* Goethe wrote to A. W. Schlegel on February 28: "We are now waiting for the composition of the *Zauberinsel* (the music by Zumsteg); we think of giving it after Easter."

of the phenomena. Hence even the history itself prescribes what we have to do. In working this out, some very interesting points will come into discussion. Grant me your support while I proceed further.

Your frequent returns of ill-health grieve me very much, both on account of your suffering as well as for the loss of time it entails. The mild weather does not yet forebode us any good for some time to come.

Cotta is to be envied; he no doubt feels happy that so splendid a pamphlet should make its appearance in the world through him, and thus the golden approval will be doubly welcome. I have greatly furthered its circulation in Weimar.

Gotter's opera we are not going to have performed just yet.

My essay on *Laokoon* I shall again look over when I have time, and we will then think of what is to be done with it. Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and again accept my thanks for your long, instructive letter.

G.

416.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 23, 1798.

I have not got as quickly rid of my sore-throat as I hoped would be the case when I last wrote to you. It is still troubling me to-day, and as it is my head that is chiefly affected, this makes me more impatient than my spasms otherwise do. It is doubly vexatious to me as I was feeling in the best mood for work and hoped to have got over a good piece before you came.

The short sketch towards a history of optics contains many important principles for a general history of science and of human thought, and should you think of working it out, it would necessarily give rise to many philosophical observations. But the German mind would not appear to advantage there, unless the development be anticipated. It is indeed strange that the vivacity of the French should allow itself to be so soon intimidated and tired out. One would be inclined to say that, after all, it was more passion

than love that fostered the opposition of the French; otherwise they would not have yielded to authority. The German is long kept in subjection by authority and dogmatic error, but in the end his natural objectivity and his serious consideration of the matter carry off the victory, and it is after all generally he who gathers in the materials for science.

There is no question about your doing all that is possible for your object, and that a point which is already carried out so far must be brought to the desired end, for I do not for a moment doubt that you will get to the end of it. I believe, however, that, as you have waited in vain for a companion and fellow-worker, you had better not look about you for one any longer, but finish your work quietly by yourself, and then come forward with what you have accomplished as far as this can be done by following your path. It seems as if Germans were not impressed by what is coming into existence, it rather irritates them and makes them self-willed, to see their dogmas only shaken without being pulled entirely to pieces. A perfectly finished whole and a serious methodical attack, on the other hand, subdues their self-will and brings the German's natural and innate love of enquiry over to the adversary's side. This is my view of the case, and if, in the course of three or four years, you bring a detailed and methodical account before the public, it will be sure to produce results. This chemical flood will meanwhile disperse into something, and a new interest will have arisen.

I heard that Böttiger intended writing an essay * on the vandalism of the French in regard to the works of art which have been so carelessly transported. I hope he may do so, and, at the same time, collect all such characteristic traits of rudeness and thoughtlessness as are connected with it. Encourage him to do this, and then try and procure the essay for the *Horen*.

Farewell. To-day week I hope to have you here.

SCH.

* Böttiger's essay on this subject appeared in the February number of the *Merkur*, under the title of "*Und wie wird alles dies in Paris aufgehoben sein?*"

417.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 24, 1798.

To-day even I might send you a better sketch for a future history of the theory of colours, and it shall by degrees become better still. When we examine that series of mental work, of which the history of the sciences actually consists, we are no longer inclined to smile at the idea of writing a history *à priori:* for in reality everything develops out of the progressive and retrograding qualities of the human mind, out of such natures as are aspiring and such as again are retarding.

A single instance I must mention. You remember the experiment with the glass cube, where I very distinctly showed that the perpendicular rays become changed, and that the image is raised from the base. Even Snellius, who first discovered the law of refraction, suggested this. However, Huygens, who was the first actually to make known the discovery, straightway overlooked the phenomenon, because he could not make use of it in his mathematical treatment of the subject, which is otherwise quite correct; since that time no one would listen to it. The perpendicular ray is indeed not *refracted*, and a calculation cannot be made, as in the case of refracted rays, because no comparison can be drawn between the angles and their sinus. Now a phenomenon that cannot be calculated is a phenomenon for that very reason; and it is strange that, in this case, it is just the fundamental phenomenon (for such I consider it to be) from which all others are derived, that is set aside.

It is only since I firmly resolved not to discuss the subject with any one, except with yourself and Meyer, and only since then that I have had pleasure and courage in it; for being frequently disappointed in the hope of sympathy and assistance from others, is always accompanied by loss of time. I can now always be carefully working on, as time, circumstances, and inclination permit.

I trust that the fine weather and the rise of the barometer may help somewhat in bringing you into a better state of health; I am longing heartily to get out

of this theatrical life with its masks, and to come over to you. I shall give or send your message to Böttiger; he has been invisible for some time, that is, since he played me a rather spiteful kind of trick.* Meyer is busy and sends kind greetings.

G.

418.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 26, 1798.

I have just formally subscribed to the sentence of death of the three goddesses,† Eunomia, Dike and Irene. Let fall a pious Christian tear in memory of the noble dead; condolence, however, is deprecated.

Last year, Cotta only just paid his expenses, and would even now like to let things go on vegetating in the same way for a year longer, but I really did not see the remotest possibility of continuing it, for we have absolutely no contributors upon whom we could depend, and I have had perpetual anxiety and a good deal of uninteresting work connected with the editorship, so that I felt some decisive step must be taken to free myself from it.

We shall, of course, not make much *éclat* by closing, and as the appearance of No. xii. of 1797 will, at any rate, be delayed till March, they will quietly fall asleep of their own accord. Or shall this twelfth number contain a mad politico-religious essay to bring down an interdict upon the *Horen!* If you know of one suitable for such a purpose, there is room for it still.

My health is again better since yesterday, but my inclination for work has not returned yet. I have meanwhile occupied myself with Niebuhr's and Volney's travels in Syria and Egypt, and I really advise any one who is inclined to lose courage with the present bad prospect of political affairs, to read these books; for in this way only can one come to see what a blessing it is—in spite of all—to have been born in Europe. It is really inconceivable that the animating power in man should be

* See Letter 413. The year before Böttiger had sent Racknitz Schiller's *Kraniche des Ibicus*, without the latter's knowledge and consent.

† The *Horen*.

active only in so small a portion of the globe, and that the other enormous masses of men are of no account whatever in regard to the perfectibility of the human race. It is an especially remarkable fact to me, that those nations, and indeed that all non-Europeans on the earth, should be wholly wanting, not so much in moral as in æsthetic perceptions. Realism as well as idealism are displayed by them, but the two states of mind never assume a humanly beautiful form. I consider it absolutely impossible to find a subject for an epos or for a tragic poem in these nations, or even to transfer one there.

Farewell for to-day; my wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

419.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 26, evening, 1798.

As I do not know how things may be with me to-morrow morning, I shall dictate a short note this evening.

From the enclosed stanzas you will be able to form some vague idea of the performance which is to take place this evening. Six of our pretty lady friends are going to adorn themselves as becomingly as possible, and in order not to have any more allegories in marble, and, wherever possible, nothing even of paint, we have, in the clearest manner possible, represented the most important symbols in pasteboard, gold, and other kinds of paper tinsel and gauze, and whatever else of such materials was to be found.

It will, in some measure, assist your dear wife's imagination if I add the following list of characters.

Peace . . . Fräulein von Wolfskeel.
Concord . . Frau von Egloffstein and Fräulein von Seckendorf.
Abundance, Frau von Werther.
Art . . . . Fräulein von Beust.
Agriculture, Fräulein von Seebach.

In addition to these there will be six children who will also have not a few attributes to drag in after them, and thus, by means of a motley variety of forms, we hope—with

the utmost awkwardness no doubt—to force a species of reflection into those quarters which are most devoid of thought.

This prelude is quite in keeping with the news which I propose sending you of the renowned English poem by Darwin, entitled *The Botanic Garden.* I wish I could let you have a look at this fashionable style of English book, as I have it before me in large quarto bound in morocco. It weighs exactly five and a half pounds, as I know by having convinced myself of this yesterday. Now as our pocket-books weigh about as much in half-ounces, we may, in this respect, also be as one to thirty-two compared with the English, unless indeed we on our part were able to counterbalance one such fashionable English giant with thirty-two pocket-books. It is splendidly printed on smooth paper, embellished with crazy, allegorical engravings by Fueszli,* and in addition to this every now and again adorned with illustrations the subjects of which are taken from botany, antiquarian research, incidents and love-affairs of the day; it has introductions, tables of contents, notes below the text and notes at the end of the text, in which physics, geography, botany, manufacture and commerce, but more especially the names of dead and living celebrities are admirably set forth, so that from ebb and flood down to the sympathetic ink, everything can be readily perceived and understood.

Of all these strange things, however, to me the strangest is: that this botanical work is found to speak of everything except vegetation. This, at least, is almost literally true in regard to the first part. Here are the contents of the second canto:

Address to the Gnomes. The Earth thrown from a volcano of the Sun; its atmosphere and ocean; its journey through the Zodiac; vicissitudes of daylight and of seasons. Primeval islands. Paradise or the Golden Age. Venus rising from the sea. The first great earthquakes, continents raised from the sea; the Moon thrown from a volcano, has no atmosphere and is frozen; the Earth's diurnal motion retarded; it's axis more inclined; whirls with the Moon round a new centre. Formation of

* Henry Fuseli, the Royal Academican.

lime-stone by aqueous solution; calcareous spar; white marble; ancient statue of Hercules resting from his labours. Antinous, Apollo of Belvedere, Venus de Medici. Lady Elizabeth Foster, and Lady Melbourne by Mr. Damer. Of morasses. Whence the production of salt by elutriation. Salt mines at Cracow. Production of nitre. Mars and Venus caught by Vulcan. Production of iron. Mr. Michel's improvement of artificial magnets. Uses of steel in agriculture, navigation, war. Production of acids, whence flint, sea-sand, selemite, asbestus, fluor, onyx, agate, mocha, opal, sapphire, ruby, diamond. Jupiter and Europa. New subterraneous fires from fermentation. Production of clays; manufacture of porcelain in China; in Italy; in England. Mr. Wedgwood's works at Etruria, in Staffordshire. Cameo of a slave in chains; of Hope. Figures on the Portland or Barberini vase explained. Coal; pyrite; naphtha; jet; amber; Dr. Franklin's discovery of disarming the tempest of its lightning. Liberty of America; of Ireland; of France. Ancient central subterraneous fires. Production of tin, copper, zinc, lead, mercury, platina, gold and silver. Destruction of Mexico. Slavery of Africa. Destruction of the armies of Cambyses. Gnomes like stars of an orrery. Inroads of the sea stopped. Rocks cultivated. Hannibal passes the Alps. Matter circulates. Manures to vegetables like chyle to animals. Plants rising from the earth. St. Peter delivered from prison. Transmigration of matter. Death and resuscitation of Adonis. Departure of the Gnomes.

Here, therefore, you have the plan of a poem! Such must be the appearance presented by a didactic poem which is not only to teach but to instruct. You will now be able to imagine that a goodly variety of descriptions, of allegories and of similies is to be found roaming about in this book, and that there is not a vestige of poetic feeling to link the poem together. The versification, it seems to me, is not bad, and many passages possess a rhetorical turn peculiar to the meter. In part, the details remind one of many of those English poets whose works are of the didactic and narrative order. How pleased the English *blasé* world will be with certain passages when

it sees so much theoretical matter—of which it had for long heard faint whisperings—sung aloud to it in the well-known rhythm! I have only had the book in the house since last night, and, in truth, find it beneath my expectation, for I am really in favour of Darwin. His *Zoonomia*, it is true, is already——

I had got thus far yesterday when I was called off to lead the chorus. All went off very well except that, as in all similar cases, space failed in the end to be sufficiently productive. The ladies had adorned themselves very beautifully, and the twelve figures—some tall, some short—standing as they did in a semi-circle, would have presented a very effective appearance on a stage where one could have had a full view of them. But in the confined space all were crowded together, and, as every one wanted to have a good view, very few saw anything. However, they could be seen afterwards separately in their pretty dresses, and were pleased themselves and gave others pleasure.

The news that you intend to let our friends * drop asleep was not altogether unexpected. What do you say to the idea of a monthly magazine being published only for one year? For instance, let collections be made during the year 1798, and publish twelve parts in 1799, and so on when once started, perhaps always with a pause in between. One would have to make it a rule to have great variety, interesting articles of not too great a length, and to be sure to have everything complete in the one year; further to arrange matters in such a manner that it might, at the end of that time, be sold as a complete work.—Shall I still try and procure Böttiger's essay for you?

Einsiedel has written a couple of stories that are said to be good, I was going to try and get them as well.

As regards the Almanack, I have an idea† that is even madder than that of the *Xenia;* what do you say to this seemingly presumptuous statement? I shall, however, not

* The *Horen.* See Letter 418 and note.

† This probably refers to the *Weissagungen des Bakis* (Prophecies of Bakis) which were to form a kind of little calendar, giving a prophecy for every day of the year.

communicate it, except under certain conditions, as I mean to keep the editing of this new appendix to myself, but would, of course, give you free leave to accept or reject it as you please. Before a syllable of it is printed all would have to be settled as in the case of any other work. You will hardly guess my idea, even though you were to make world-wide speculations, but in doing so you may come upon something similar for future use.

Farewell; this beautiful weather I should like to be spending near you. I am only waiting for a letter from Stuttgart to see whether Thouret—whom we have ordered to make the decorations in the palace—intends coming soon.

After what you say, let us rejoice that we are living in this part of the world, even though things should even become somewhat more lively still in Europe.

G.

420.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 30, 1798.

Accept our best thanks for the news and curiosities contained in your last letter. You have let us take part in all the grand festivities without being inconvenienced by the crush and dust.

Darwin's book would probably have little success in Germany. The Germans like sentiment, and the more trifling it is the more generally welcome it is; but this play of the fancy with ideas, this realm of allegory, this cold intellectuality and learning disguised in verse, could not be attractive to any but the English in their present state of frostiness and unconcern. The work, however, shows what function is wont to be attributed to poetry, and is a new and brilliant triumph to the philistines over their poetical adversaries.

Otherwise I do not think the subject-matter inadmissible and wholly inappropriate for poetical treatment. The miscarriage, in this case, I consider altogether the poet's fault. If one were, at the very outset, to relinquish all idea of giving so-called instruction, and merely endeavoured to bring nature, in its rich variety, movement, and co-opera-

tion, within reach of the imagination, and set forth all the products of nature with a certain love and reverence—paying regard to the independent existence of every one and so forth—then a lively interest in the various subjects could not fail to be awakened. But from the *ménu* you give of the book, I am forced to infer that the author has, in a directly opposite manner, endeavoured to awaken a poetic interest only in what he has done, not in the thing itself, and, consequently, that it is the very reverse of a good poem.

The card with which you mean to out-trump the *Xenia*, I cannot guess, and there would be no likelihood of my guessing it unless I knew at least, whether, as in the case of the *Xenia*, individual persons are to be attacked, or whether war is to be waged against all together. In the latter case, it would be difficult to produce a more lively excitement than was created by the *Xenia*.

I would be very willing to submit to your conditions; only I should not be able myself to take any part in the work before the end of July, by which time I hope to have finished my *Wallenstein*. However, to judge from your letter, I suspect that it is not to be an undertaking in which we are to work together, and that, therefore, you will yourself run all the risks in connection with it.

Böttiger's essay and Herr von Einsiedel's tales would both be welcome to me for the last number of the *Horen*; and if Einsiedel could send me something at once, I have still space in the last number but one.

Your idea of publishing a monthly for a year at a time is not a bad one, except that the publisher would not find it pay, as people would not care to pay down so much money at a time. As in the case of the *Horen*, the main difficulty would always be where to procure essays; for it is strange that, in spite of the offer of unusually large remunerations, we have been unable to attract to our journal certain streams which appear willingly to flow into other channels for half the money.

I am sorry that the time of your coming cannot yet be decided. Perhaps your letter of to-morrow may bring me more definite word.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

Sch.

One day lately a new poet* presented himself; he does not seem at all bad, or else I am prejudiced by finding in him certain reflexes of your mind, for you seem to have greatly influenced him. I enclose the poem, please tell me your opinion of it.

421.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 31, 1798.

Business matters and diversions are ever producing new things of their kind to be attended to, so that I feel almost inclined to come over to you for a day or two; I see no prospect of any peace in the meantime.

Yesterday we heard a new opera.† Cimarosa proves himself a perfect master in this style of composition; the text is after the Italian fashion, and I made the observation, that it is quite possible for what is foolish, nay even absurd, to be happily wedded to the highest æsthetic grandeur of music. This is accomplished solely by *humour* (*Humor*); for without itself being poetical it is a species of poetry, and, in accordance with its nature, raises us above the subject. The German rarely possesses the talent for this, inasmuch as his philistinism allows him to appreciate only that species of stupidity which has the appearance of sentiment or common sense.

I herewith send you a curiosity, an announcement that a last descendant‡ of the old Nürnberg *Meistersänger* intends publishing a selection of his own works. I know several things of his already, and unfortunately forgot to look him up when I was in Nürnberg. He has written some things full of humour and naturalness which might easily be translated into a purer form of German, and which no one need be ashamed to own. We shall get the book through Knebel when it is published.

* Schiller intentionally did not say that the enclosed idyll, *Die Capelle im Walde*, was written by his own wife. It was published in the last number of the *Horen*.

† Cimarosa's *Il Marito disperato*, a free and graceful adaptation of which, into German, had been written by Einsiedel, under the title of *Die bestrafte Eifersucht*.

‡ Johann Konrad Grübel, a harness-maker in Nürnberg.

This friend is again in Ilmenau; his lady-love* leaves this in a few days in order to have the yoke of matrimony put about his old stiff neck. As I really like him, I wish him all possible happiness in this venture.

Of other friends and acquaintances you shall hear soon in one way or another when we meet.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

Should you have an opportunity, would you kindly find out whether Justizrath Boie has received the six volumes of my new work which I sent him by way of thanks for the *Cellini*, as long ago as the 6th of June last? I have not heard anything of him since.

422.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, February 2, 1798.

Your remarks on the opera recalled to me some ideas which I discussed rather fully in my Æsthetic Letters. It is certain that the æsthetic, little as it can tolerate emptiness, is much less opposed to frivolity than to earnestness, and, therefore—as it is far more natural in Germans to be occupied with, and to determine matters, than to place themselves in a state of freedom—something æsthetic has already been gained when they have freed themselves from the weight of the subject, for their nature will take sufficient heed that their freedom is not wholly wanting in power and substance. For this reason I much prefer to see business-men, and philistines in general, engaged with this kind of playful humour than idle worldlings, for with the latter the play is always without power and character. We ought always to be able to serve each party according to its need, and thus I would send the one to the opera and the other to see a tragedy.

Your Nürnberg *Meistersänger* speaks to me like a voice from an entirely different age, and delighted me very

* The court-singer (*Kammersängerin*) Luise Rudorf, whom he married on the 9th of February, but had lived with for some years previously.

much. If you write to Knebel, please ask him to put my name down among the subscribers for a copy with engravings. I consider it as really necessary that one should send in applications for the little book in good time, otherwise perhaps nothing may come of it, for the good man has outlived his age, and he is not likely to have that justice done him which he deserves. How would it be for you to devote a couple of pages in the *Horen* to introducing him to the public? He really appears to require this as much as he deserves it.

I once had some communication with Boie, but this was about a year and a half ago. I therefore do not know how it may be with your parcel; of his having received it, there can scarcely be any doubt, and hence I think you would be doing him too great an honour by putting any further questions to him on the subject. When an opportunity occurs he might be asked.

If only you could come to us at last. Do try and arrange this if only for four or five days, and you will find one of the Muses in the old castle ready to keep you there.

Farewell. SCH.

423.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 3, 1798.

I resign myself with some peace of mind to the circumstances which still keep me here, for if only I manage to get certain matters of business settled and others started, I can look forward to spending a number of happy days in Jena.

Herewith I send you a work of Einsiedel's, which I have been unable to read as I have not had any spare time; it is at your disposal should you care to make use of it for the *Horen*. As usually happens with those contrarieties which accident so often throws into life's pathway, quantities of articles are now at last coming in, and Böttiger's essay on the latest French style of treating works of art will probably not make its appearance till after the decease of our three beloved Nymphs.*

* The *Horen*. See Letter 418.

I am employing the hours I have to spare, partly in making a clearer sketch for my next essay on the theory of colours, partly in condensing and simplifying my previous work, partly also in studying its literature, because I feel greatly attracted by its history, and venture to hope that, if I devote proper time and attention to it, I may accomplish something good, nay, perhaps even something pleasant on account of the clearness of my treatment of it. In one of your last letters you made the perfectly just remark: that not till now had I stood on the right spot, by having renounced all outward sympathy and co-operation. In such a case it is only a completed work—which relieves so many other people of all trouble—that first deserves the thanks of the public, and will be sure to receive them if it is a success.

I have about half a dozen stories in my mind, which I shall work out, as the second part of the *Diversions* of my *Wanderers*,* bring the whole matter up to a certain point and then publish it as a continuation of my works.

After that I mean to think more seriously of my *Faust*, and in this way shall have occupation for the whole year, especially as we must calculate upon having to devote a month to the Almanack.

The variety of these projects will enable me to make use of every hour.

The Idyll† is really a curious production. Here again we have an almost feminine talent, pretty youthful views of life and a pleasant, peaceful, moral disposition. If it were possible for the Germans to cultivate their talents, and a person of this kind could learn what, after all, can be learned in regard to the inward and outward form of a poem, something good might be made of it, whereas, at present it does not go beyond a certain indifferent gracefulness. For instance, *meo voto*, the mother ought to notice the daughter's absence, ought to follow her, recognition and confession ought to take place in the chapel, whereby the tedious way back might be avoided, and the conclusion gain a pathetic and solemn appearance.

* Compare Letter 30 and note, vol. i.

† The Idyll, by Schiller's wife, which he had sent to Goethe without stating who the author was. See postscript and note to Letter 420.

It cannot be denied that my *Hermann und Dorothea* has influenced the author's natural disposition, and it is really strange to see how, in the case of poetry, young minds lay hold of that which can be grasped by sentiment, and reproduce in it their own fashion, and at times produce something pretty tolerable; but generally, by striving with the whole force of their nature after style, they at once fall into mannerism. This is simply on account of their endeavouring to act more in accordance with the taste of the public, whereby they frequently meet with greater success than the original, although they have appropriated only a portion of the merits of the latter.

These remarks of mine remind me of our poetical lady-friends. Amalie * is again working at something. Meyer is afraid that the subject will put too many obstacles in her way. It is strange that these good creatures will not understand how much depends upon the subject being capable of treatment. I have during these last days been reading the second part of *Agnes von Lilien*.† It is really a pity that this work was written so hurriedly. The abrupt manner in which the story is narrated, and the reflections which, so to speak, come in with rhythmical leaps, do not allow one to feel a moment at ease, and one becomes impatient without being interested. Let this be said in censure of the execution, for the plot offers such good situations that were they worked out with some *sodezza*, they could not but produce an incomparable effect. As regards the spirit which called forth this work, it still causes astonishment even though people cannot but recognise the influence of *your* intercourse upon its origin, and *your* pen in the completion of the work. It is, of course, difficult for us readers to distinguish, but I think I may say that had a nature like hers been capable of artistic culture, she must have produced something incomparably fine. Even Meyer is full of astonishment, and he is otherwise not readily astonished. Having come to

* Amalie von Imhof, who at this time commenced her *Schwestern von Lesbos*, which is so frequently spoken of in later letters.

† A novel by Schiller's sister-in-law, often referred to in the earlier letters.

the end of my sheet I send you kindest greetings, wish you all progress with your work, and can only say that I look forward to your *Wallenstein* as to an accumulated treasure. G.

424.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(February 6, 1798.)

I am glad to hear from you that I was not altogether deceived in my opinion as regards the Idyll and its author. Of its being feminine in nature, there is probably no doubt, and the fact of its origin being wholly naturalistic and dilettantic explains and excuses the impropriety in the treatment.

You seem to think my influence in my sister-in-law's work greater than I can in fairness claim to have been the case. The plan and development are wholly her own, without any addition on my part. In regard to the first part I did not put in a single word, it was finished before I knew of its existence. What it alone owes to me is, that I freed it from some striking defects of a certain mannerism in representation, but only such as could be removed by being struck out; and that, by thus drawing together what was important, I freed it from a certain want of power, and cast out entirely some wordy and worthless episodes. In the second part there was nothing to suggest, except to get it finished, and in this I did not exercise any influence in it even in regard to the language. Hence the way in which the second part is written lies wholly within the powers of my sister-in-law without any assistance from without. And it is saying not a little in her favour that, with the little solid and definite culture she has had, and by little more than passively allowing influences to work upon her, she should have been able—in her rather dreamy than brightly sunlit existence—to have attained as much as she actually has attained.

In the list of the work you have set yourself for this year I do not find your epopee, and I had thought that you would have been able to set to work with it in good earnest in the autumn; however, you may yourself not yet know in what way the goddess may lead you.

The continued postponement of your coming has indeed increased my stock of *Wallenstein;* and as I have ceased working at the scene * which will be most dependent upon a cheerful state in my outward surroundings, and which, therefore, I have put by till I can venture out to my garden-house, I may have my third act finished in a few weeks. The fourth and fifth taken together are not longer than the first, and will develop almost of their own accord.

Farewell. My sister-in-law is with us; she, as well as my wife, sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

425.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 7, 1798.

What you tell me about your having had but little influenced *Agnes von Lilien* increases my wish that the authoress should quietly take the work in hand again, especially the second part, make it richer in matters of detail and be more moderate in reflections. The book is worth the trouble, all the more so as, considering her disposition, she will not readily find a second subject in which she will be as successful. In the second volume there are several very happy situations which have failed to produce their effect owing to the hurry in which, so to say, they are allowed to rush past. I could not readily mention another instance where a reader could become more terrified, than the pretended marriage with Julius; only, this passage would have to be treated with a great deal of retardation.

If you are of my opinion, try and induce the authoress to decide to do this, all the more so as there is no occasion for hurry, and of course the first impression must be allowed to prevail for a time.

* Now in *The Piccolomini*, iii. 5–9; it was originally worked out more in detail (See Letter 564); Schiller here refers to the whole play of *Wallenstein*, which was subsequently divided into two parts. *The Piccolomini*, as we now have them, originally consisted only of three acts.

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As I am, so to say, cut off from all production, I am occupying myself with all kinds of practical pursuits,* although with but little pleasure. It might be possible to carry out very many ideas to their whole extent, were it not that people considered the determination—which they borrow from circumstances—to be ideas, the result of which generally is the greatest bungling, and notwithstanding a much greater outlay of trouble, anxiety, time and money, cannot produce anything possessing any definite form. I am silently but eagerly longing for the day which will bring me to you.

I send you Schlosser's second paper.† It will be interesting to me to discuss this man and his new assertions more fully when we meet. Nothing seems to me more strange than that he should not notice that he is in reality only postulating his God; for what is a want—that has to be satisfied in some definite manner—other than a demand?

Farewell; it has become late, and I can now only send you and the ladies my kind greetings.

G.

426.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, February 9, 1798.

Herr Schlosser would have done better to have quietly pocketed the impertinences of Fr. Schlegel and the truths that Kant addressed to him. He makes what is bad worse with his would-be apology, and exposes himself in the most unpardonable manner. The paper has disgusted me, I must confess; it shows an obstinate feeling against pure conviction, an incorrigible hardness of character, and at all events blindness, if not intentional delusion. You, who know men better, will perhaps explain this correctly and more naturally by unconscious narrowness

* Goethe here probably refers to his superintendence of the decorations of the Palace, which were entrusted to him, to Geheimrath Voigt and to Oberforstmeister von Wedel.

† Addressed to "a young man, wishing to study critical philosophy, and suggested by the essay of Professor Kant on peace between philosophers." See Letter 364.

of mind, while I—who am inclined to regard people as more sensible than they are—can account for it only by moral perversity. For this reason I am perhaps more indignant about the treatise than it deserves. It seems to me to contain an arrogant philosophical tone clothed in very common twaddle; he everywhere appeals to the common, low interests of human nature, and nowhere do I find a trace of any actual interests in truth itself.

Nothing can be said specially about the treatise, because the actual point upon which all depends—namely to attack the arguments of criticism and to adduce arguments for this new species of dogmatism—has not in any way been touched upon. It, in reality, does not contain a single philosophical thought that might introduce a philosophical discussion. For what can be said if, after the many and not unsuccessful endeavours of the new philosophers to bring the point of dispute into the most definite and proper formulas, some one comes marching up with an allegory, and again envelops that which had been carefully prepared for the pure faculty of thought in a chiaro-oscuro, as this Herr Schlosser has done in his exposition of the four philosophical sects.

It is really unpardonable that an author who sets some value upon honour should venture to act in so unphilosophical and *impure* a manner, in so *pure* a field as philosophy has been made by Kant. You and we other honest folks surely know, for instance, that man in his highest functions always acts as a united whole, and that, in fact, nature everywhere acts synthetically. For this reason, however, it would never occur to us to abuse the work of distinguishing and analysing, which is the basis of all inquiry, any more than it would occur to us to quarrel with a chemist for artificially annulling the syntheses of nature. But persons such as this Schlosser like to smell and feel their way through metaphysics; they everwhere want to see things synthetically, but this seeming wealth is, in the end, found to conceal the most miserable emptiness and platitude, and the affectation of such persons to maintain man in his totality, to spiritualise the physical and to materialise the spiritual, is, I fear, only

a lamentable endeavour successfully to place their own poor selves in a comfortable state of obscurity.

When you come, we shall have a good deal more to say on this subject, but the treatise itself we shall not need to thank much for this. Schlosser will, however, not quite fail in his object, he will strengthen his party, the non-philosophers; about real philosophers he does not appear to be much concerned.

Farewell. This wretched weather is not very favorable to my industry, for it has brought back my old troubles, catarrh and cold in the head.

My wife sends kindest remembrances.

SCH.

427.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 10, 1798.

Your dear letter was very enjoyable and refreshing after a *redoute*, which has unsettled my faculties more than in fact philosophy could ever do. Schlosser's treatise was to me the expression of one of those natures with which I have been in a state of opposition for the last thirty years, and as—in my philosophical studies—I happen just now to be thinking about limited kinds of representation—stubbornness, self-deception and dishonesty—this treatise was to me a remarkable confirmation of these. Newton's followers are evidently in the same predicament as regards the theory of colours, nay, Pater Castel straightway accuses Newton himself of dishonesty, and certainly the manner in which he, in this sense, compiled his system of optics from his *Lectiones Opticæ*, surpasses all conception. He had evidently become aware of the weak side of his system. He there discourses upon his experiments like one who feels convinced of his case, and in this conviction exposes his weak points with the utmost confidence; here he sets forth what appears most likely, forces the hypothesis, and is silent, or touches but lightly upon what is opposed to his views.

That which strikes us as so strange in theoretical

matters, we see every day in matters practical. How much man is obliged to close his eyes and to struggle with all his energies against adverse circumstances, merely in order to make something out of his individual, one-sided and powerless existence, if his own view of things is not credited; and yet the reason of this lies in what is deeper and better in human nature, inasmuch as, practically, he must ever be constructive, and in reality need not trouble himself about what might happen, but about what ought to happen. Yet this latter is always an idea, and he is concrete in a concrete state; things then proceed in perpetual self-delusion in order to procure for the concrete the honour of the idea, *etc.*, a point which I have already touched upon in a former letter, and which often surprises one in practical matters, while in other cases it throws one altogether into a state of despair.

Philosophy is becoming ever dearer to me for the very reason that I am being daily taught to distinguish myself from myself, which can the more readily be done, as my nature—like separated globules of quicksilver—can speedily and easily be reunited. Your proceedings are of great assistance to me in this, and I hope that my scheme for the theory of colours will ere long afford us an opportunity for new discussions.

I have during these last days been reading Robert Boyle's * work on colours, and do not know of any nobler character in the whole domain. With a decided preference for a peculiar method of exposition which, it is true, is only tolerably in keeping with the chemical part which he discusses, he nevertheless shows an admirable spirit of liberality which allows him to perceive that other modes of representation may be more convenient in the case of other phenomena. The incompleteness of his own work he perceives very clearly, and his account of things, in this respect, is very honest. He does not hesitate to express and to develop his own opinions, but is always like one addressing a third person, a young man, and always recommending him to make further researches and to reflect upon them. He touches upon

* A contemporary of Newton. See also Letters 39, 188, seq.

almost all important questions, and his judgment in most cases shows a great deal of soundness. It is only the first two parts of his work that are actually worked out; in the last the experiments are arranged less methodically. He wrote his book—while already suffering very much from his eyes—from odd papers and from memory, so as not to allow what he had thought out and witnessed, to be lost. He speaks with delightful clearness and truth, both of the worth and the worthlessness of his own endeavours, and seems to me to be, as yet, the only one in this branch of learning who has worked in accordance with Bacon's good advice. His book was published one year before Newton came upon his hypothesis and with it tyrannised over the whole field in quite an anti-Baconian fashion. Had but a couple of other men followed Boyle and continued to work the subject in his way, nothing would have been left for us to do, and I might perhaps have made better use of my time. However, one is always making good use of one's time when engaged with a subject that daily forces one to make advances in self-culture.

Farewell. I wish you good success with your work.

G.

428.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, February 13, 1798.

I am trying to console myself during your long absence by being industrious and by the prospect of having all the more of my work to lay before you when you do come; but the time of the year and the changeable weather are not at all favorable, and hinder my progress in spite of my feeling greatly inclined for work, and in the humour for it. My head has again, for nearly a week, been affected by cold, and my old trouble also has been plaguing me. In order that my mind may keep itself fresh, I dare not even think of my present work, and have to occupy myself with what is further from me and with general ideas.

Having throughout the winter been reading a good

many books on travel, I have not been able to refrain from trying what use a poet might make of such material, and, while enquiring into this matter, have again very vividly felt the difference between the epic and dramatic treatment of subjects.

There is no doubt that the voyage of a discoverer or circumnavigator, like Cook*, might furnish, or at least introduce, excellent subject-matter for an epic poem; I find it to contain all these requisites for an epos about which we were agreed, and in addition to this it would be of great advantage that the means should possess the same dignity and independent significance as the object itself, nay, that the object should exist more for the sake of the means. A certain human cycle might be completed in it, which seems to me essential in an epos, and the physical element would permit of being united with the moral element and formed into a beautiful whole.

When, however, I think of this same subject-matter for a drama,† I at once perceive the great difference between the two species of poetry. Here I am as much inconvenienced by the sensuous breadth as I was attracted by it in the first case; the physical element appears now only to be a means to introduce the moral element; it becomes wearisome by its importance and the claims it makes; in short, the whole of the rich material now serves only as a means for occasioning certain situations which set the inner man into action.

I am really astonished that such subject-matter has not yet led you into temptation, for here you would find almost everything that is necessary and yet so difficult, as it were, ready-made, that is to say, the personal and the physical activity of the natural man united with that substance which Art alone might give it. Le Vaillant‡

* The great traveller, the account of whose voyages had been lent to him by Knebel.

† Among Schiller's literary remains were found some few notes about a drama, the scene of which was to be a non-European island, and in which "all interesting motives connected with sea-voyages, non-European circumstances and customs were to be skilfully combined."

‡ François Le Vaillant's first account of his travels into the interior of Africa was published in 1790, and translated into German in 1795.

in his African Travels is really a poetic character and a truly grand man, for in him are united all the power of animal strength and all the qualities that are drawn directly from nature, together with those advantages which are derived from culture only.

Farewell for to-day. It is just eight o'clock at night, and I am called to come to supper. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

429.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 14, 1798.

I send you what you probably do not expect, the phenomena and my hypothetical remarks on the theory of colours arranged according to the categories. Little as such a work may suit me, still you must admit that it is a praiseworthy intention on my part to work towards you, and thus to increase your interest in the subject, for all now depends upon the whole being expounded in the clearest manner possible. In your hand, this page will soon acquire a different shape.

I have sent an explanation of the terminology of my threefold divisions * in advance, and added some remarks. Be satisfied with what I send you till I come and bring the matter quickly a couple of stages further, by having a lively discussion with you. My present endeavour is that no name in the whole literary history of this department shall be a mere name to me, then only is the moral character quite inseparable from the scientific effect. Moreover it is inconceivable how much science has been retarded by the starting-point of investigators having always been merely some special practical want; they dwelt long upon certain points in order to satisfy this want, and generally came forward too hurriedly with hypotheses and theories. However, it is always a delightful thing to see the human understanding following its imprescriptible rights in spite of all hindrances, and hurrying eagerly towards the utmost possible agreement

* Physiological, physical and chemical colours.

between ideas and objects. I hope that before I have come to the end of this work I shall have lost all bitterness against opposition; I trust I shall both feel and think freely upon the subject.

The continued reports of the bad state of your health grieve me very much. It is the only trouble affecting me at present, and hence I feel it all the more keenly.

A lengthened stay here always offers me a freer prospect for coming days. And in this way I am looking forward more than usual to my approaching sojourn in Jena.

I fully agree with you that excellent epic motives are to be found in *travels*, especially of the kind you mention; however, I should never venture to handle such a subject, inasmuch as I have no direct experience of such things, and it also seems to me that in this species of poetry, sensuous identification with the object is quite indispensable, and this can never be effected by descriptions.

In addition to this, one would have to fight the *Odyssey*, which has carried off all the most interesting motives. The emotion of a feminine mind occasioned by the arrival of a stranger, as the best of motives, can no longer be attempted after Nausicaa. How inferior, in comparison, even in antiquity, are Medea, Helena and Dido compared with the daughter of Alcinous. The Narina of Vaillant, or one like her, would always be but a parody on those glorious characters. With this I come back, however, to my first proposition: that direct experience might perhaps give rise to situations which might be sufficiently attractive. But how necessary direct perception is, will be evident from the following remarks.

We inhabitants of northern countries are charmed with the *Odyssey*, it is true, yet it is only the moral part of the poem that actually affects us; our imagination assists us but imperfectly and pitifully in regard to the descriptive portions. In what glory this poem rose up before me when I read the cantos in Naples and Sicily! It was as if a faded picture had received a coating of varnish whereby the work acquired the appearance of being distinct and in harmony. I confess it ceased to me to be a poem, it seemed nature itself, and this, with the ancients, was the

more necessary as their works were recited in nature's presence. How many of our poems would stand being read aloud on the market-place or elsewhere under the canopy of heaven!

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. Make use of every favorable moment.

G.

430.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, February 16, 1798.

It is a hazardous undertaking to treat so mixed an empiric subject according to a form that brings with it the demand of exhaustive completeness. The twelve categories contain every possible leading question that could be addressed to an object, therefore when the calculation has been properly made, the result must be a feeling of satisfaction which however I am in no way conscious of, but rather the reverse. Yet I think it is more owing to the subject-matter than to your working of it out that the latter still presents too rhapsodical and therefore arbitrary an appearance. But whatever the reason may be, I doubt very much whether you will succeed in bringing me nearer to you in this way; for in accordance with so strict a form which would inevitably excite a demand for totality, this empiric object will always appear to me an unsurveyable mass, and I feel my empiric insufficiency from the very fact of my reason insisting upon mastering it.

If, in fact, the trial with the categories is to be made, and to be of use, it must, it seems to me, be commenced with what is most general and simplest in the theory of colours, before there is any question of special determinations, for these would only give rise to confusion.

Again it seems to me that some confusion has arisen from the fact that you have not always kept to the masculine subject of the question, but that in the one category you thought of light, in the other of colour, just as was most convenient; for, after all, the essential point of the whole operation depends upon the categories

in all cases furnishing only the predicate, while the subject to which the predicate belongs always remains the same.

I shall defer entering more closely into the matter till we can make our communications by word of mouth, for conversation will help me on with it much more quickly. I will meanwhile add but one or two observations.

In regard to the point of quality, it seems to me that the important question as to whether colour acts as a *positive energy of its own* or merely as a *limited energy of light*, and whether consequently in the case of the effect of colour the actual agent is simply *light*, and the appearance of colour itself simply a peculiarly modified negation of light. (Without light, of course, the eye can see no colour, because light is the condition of all seeing. But without light there is for the eye likewise neither form, size, *etc.*, and hence it may be asked whether the quality of colour likewise exists independently of light).

In regard to relation also it would have to be asked:—

1. Is colour merely an *accident* of light, and consequently nothing material?

2. Is colour merely the effect of light?

3. Is it the product of a correlation between light and a material agent = X distinct from it? (For in the category of relation everything is taken relatively only, hence in the above question, light is at once regarded as a substance, and the question therefore is merely: is colour invariably only an accident relating to light, or is it something independent as well?)

Might it not lead to fruitful ideas were colour regarded in the three following different relations?

1. In relation to light and darkness.

2. In relation to the eye.

3. In relation to the body upon which it appears.

Your division of colours appears to me as yet not perfectly defined, hence I do not know for certain whether, for instance, I have quite a right notion of what you call physical colours. As things at present stand, I imagine them to include prismatic colours. Chemical colours I understand to signify pigments.

I have to-day been trying to set to work again; but it will be some time before I am in a proper mood.

Farewell, which wish includes Meyer. The Idyll of *The Chapel in the Wood* * I beg you to let me have back when you have an opportunity for sending it.

My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

431.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(February 17) 1798.

Much as I felt and still feel the incompleteness of that first attempt of mine, still I have great confidence in being able to work it out more successfully, and when we are once together again—I am sure to get much material assistance from you in this.

The chief fault in my work, which you also very justly observe, is, that I have not always kept to the same subject, and that at one moment I take up light, then colour, then again what is most general, and again what is most special.

But this is nothing to the point. If, in place of making one table, three were made and re-arranged half a dozen times, they would necessarily acquire a different appearance.

I myself, it is true, believe that the empiric mass of phenomena—which, when properly separated and not arbitrarily mixed, amount to a very great number and are of immense breadth—cannot readily be made to accomodate themselves to a rational unity; but then it is worth while making every effort to improve the method of the description.

Again, my division is the one you wish:

1. In regard to the eye *physiological;*

2. In regard to light and darkness *physical*, none of which exist without modification and limitation and of which the prismatic ones are only a subdivision.

3. Chemical, those which appear on bodies.

Even though this division is not given for any other purpose than by way of exposition, still it cannot be dispensed with, and I do not as yet know of any other that could be devised.

* See postscript to Letter 420 and note.

But that which actually led me to the scheme with the categories, nay, that forced me to persist in working them out, is the history of the theory of colours.

It is divided into two parts, the history of experiences and the history of opinions, and the latter must, of course, all stand in the categories. A separation, therefore, is most necessary, especially as one would otherwise not get on with the modern Aristotelians who made all natural science, and especially this part, play over into the metaphysical or rather the dialectic domain.

In doing this, it seems to me, they have really exhausted every possible species of representation, and it would be interesting to see these arranged side by side; for owing to Nature being so inexhaustible and unfathomable that every contrast and contradiction may be predicated of her without her being in the slightest degree affected by them, investigators have, at all times, honestly made use of this licence, and compared opinions in so ingenious a manner, that it has given rise to the greatest confusion which cannot be removed except by a general review of what can be predicated.

I feel convinced, as will yet be proved, that Newton's system gradually acquired its many supporters because of a system of *emanation* or *emission*, or whatever it may be called, and yet is, after all, but a kind of mystical *pons asinorum* possessing the advantage of leading over from the land of restless dialectics into the land of faith and dreams.

The former ought, therefore, *meo voto* to be this: to establish the theory of light and of colours in the most general sense, each specially according to the categories, in doing which one would have to keep aloof from all empiric details.

Now the empiric details have been established according to the three divisions which coincide with those which you think requisite. You will probably before very long receive the scheme of the whole, and be astonished at its immense bulk when you see it in detail.

Everything is being brought into surveyable order, and I shall beware of working out any one portion till I find that I cannot make any improvements upon my scheme; then, however, the work will be all but finished. I beg

you to give me your kind assistance both in the way of agreeing with and in opposing me; the latter I am always in want of, and nowhere more than when I pass over into the domain of philosophy, because I can there only grope about feeling my way.

I have this week been hurriedly reading the works of a dozen authors who have written on my subject in order to discover a few principal points for its history, and feel somewhat confident of being able to produce something worth reading out of them, inasmuch as what is special in human affairs is agreeable, and what is general is far-reaching.

However, I am both afraid and yet wish that my temporary inclination for this subject may soon leave me and give way to a poetic mood. Still I ought to be content that, in my present harassed position, I have an interest which upholds me through all.

G.

432.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 18, 1798.

Herr von Brinkmann* is going to Jena specially to see you, and wishes to have a few words from me to take to you. As he has already been introduced to you by the Muses—and you are sure to find his animated conversation pleasant—I need not say anything further about him.

My letter of yesterday had to go off without my having added a friendly greeting, things were in so much confusion here.

Farewell, and give my kind remembrances to your dear wife; how glad I shall be to hear that you are again making progress with your work.

G.

* Karl Gustav von Brinkmann was born in Sweden in 1764, and had studied in Upsala, then in Halle, Leipzig, and Jena, and under the name of Selmar had published a collection of poems. He was acquainted with Rahel, Humboldt, Schleiermacher and Fr. Schlegel. The *Musenalmanach* published some of his poems under the name of Selmar.

433.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, February 20, 1798.

As I have for some time past been living quite beyond the sound of human voices, the animated conversation of the friend, who yesterday brought me your note, was very refreshing and enjoyable. It is, in fact, very interesting to come across a *reader*, and to have one's own ideas and those of others given back to one in a different shape. In him the affiliation to us is very evident, he has clearly been drawn to our circle by the Humboldts. It is strange that a certain state of literature should produce a race of parasites—or whatever they may be called—who develop an existence out of what has been done by others and—without themselves enriching or increasing the realm of Art and Science—help in circulating what exists, bring ideas out of books into life, and scatter the seeds here and there like the wind and certain birds. As couriers, between an author and the public, they ought indeed to be held in high esteem, although it might be dangerous to confound them with the public. Moreover the friend in question has refined taste, and, together with a fondness for reasoning, seems to me to possess delicate susceptibility, and again a special aptness for understanding the thoughts of others, nay, of making them his own.

Your applying the categories to the material you have amassed, cannot but be fruitful in its results. For while it affords an opportunity for revising the work, it will at the same time render you the service of a friend whose nature differs from your own. It will force you—as I think—to give strict definitions, boundaries, nay, even marked contrasts for which you yourself have no very great liking, owing to your fear of dealing violently with nature; and inasmuch as this decision and strictness—dangerous as they may seem in individual cases—are always made good by the totality of the work, you will by this means always be led back again to your own mode of representation. This service is rendered to you principally by the idea of correlation and limitation; you

will, however, experience the same in the case of *universality* and *necessity*. In the work itself you will not be able to avoid being polemical, therefore the category test will be a decided advantage, and I very well understand that it is also of great service to you in reviewing the historical part of the subject.

I am now more than ever inquisitive to see your scheme, and when you come we will go over it with true enjoyment and earnestness; I find it very interesting—apart from the matter itself, which is so interesting to me to fathom—to appear before you in the position of a good reader, and to try and discover how the double regard, due to the object and to the subjective requirement of the reader, can be united in one and the same manner.

As I am frequently hindered with my work, and, therefore, cannot as yet foresee the end, I am becoming rather uncomfortable about the enquiries which are now beginning to be made of me by outsiders, concerning my *Wallenstein*. Schröder wishes to play the chief part himself and does not seem disinclined to appear in it in Weimar. Unger, in Berlin also, wrote to me yesterday that the Berlin theatre would pay me any sum I liked to ask for it, on condition that I would let him have the piece before it was printed. If only it were finished! The work is progressing a little again, although my head is not yet quite well.

Farewell. My wife goes to-morrow to hear the *Zauberflöte*, but I think she will hardly be able to stay and speak to you, for she returns home the same evening. Do come over to us again soon, we are longing for the delightful evenings. To Meyer very many kind greetings.

SCH.

434.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 21, 1798.

This morning I waited in vain for a letter from you; would that the delay were not an indication of your being ill!

Brinkmann* was very pleased at having spent a few

* See Letter 432 and note.

hours of friendly intercourse with you. His lively interest in so many different subjects really deserves a good reception; he dined with me yesterday, and I placed him between our two amiable authoresses,* where he evidently felt himself extremely happy. But, in reality, his character seems to me to be made for a large sphere like Berlin.

Please tell me what you think of the style of verse in which Schlegel's *Prometheus* is written. I have something in view that tempts me to write in stanzas, but owing to these being somewhat too tame and strictly periodical, I thought of the above measure of syllables; however, on examining it more carefully I do not like it as it possesses no points of rest whatever, and one can nowhere come to an end on account of the continuous rhymes.

I have also been thinking over many other things in order that those demands upon rational empiricism—according to your conception which you sent me some weeks ago may be worked out by me also in my own fashion. I must become quite clear on this point before I again take up Bacon, in whom I again feel great confidence. I do not allow anything connected with this subject to vex me, and I already foresee that, when I have well worked out my chapter on Colours, I shall be able to proceed more rapidly with other things. More ere long, and I hope by word of mouth.

G

435.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 23, 1798.

Owing to the manner in which you are carrying on your work, you will always have the doubly excellent advantage, *firstly*, of obtaining an insight into the subject, and, *secondly*, of gaining an insight into the workings of the mind, so to say, a philosophy of the business; and the latter is almost the greater advantage, because a knowledge of the mental faculties, and a distinct perception of the method makes one, to a certain extent, master of all

* Frau von Wolzogen and Amalie von Imhof.

subjects. I am rejoicing in the thought that, when you come here, I shall learn very much and be able to reflect a great deal, more particularly on what is general in the treatment of empiric knowledge. Perhaps you may decide to treat the question very much in detail at the beginning of your work, and thereby make the book—independently of its actual contents—of special value to all those whose thoughts are engaged with natural objects. Bacon ought to induce you to do this.

In regard to your question about the measure of syllables, much depends, of course, upon the subject for which you require it. I do not, as a rule, like this metre either, it runs on too monotonously, and seems inseparably connected with a solemn state of mind. This is very probably not what you want. I should, therefore, prefer the stanzas, because the difficulties are pretty much the same, and the stanzas possess incomparably more elegance.

I hear from Paris (through Humboldt) that the Schlegels are going to leave Jena and to move to Dresden. Have you heard anything about this?

From what my wife told me, Brinkmann met with great success in Weimar, and especially at the Dowager's court. He is a very entertaining man, and clever enough to connect what is intellectual and trivial together at both ends.

Humboldt also tells me of the judgment which Voss has passed upon your *Hermann;* he heard it from Vieweg, who is at present in Paris. Voss said he had feared that your *Hermann* would cause his *Louise* to be forgotten. Further, that this had indeed now proved *not* to be the case, but that nevertheless it contained some passages for which he would give the whole of his *Louise.* That your not being able to stand a comparison with him in hexameters, was no fault of yours, as in fact this was his strong point; but that he nevertheless thought your latest hexameters were very much more perfect.—It is evident that he has not the very remotest idea of the inner spirit of the poem, and consequently cannot have any idea of the spirit of poetry generally; in short, no general and independent power of judgment, but simply an instinct for Art, as the bird for its nest and the beaver for its hole.

Farewell. My wife wishes to enclose a note.

Humboldt's letter I cannot find just now, but will let you have it another time.

Sch.

436.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 24, 1798.

I had dictated a letter to you as early as Wednesday last, and was beginning to add something to it to-day, but became so confused in what I wished to say and had already said, that I must write it all over again. It shall be sent off to-morrow evening by the mounted post-boy.

Of Schlegel I know this much, that he intends, after Easter, to go to Dresden by way of Berlin, but that he will be back in Jena next winter.

When I come over I shall propose that you meet him once or twice before his departure, so that he may not, out of spite, refuse to let you have his articles for the Almanack, as I should be very unwilling to miss them.

Farewell and continue to give me your affection.

G.

437.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

Any one that enters my room early on a Wednesday or Saturday morning, is looked at narrowly to see whether he or she is bringing me a letter from you; and as I had this morning to do without this longed-for morning repast, the blue envelope, which came in the evening, was all the more welcome.

Our Swedish friend, whom you have so admirably described, I have induced to remain over to-morrow. Our Weimar ladies are much in need of seeing such foreigners, and as they have otherwise so little pleasure, I gladly procured this for them. Natures like his, are certainly very desirable, inasmuch as they belong to the affirmative side, and have nevertheless always to suppose the existence of talent in the world if their own talent is to be recognised.

I cannot tell you how I am looking forward to seeing the result of your labours, and to discussing a variety of subjects with you. If the Stuttgart people had not left me without an answer to my letter, and I had thus not been uncertain about the time of Thouret's arrival, I might have been with you some days ago.

I scarcely remember what I wrote this morning about rational empiricism, but it seems to me as if it could not become critical except at its highest point. It must allow certain modes of representation to exist one beside the other, without taking upon itself to exclude any one mode or to make any extend over the domain of the others. Throughout the whole history of the theory of colours the fault seems to me ever to be this: that no one has felt inclined to make the three divisions, and that it was endeavoured to make the empiric enunciations which suited the one class of experiences, extend over to the other, so that in the end nothing suited.

It appears to me to be precisely the same with ideas that are brought from the realm of thought over into the domain of experience; they too suit but one portion of the phenomena, and, I might say, nature is unfathomable for the very reason that no one man can comprehend it, although humanity, as a whole, might be able to comprehend it. But as dear humanity can never exist at one and the same time, nature, therefore, has the game in its own hands, when wishing to hide itself from us.

I have again been reading some of Schelling's ideas, and one always has a curious feeling while listening to him; yet I think I have found that he often contradicts himself, nay, that he is even suspiciously silent in regard to the modes of representation which he would like to see in vogue, and what can I gain from an idea which obliges me to lessen my stock of phenomena?

On the other hand, mathematicians who possess immense advantages in attacking nature are also frequently found concealing what is most interesting. An old gardener at the court used to say: Nature may consent to be forced, but not compelled, and all that we undertake theoretically with her are approximations in regard to which modesty cannot sufficiently be recommended. I have lately been

very much interested in looking through Lambert's *Photometrie;* he appears to be of a very accommodating disposition, for while declaring his subject to be unattainable, he nevertheless takes the utmost trouble to get nearer to it. All this, especially when I can lay my work before you, shall be matter for the best of discussions.

Weimar, February 25, 1798.

I wrote thus far on Wednesday. What I dictated yesterday is quite shapeless, and yet this sheet shall be sent off to you without delay. The court has gone to Gotha. The whole of this quiet day I have passed in making new arrangements in the library, but have as yet accomplished nothing except what was a matter of course.

Farewell, and let me, on Wednesday, have the pleasure of receiving a letter.

G.

438.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 27, 1798.

So February has passed without bringing you to me, and, while waiting and hoping, I shall soon have got through the winter. I am looking the more cheerfully towards the spring, and feel a newly awakened longing for it to appear. I am occupying myself, at present, in a pleasant way by making improvements in my summer-house and garden, to meet the requirements of our future residence there. One of these improvements will be of especial benefit to us and no less agreeable; it is a neat and pretty bath which I am having built in one of the garden sheds. The shed itself is being made one storey higher, and will thus have a cheerful view into the valley of the Leutra. On the opposite side (Lambrecht's), last year, we built quite a large kitchen on the site of the cottage. Therefore, when you pay us a visit, you will find all kinds of useful alterations. If only we were there together again!

I am, moreover, quietly getting through my task bit

by bit, and am now in the very vortex of the action. I am especially glad to have left behind me one situation where my task * was to give expression to the most ordinary moral judgment in regard to Wallenstein's crime, and to treat this, in itself, trivial and unpoetic matter, poetically and ingeniously, without destroying the nature of the moral element. I am satisfied with the way I have worked it out, and hope our dear moral public will not be less pleased with it, although I have not made a sermon out of it. And while engaged with this I have felt clearly how empty the actual moral element is, and how much, therefore, is required of the subject to keep the object at its proper poetic height.

I was struck by the thought expressed in your last letter, that nature, although not comprehended by a single individual, might be comprehended by a totality of individuals. It seems to me really as if each individual might be regarded as a distinct *sense*, comprehending nature as a whole, as peculiarly as any one distinct organ of sense in man, and just as little to be replaced by any other as the ear by the eye, *etc.* If only each individual mode of conception and sensation were also capable of communicating itself freely and perfectly; for language has a tendency directly opposed to individuality, and natures which cultivate a talent for general communication, have usually to part with much of their individuality, and, therefore, very often lose the sensuous quality of grasping phenomena. In fact, the relation of general ideas, and language—which is based upon these—to things, cases and intuitions, seems to me an abyss into which one cannot look without becoming giddy. In real life, we, at every moment, see the possibility of such communication between what is special and most special by means of a general medium, and reason, as such, has almost to prove the impossibility to itself.

Farewell. I enclose Humboldt's last letter which please let me have back soon, for I have to answer it. My wife sends kindest greetings. To Meyer many kind remembrances.

SCH.

* Probably the scene between Wallenstein and Max, ii. 2.

439.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 28, 1798.

If my Stuttgart friends had been more polite, and had announced the time of Thouret's arrival, I might have been with you now, for with the exception of this one piece of business I have now settled everything. However, if your *Wallenstein* has meanwhile been advancing with rapid strides, it will be easy to console me for what I have had to deny myself; it is evident—as we see from Humboldt's case also—how necessary certain diversions may become when we are entirely without them.

Humboldt must be sure to try and avoid the French when they commence theoretical discussions, unless he wishes to be perpetually in a state of annoyance. They cannot at all conceive that there can be anything in a man which has not come to him from without. I was assured of this lately by Mounier,* who said: the Ideal is that which has been composed of various beautiful parts. And when I then asked him: whence the idea of the beauty of parts came from? how it should occur to man to demand a beautiful whole? and whether the word *composed* were not too tame a word for the workings of genius, inasmuch as it took into its service the elements of experience?—he answered these questions in his own *language*, maintaining that genius had long since been declared to be *une sorte de création*.

It is the same with all their remarks: they always proceed most determinedly from one idea, and if the question should happen to play over into a higher region they try, at all events, to show that they may have a word for this relation also, but do not trouble themselves whether it contradicts their first assertion or not.

* Jean Joseph Mounier, a member of the French National Assembly of 1789, and the author of *Recherches sur les Causes qui ont empêché les Français de devenir libres*. He had to flee from France, and found a friendly welcome in Weimar. The Duke gave him the residence of Belvedere for an educational establishment, which was very well attended, especially by English youths. See also Letter 264 and note.

You will probably have heard from your sister-in-law that Mounier too has been undermining Kant's reputation, and that he proposes shortly to explode his views. This moral Frenchman is much aggrieved by Kant having declared a falsehood to be immoral under any circumstances. Böttiger has sent an essay attacking this proposition, to Paris, and it will very soon come back to us again in the *Décade philosophique;* he there, to the consolation of many noble natures, clearly proves that, at times, it is necessary to tell falsehoods.

How delighted friend *Ubique** would be were this principle to be adopted in the moral code, you can readily imagine, for he has, for some time, obstinately denied having in his possession books that have been lent to him, although it is no secret that they are in his house and that he continues calmly to make use of them.

I am at present in communication with the Count and Countess Fouquet concerning some natural history subjects. They are very pleasant, polite and obliging people, and agree with and are very well satisfied with me; yet one notices that they silently reserve for themselves the privilege of knowing many things better, and of fancying that they have a clearer insight into many questions.

My poem, as you see from the reports, has not done Voss as much good as his did me. I still remember the genuine enthusiasm which I felt for the clergyman of Grünau, when he first appeared in the Mercury;† I read it aloud so often that I still know the greater part of it by heart, and I gained much good from it, for the pleasure I took in it, at last became productive in me and tempted me to try to work at that same species. *Hermann* was the result, and who knows what it may yet lead me to do? On the other hand I am sorry that Voss enjoys my poem only *se defendendo*, for what is the use of all our little poetry if it does not act as encouragement, and does not make us appreciate all and everything that is done?

* A name given to Böttiger because of his *everywhere* having his hand in things, and especially discussing things in the newspapers.

† The principal portions of Voss's *Louise* had appeared as early as 1784 in Wieland's *Merkur*, and Goethe was especially fond of it in its earlier and natural shape.

Would to God that I could begin again at the beginning, and leave all my works behind me like the trodden-down shoes of children, and produce something better.

I am now cheering myself with the thought that during my next stay in Jena, I shall try to write some small things of a kind for which I require the kindly influence of spring. How very glad I am that we two shall keep as steadfastly to the matter as we shall do to one another.

This evening, in honour of the unexpected arrival of the royal children from Gotha, we got up a dance and had supper at 2 o'clock, the consequence of which is that I have slept away the greater part of a fine morning.

Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and arrange things so that you may spend a happy time in your garden-house during the summer months.

G.

440.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 2, 1798.

I have during the late fine weather again tried the effects of the open air and found it do me good. It is really a pity that you cannot be here just now. The Muse would be sure to present herself to you very soon.

What you tell me of the French and their exiled, but ever worthy representative Mounier, is very true, and however lamentable it may be in itself, one cannot but rejoice at it, because it is so necessarily a part of the whole idea of this man's life, and we ought always to take up natures clearly, for then we should at once find their systems clearly demonstrated. It is truly worth remarking that laxity in æsthetic matters always shows itself connected with moral laxity, and that the pure, strict striving after what is highly beautiful—together with the greatest liberality towards everything that is nature—will lead to rigorousness in moral matters. So distinctly are the realms of reason and of the understanding separated from one another, and this separation asserts

itself in every one of the paths and pursuits which man can follow.

Mounier is a worthy pendant to Garve, who has likewise attacked Kant in a similar manner.

The French diploma of citizenship,* which according to the papers I was to have received five years ago, was yesterday presented to me in good earnest. It appears that it was ready when first spoken of, and had been signed by Roland. But owing to my name having been misspelt, and there being no town or district mentioned in the address, it, of course, never found its way to me. I do not know how the matter came to be brought forward again, but, in short, it has now been sent to me, and moreover through Campe in Brunswick who took this opportunity of addressing the most complimentary speeches to me.

I consider that it would be a good thing to give the Duke notice of it, and if it is not giving you too much trouble I should be glad if you could manage to do so for me. I enclose the documents for this purpose. The fact of my being there called a German publicist κατ' ἐξοχήν, will I think also amuse you.

Farewell. It is post-day to-day, and I have a number of things to get ready. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

441.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 3, 1798.

As regards the diploma of citizenship which has been sent to you from the realm of the dead, I can congratulate you only in so far that it has found you still among the living; you will, I hope, wait a little before paying a visit

* Schiller writes to Körner under the date of March 16: "About a fortnight ago I, at last, received the French diploma of citizenship from Paris, which had been drawn up five years previously by Roland, and has been lying in Strassburg ever since. It has come to me quite from the land of the dead; for the *Loi* has been subscribed by Danton and Clavieri, and the letter to me by Roland. Custine was entrusted with it on his German campaign, and all these are now no more." In the diploma and on the address Schiller is called *Sieur Gille, publiciste allemand;* the diploma is dated October 10, 1792.

to your deceased great fellow-citizens. Herr Campe seems to be suffering from the most dangerous of all species of madness, like so many other good Germans. Unfortunately there is as little to be done for it or to say to it, as in the case of another pestilence.

The beautiful weather calls me to you every day, and I am making as much good use of my time here as I can. I have taken up the study of insects again, and also been arranging my minerals. If, after collecting a lot of things, one but stands for a time hesitating how to arrange the accumulation, one soon feels as if one did not know where to turn.

Meyer is getting on with his work and will soon have a little volume ready.

Since the latest occurrences in Italy I feel quite reconciled about our having returned when we did; it will, moreover, not matter in the least if our collected notes appear fragmentary. The public always accept such detached things in a more kindly spirit, and a methodical review can of course always be given in addition. The introduction to this work will probably be my first work in Jena, as I shall then be better able to work out the scheme of the theoretical portions as well as of the whole actual facts, of which I have already drawn up a sketch.

My studies in organic nature as well as those respecting the theory of colours work towards our late enquiries into Art, and a second edition of *Cellini* will be added to Meyer's work on the History of Art in Florence, together with a few important notes.

Moreover, my valued friend, as I should like to give the introduction in the form of Letters addressed to you, it would be very delightful if, at this opportunity, you would address a word or two to us, holding out the prospect of being able in future to meet us in your work. For, as the century in which we are living seems to put a good many obstacles in our way from without, it is all the more necessary for us to work from within undeterred and in harmony.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

442.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 6, 1798.

From the plans which you have lately communicated to me, I infer that you propose remaining in the field of natural science for some time to come; this is disappointing to me for poetry's sake, much as I acknowledge the use and the necessity of the former. Your many and varied experiences in, and reflections upon Nature and Art, and on the third Ideal which ultimately connects both, must be expressed, arranged, and maintained, otherwise they will merely be obstacles in your path. But the undertaking will be an very great one, and the work will again produce work. Hitherto I have not had any clear idea of the limits which you intend to set to this work without injuring its claim to a certain comprehensive completeness: a claim which your nature would demand even though the subject itself did not raise it. All the greater, therefore, is my desire to see your scheme. For this will also show me the point where I can enter with my ideas in such a manner that they will tally with the whole. Gladly will I take that part in it, which you determine for me; and as it is to be a work written conjointly, it is perhaps as well that a third man should put in a word. The rigorousness which is to pervade it will be more acceptable if it be accompanied by variety in the way of opinion and form. But the work will in any case be opposed to the age; and as there can be no thought of a happy issue, the question is, whether we should not declare war openly and make the work more piquant both by the sharpness of the law and of justice. However, we will discuss this more fully by word of mouth, when I know more about your plan.

I myself hope to be able to return to argumentation with success, after having for some time past been engaged with poetry and gained additional experience from it.

My wife hopes to see you to-day, which makes me feel very envious, for I can honestly say that I am longing most heartily to see your face again.

The rescript which makes me a professor *ordinarius*, has at last come from Coburg; hence, within a short period I have been clothed with several honours, and only wish that they kept me warmer.

Farewell. My kind greetings to Meyer, and write soon and tell me when I may expect you.

SCH.

443.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 7, 1798.

Although your dear wife paid us very much too short a visit, she has at all events taken away with her a good impression of Meyer's works which will give her not a little enjoyment; it would have been very delightful if you could have shared it with her. This reminds me to tell you that, as your brother-in-law can get settled gradually, you should also be looking out for a house for the winter. For even taking our theatre as it is, there is, after all, great enjoyment in being able to hear good music almost every week; our opera is pretty good, and the performance, as a whole, tolerably good. I could procure you a better and more comfortable seat than the one in the proscenium, and in accordance with the well-known system of isolation in Weimar—you would not need to complain of a want of quiet at home; and, moreover, it would assuredly be an advantage to you not to shut yourself off wholly from outward influences. As regards myself, I am, as you know, always obliged to keep going the round of my zodiac, and every sign I enter into gives me new occupation and thoughts. What I am to be about next, I hope to be able to tell you on Saturday.

I have again taken up *Cellini*, am correcting my transcript, and drawing up a sketch for the notes. This is putting me into a position where I shall be able gradually to work out the short historical essays which are necessary for this. I intend to add them to the end of the work, and to arrange them according to the subjects, so that they may be read one after the other like a short essay.

Meyer's work on the History of Art in Florence is meanwhile progressing also, and one thing helps the other.

I hope soon, near you, to find time for collecting my thoughts, and for examining the various subjects we have in hand; this must come soon now, and it shall be time profitable to us in more senses than one.

I congratulate you upon having at last received the rescript from Coburg. In reality this affair also was settled by our Duke. Coburg was about a dozen rescripts in arrears, and as no solicitations were of any avail with the privy councillors, our Duke at last sent a messenger, specially for the purpose, with a friendly letter of recommendation to the Duke and Duchess, the result of which was that the matter at last was set afloat. I only wish that something substantial for you had accompanied it.

Humboldt's letter I herewith return; his opinion of the French drama pleased me very much. I should like to see these wonderful artistic productions with my own eyes. Farewell.

G.

444.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 9, 1798.

My wife was very much pleased to find you at home, and could not say enough in praise of Meyer's works. She has re-awakened in me the desire to see them, and should you not be able to come over here within a week's time, I shall take a run to Weimar.

It is also my serious intention, as you advise, to make better use of the W. theatre in future. It was simply on account of the difficulty of finding a house that prevented me doing so last winter. But I shall certainly arrange this for the future. Were it only for the sake of the music, it ought to be managed, for, in fact, the senses are not æsthetically moved in any other way. However, even the theatre itself will have a good effect upon me. It is true that during the last few months I have had to set everything aside, in order to make decided progress with my work. This I have now accomplished. My drama has been set a-going and the most difficult part has

been overcome. Three-fourths of the whole are now ready.

Have you not been curious to get a look at the new English tragedy by Walpole, *The Mysterious Mother?* It is spoken of as being a perfect tragedy in the style of the *Œdipus Rex*, with which—to judge from an extract I read—it shows certain affinity as regards subject-matter. Perhaps this similarity in substance may account for all that is said of it. If it is so, one ought not to allow the carelessness of English art-critics to pass unnoticed; in any case it would not be bad, I think, to make use of the temporary interest shown by the public, and, as we have the *opportunity*, to say a few words in regard to the *law* and the demands. I shall try and procure the play and see whether it might not start a discussion on the genus.

The Duke, as my brother-in-law tells me, wishes me to present my diploma of citizenship to the Library, which I feel quite disposed to do. Only I should like to have it copied, and to have a voucher, in the name of the Library, that the original had been deposited there, in case that at some future day any of my children might wish to settle in France and claim their civil rights.

Farewell. Perhaps to-morrow's messenger may bring me the wished-for news that you are coming soon. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

445.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 10, 1798.

The only thing wanting now is that a few hides of land should be introduced into the tenth house * of my horoscope, so that my existence may become still more diversified. And yet so it is, I have at last purchased the estate of Ober-Rossla, after the affair having, for the last two years, been made a worry to me by the former tenants, as

* Astrologers divide the heavens into ten "houses" of equal size, according to the direction that the meridian passes across the horizon. Each house refers to some special portion of man's affairs, the tenth to his possessions. Schiller had to make use of this astrological superstition in his *Wallenstein*.

well as by Hofrath Gruner. However, I am as yet quite satisfied with the possession and with the price, for, at present, it is with land as with the Sybillene books, everyone stands hesitating about the rise in the prices while the prices go on rising.

I have moreover made a "pure" purchase, such as is probably seldom done, for I have not yet seen the estate and the buildings, and shall to-morrow see it for the first time. I shall be barely a week in attending to what has to be thought over and done there. It would be very nice if you could then pay us a visit, but I must not forget to tell you that the opera * is to be given on Thursday, and that on Saturday there will be a performance of a new piece of Kotzebue's † which I will not persuade you to come and see. If you would put up in the little green room next to Meyer's, I should be delighted to see you; but I cannot offer you more accommodation just now.

I have heard nothing of the English tragedy you tell me of; it would in any case be well to procure it.

An accredited copy of your diploma of citizenship shall be made for you, with a certificate that it is preserved in the Duke's Library. It is very kind of you to comply with the Duke's wish to have the document. Another of a similar kind has already been deposited there: an account of the glorious French revolution, addressed to all the nations of the earth, in several different languages.

Do come if it is at all possible, for I wish very much that you should see Meyer's works before we spend any time together.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

* On the 18th Schiller writes to Knebel that Einsiedel's opera *Il Marito disperato* (the music by Cimarosa) is admirable and went off very well, and that *Die heimliche Heirath* and *Cosi fan tutte* (by Mozart) gain upon one the more one hears them. The opera here mentioned is, however, Cimarosa's *Die vereitelten Ränke*.

† *Die Corsen*, a play in four acts.

446.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 13, 1798.

After having for once been tolerably well for a fortnight and having thought I might venture to make some exertion, my head has again become affected, and I feel dispirited and unfit for anything. It is true the weather has been very bad. I hope, however, to be able to accomplish my journey to you this week, even though it be but for one day. My object will be attained if I manage to see your and Meyer's work, and bring back with me some definite word about your coming here.

I congratulate you heartily upon your acquisition.* I feel, in the case of my own little property, how much pleasure there is in looking upon a piece of land as belonging wholly to oneself and to those dear to one.

I have found a thoroughly competent person for Mounier's institution, and have thus secured to the former a temporary means of earning his livelihood, while at the same time I have done Mounier himself a good service.

It is said here that the French got a thrashing near Murten. I should be heartily glad of this, for even a small piece of good luck—and more especially at this very place—would be of particular advantage to the Swiss at the outset.

I have during these last few days been re-reading an old German play belonging to the days of chivalry, which you have probably long since forgotten—*Fust von Stromberg*.† Very much may be said against it, it is true, but while reading it I made the observation that a poet can exercise an astonishing power over the mind, if only he places a good deal of matter and definiteness in his subject. Thus *Fust von Stromberg*, is no doubt, over-burdened with historical incidents and allusions that are often far-fetched, and this pedantry makes the play heavy and often cold; but still the impression produced is extremely definite

* Goethe's purchase of the estate of Ober-Rossla.

† By Jacob Maier (1739–1784) and written by him in 1782. Five years previously he published his *Sturm von Bocksberg*, which is mentioned in the following Letter.

and enduring, and the poet actually wins by force the state of mind which it is his intention to produce. It likewise cannot be denied that such works, as soon as one grants them to possess poetic effect, produce another impression, and certainly a very valuable one, for no history—be it even so well written—could so vividly and sensuously lead us back to those times as is done by this drama.

Farewell. My head is quite confused.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

447.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 14, 1798.

It would be very nice if you would come over this week, only I should like to know the day in order to be a little prepared. I have pretty well got through all I had to do, and have also pretty well settled the business connected with my little property, so that my presence there is no longer necessary. In looking more closely into matters, I find that I have made quite a fair purchase, although the price appears too high for what it has hitherto yielded, and this may be the reason why Gruner disposed of it.

I am now, however, again in the greatest need of living wholly within myself, and hope soon to be able to do so.

In order that you may see what a direct connection there exists between our dear Weimar and Paris, I herewith send you some French papers.* Such silly commonplaces in nature are objectionable to me. The French language, however, is very well adapted for describing the phenomenon of phenomena; and again their men of letters seem to be as tame as their politicians are mighty.

The Swiss will in any case get the worst of it. I daily expect to hear that the French have taken possession of Basle, for they no longer need to fear or to avoid anything from without.

* The *Décade philosophique*.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

I have hardly any recollection of the *Sturm von Bocksberg*;* I only know that I found the archival details in it very wearisome.

448.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 14, 1798.

As there is another post to-day, I send you the French things at once.

The essay on *Hermann und Dorothea* I do not think at all bad, and if I knew that it was the veritable production of a Frenchman, I should feel myself both delighted and touched by this appreciation of the German element in the subject and of the Homeric element in the form.

Mounier, in his letter, appears what I expected him to be, a calm, narrow-minded representative of that species of common-sense which one does not care to grumble at, as it is really without malice, and has not the slightest idea of the point at issue. The instance he gives at the end—that it would be a misfortune if a village magistrate were to acknowledge the moral doctrines of a Kant, and to act in accordance with them—is really all that I, on the other hand, should have to adduce against Mounier, in settling the matter.

Farewell. I am glad to hear that you are so well satisfied with the prospect of your purchase, and that you are again free to set to work with something of your own.

I cannot well fix anything about my coming to you, as all depends upon the sleep I get on the preceding night. Farewell.

SCH.

* See note to last Letter.

449.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 16, 1798.

Only a few words by way of greeting. It is post-day here, and my thoughts are very much occupied.

In spite of the best of intentions, I have not been able to venture upon a trip to Weimar, for I have not been well, and the weather also was too boisterous. If I cannot accomplish a visit to you before you come, I shall, at all events, manage it during your stay in Jena, and shall so arrange it as to be back the same evening; I am myself most anxious to see Meyer's works before or while you are still here.

I hope you will bring a good deal of manuscript with you, both in the way of schemes as well as of things you have worked out, for I cannot tell you how much I am longing for some animated discussion, particularly on such subjects as have nothing to do with my own work. I also want to read something of Meyer's soon.

Farewell. Perhaps I may hear to-morrow when you think of coming. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

450.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, March 17, 1798.

Next week, I think, will not pass without our having met. All the affairs here with which I am in any way connected have been set a-going and will probably now proceed on their course. It has become an urgent necessity that the thousand different ideas in my mind should have space given them and be put into order, and the perfect quiet in Jena and your presence can alone help me in this.

I enclose a couple of curious letters, which will tell you of an adventure which sounds strange enough in our days. I know the people myself, and the papers are themselves a guarantee of their own truth.

I have again looked through the French essay on my *Hermann*, and, so to speak, with your eyes, and hence also

find it of a kind that one need not be altogether dissatisfied with it, nay, it would be a wonder to find that it has really been written by a Frenchman. However, it is by a German as I well know. There will at some future time be a strange conglomeration of things; for so many of the French and English are now learning German, and so much is done in the way of translations, and our literature, in all the various branches, is more active than that of the two other countries.

So the poor Bernese have suffered a sad defeat. Meyer is afraid that one Canton after another will now be totally crushed, for in their own way of thinking, they are still the old Switzers; but patriotism, like many another brave, personal effort, has outlived its day, as is the case with the priesthood and the aristocracy. Who could withstand the quick, well-organised French hordes, commanded as they are with good sense and seriousness! 'Tis lucky that we belong to the steadfast northern hordes, which they will not readily think of attacking.

If what you want is diversion, and a host of curiosities in the way of schemes, essays and ideas, I can accommodate you; what I mean to bring with me will amount to not much less than a ream.

I shall not say anything more about your coming; for as you intend merely to spend the day here, it will not matter whether or not I may be in Jena. Farewell; my kind greetings to your dear wife, and be as industrious as you possibly can.

G.

451.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

As I shall not see you till the evening, I shall try meanwhile to make some progress with my fourth act. This morning I read the *Phœdra* of Euripides, only in a very miserable translation by Steinbrüchel, it is true, but it nevertheless struck me as inconceivable that this beautiful subject should have been so lightly and superficially treated. Farewell.

SCH.

452.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

I must again ask you about Schlegel, whom I have spoken of in a previous letter. If you have firmly determined to exclude him for the future also, we will leave matters as they are, and I shall act accordingly. However, should you feel inclined to grant him access upon certain conditions, the present would be the best opportunity, for Tischbein wishes to pay you a visit, and, as Schlegel leaves after Easter, you would not need to fear any pressing advances from him throughout the summer. As I shall have to see both men, and cannot avoid calling upon Tischbein, I should like to hear what you have to say in the matter, as I am always expected to act as a mediator. I also wish you good progress with your work.

G.

453.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, April 6, 1798.

This morning, early, or rather at noon, when I got up and inquired for you, I met our unhappy lady friend C.,* whom I had not seen for a year, and found her much the same. She has, if possible, become still more material in her views, and her anxious, affectedly unhappy, unrefreshing disposition, did not leave me in any very pleasant state of mind.

Your stay here seems to me now to have been shorter than it actually was. It passed so quickly, and was really too short considering the long time that you have been away.

Meanwhile I will try to throw myself thoroughly into my work again, and in the first place to evolve out of myself the image I have in my mind, I shall then be the better able to look at it. I am glad to be able to think that you are, on the whole, satisfied with my *Wallenstein*, and more especially that you did not observe, in it, any contradiction either with regard to the *subject* or to the *genus of art* to which it belongs; for I hope to be able to

* Their mutual friend Charlotte von Kalb.

have settled the demands of the stage, if the tragico-dramatic demands are once satisfied.

Farewell for to-day. My wife sends kindest greetings; we miss you very much.

SCH.

454.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 7, 1798.

If my little household affairs, which had necessarily to be attended to at once, had only left me in peace, I should certainly not have left you so soon, more especially as I felt myself very much disposed for work, owing to the favorable change in the weather. I have become reconciled and intend gradually to work myself free again, in order to be able to remain all the longer with you next time.

We have assuredly every reason to rejoice at our relation to one another, for after so long a separation we feel ourselves drawn but the closer, and the contrast in our natures, makes interchange of thought only the more desirable, and from it, moreover, we may venture to hope the best results for the future.

What you say about the increasing tendency for materialism in our lady friend, I have myself observed in many other persons as well. It seems that most natures very soon waste their small portion of ideal conceptions by making false aspirations, so that they soon fall back to earth of their own weight.

I look back with pleasure to your *Wallenstein*, and entertain the greatest hopes of it. The plot is of a kind that, when all is finished, it will bring the ideal treatment into wonderful agreement with a limited subject which is perfectly within the range of human life.

I enclose a sturdy Amor,* by Guttenberg, from a drawing of Meyer's, with which we are all very well pleased, although some points, for instance the face, are far from being a success.

* This Amor was intended for the title-page of Knebel's translation of the *Elegies of Propertius*.

Meyer now knows how and in what way the other does his work, and can therefore make his drawings accordingly. If you see no objections, let us at once order something of the kind for the Almanack, and, as this one was taken from the signet ring I usually wear, we might perhaps make use of one of the other stones from my collection.

Farewell, I send you and your dear wife my thanks for all the trouble you have given yourselves on my account.

The little book is sent only to carry the engraving to you and back again unharmed.

G.

455.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, April 10, 1798.

The Amor which I herewith return, gives evidence at once of the powerful and sound skill of our master, if only it did not look somewhat too solemn and serious at the head of the little work in front of which it is to be placed. It would be very nice if you would choose something from your collection for the Almanack, and get Meyer to draw it. I do not need to say that a poetic idea like this Amor would be the most suitable; and as the Almanack—owing to the smallness of its size, and its being chiefly intended for amusement—can grant but little space, a subject of this kind appears to me most appropriate, because more depends upon the idea than upon the way in which it is worked out. But this is your affair, and you are sure to choose what is best.

I enclose a letter together with some poems by a certain Jakobi, who has addressed himself to me for news of you. The poems I have scarcely looked at, and have not noticed anything either good or bad in them. However, I should rather like to make use of one of them for the last number of the *Horen*. Therefore, in case any one of them could be made use of, please be so good as to let me have the poems back by the message-woman to-morrow, so that I may despatch them that self-same evening.

If you could say a kind word to Geheimrath Voigt, about Niethammer, you would be giving encouragement where it is deserved; I have reason to think that he has

little affection for the latter, nay, in reality too little, and, on the other hand, favours unimportant rivals of his. Should there be an opportunity of again mentioning Schelling's cause,* which appears to be in the hands of Voigt, it would be a good thing for us Jena philosophers, and it would even not be unpleasant to you, to have so good an addition to our circle here.

Although the fine weather is still continuing, yet the sudden cold has again given me a severe catarrh and brought back all my old troubles. My work goes on but slowly, and I have just come to that point where all depends upon a happy state of mind.

It is said here that Iffland goes to Weimar on the 24th of this month, in order to play there for a week. But as you did not appear to know anything about this when you were here I can scarcely credit the report. However, should it be true, I doubt very much whether he will receive the same reception as last time, and our worthy Puss-in-boots† will find himself somewhat embarrassed.

Farewell. I hear from my brother-in-law, who is here to-day, that Thouret is coming one day soon. Hence, on this account, also, it is well that you are in Weimar just now, and not interrupted in the midst of your work.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

456.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 11, 1798.

Sorry as I was to leave Jena, it was time I did so. One or two things that had come to a standstill here had to be set a-going again, and now everything—both general and special affairs—seem again to be proceeding better.

Iffland is going to give five performances beginning on the 24th. If I do not mistake, the rush to see him will

* His appointment as professor extraordinary of philosophy in Jena.

† This, as is evident, refers to Iffland, and the allusion is taken from Tieck's well-known fairy-tale which plays upon many of the incidents of the day, and among other things ridicules Böttiger's eulogy on Iffland. The Puss of the story plays the part of "the foreign actor, the great man."

be even greater than on his first appearance here. For in the town itself there are now more strangers than formerly, and the fondness for the theatre has increased both here and in the neighbouring towns.

In order that the next four weeks, which have still to be spent here, may not pass uselessly, I have at once set to with my *Faust*, and find that you are correct in your remark that the state of mind which comes with spring is lyrical, and this is very much to the advantage of my rhapsodical drama.

The Jakobi who has written to you is the son of the one who studied in Jena; the poems, which I return, I could not read through. I am in the midst of entirely different occupations and states of mind. The next fortnight, in fact, will again be rather a gay one here. I take it for granted that you will come to us on Monday the 23rd, and enjoy the theatrical festivities with us. You would be very comfortably quartered close to Meyer. Farewell.

G.

457.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, April 24, 1798.

At last I am again able to give you an account of myself. For a fortnight I have been unfit for anything, as the rheumatism seized my head, and even now I cannot hope to be able to take up my work again for a week. It is a great pity that, being unfit for work, I cannot at least profit by the theatrical entertainments in W.; but even though a perpetual cough did not keep me in-doors, I do not feel the slightest inclination for any intellectual enjoyment, and must guard against even thinking of æsthetic things.

I wish you all the more enjoyment from Iffland's visit to the theatre. Here we have been wondering at the choice of the pieces to be played, and I am particularly astonished at the choice of *Pygmalion*.* For if this is the monodrama which, as I think, was set to music by

* By Rousseau, and set to music by Benda. Compare *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit Zelter*, vol. ii., 40 ff. 48 f.

Benda, you and Meyer will see a curious proof of the unsuccessful effects of a mistake as regards subject. It is to me absolutely inconceivable, how an actor—even though he be quite an ordinary one—can so entirely lose sight of the *object* of his art, to labour before the public in a farce that is cold, wanting in action and unnatural. In addition to this, Iffland has never in all his life been able either to see or to represent any enthusiasm or any exalted state of mind, and he has always been abominable as a lover.

However, you will see for yourself, and perhaps it is not the *Pygmalion* to which I am referring that has been thought of.

I congratulate you upon your progress with *Faust*. The theatrical entertainments ought, I think, rather to assist than to disturb you in it.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

458.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 25, 1798.

I have to-day only time to say that I am delighted to see your handwriting again. Would that your health might always go on improving!

Iffland has played the *Essigmann** splendidly. Naturalness, study, care, conscientiousness, his old and familiar way of playing the part, moderation, variety, grace, and power, were all admirable in him. The play, as a whole, did not go off with sufficient fluency, for our actors had only learned their parts a short time beforehand, and did not even play as well as they are capable of doing; hence, much was lost in Iffland's acting, for in place of being unrestrained he had every now and again to resort to gesticulation, which, however, he did in a masterly style.

To-day we have *Der Hausvater*;† we do not know yet what is to be given on Friday.

* Mercier's *Essighändler mit seinem Schubkarren* was given on the day previously, and Iffland took the principal part.

† In Gemmingen's *Deutscher Hausvater* Iffland took the part of Count Wodmar.

It is Benda's *Pygmalion* that is to be performed; I am exceedingly curious to see it. The play I know, and have seen it several times; it is a very strange undertaking, and yet Iffland is much too wise an actor to choose anything where he is not sure of producing a certain effect. You shall hear from me again soon.

G.

459.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, Apr. 27, 1798.

I herewith send you Cotta's reply to my inquiry about publishing the short treatises. He is, as you see, so anxious to get something of yours to publish that he does not care to be quite open about his *desideria* and wishes in regard to the work. But this much is clear, he is afraid of having too limited a public for a book, the contents of which are so preponderatingly scientific in matters of art. I cannot deny that, from a publisher's point of view, he is not at all wrong; but, on the other hand, as nothing can be altered in the plan of the work, my proposal would be to lead him to expect that you would give him your next poetical work, say *Faust*, or perhaps promise it to him at once. If it were for me to advise you, I should recommend you to ask four louis-d'ors a sheet for the theoretical treatises, printed much in the same style as your *Meisters Lehrjahre* and eight louis-d'ors a sheet for your *Faust*. However, if you think that Unger or Vieweg would give more, Cotta can do so also, and I shall only await your injunctions, and then, at once, write to Cotta; he is at present in Leipzig.

I hear that Iffland plays *Pygmalion* to-day. I never doubted that he knew well how to calculate upon his public. In this character, also, he will be great and intellectual, but I cannot retract what I said about the play itself, and its success will not disprove my remarks.

My health is now improving daily, but I have as yet not been able to get into the humour for work. To make up for this I have again been reading Homer with an entirely new feeling of pleasure, your remarks on the subject having contributed not a little to this. One

really feels as if swimming about in a veritable poetic sea; at no point does one fall out of this state of feeling, and everything is ideal and yet most realistic and true. Moreover, after having read through a few cantos, the idea of a rhapsodical concatenation, and of their origin having been different, must necessarily strike one as barbarous; for the glorious continuity and reciprocity of the whole, and of its parts, is one of its most effective beauties.

The underlined passage in Humboldt's letter—which I herewith return—was probably not altogether very clear even to himself, and then, as a whole, it seems to express more an idea than any definite conception. It seems to me, in fact, that he merely wishes to say that what is common, hence national, in the French—both in their ordinary proceedings as well as in their merits and aberrations—is an effect of the understanding and its adjuncts, that is to say, of wit, of observation, *etc.*, without a proportionate co-operation of the imagination, and that they are sensitive physically rather than morally. There is no question that they are better realists than idealists, and from this I infer a triumphant argument that realism cannot produce a poet.

Farewell for to-day, and I trust that you may find very pleasant diversion among the hosts of people by whom you are at present often surrounded.

SCH.

460.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 29, 1798.

I am, to use Lieutenant Wallen's * words, *so to say* in despair that you cannot take part in our theatrical adventures, both because you yourself miss a great deal of enjoyment, and also because the talk here is about everything that is interesting to us in the dramatic line, and this, in fact, can be discussed only with those who have themselves seen the performances.

Yesterday we had an exceedingly interesting re-

* A character in Schröder's *Stille Wasser sind tief* (after Beaumont and Fletcher).

presentation. *Pygmalion* demands the highest dramatic dignity and fullness, and from the manner in which Iffland plays Wallen it becomes a representation of the vanity of life puffed out and equipped with frolicksome humour. No words can describe the way in which he acquitted himself in both parts; however, we must wait and see what friend Böttiger furnishes us with. It will be easier to give some account of this by word of mouth.

On Monday we are to have *Benjowski;** on Wednesday *Der taube Apotheker;*† I do not know yet what he is going to give on Thursday as a finale. As soon as he is gone I shall quickly put things to rights here, and then run over to you.

Thank you for Cotta's explanation; however, I consider it better to have a couple of volumes of manuscript ready before deciding anything more definitely. As regards a somewhat greater variety in the way of subject-matter, I have myself already thought about this; it would be an opportunity for turning many a thing to account that one would otherwise not know what to do with, and what is profitable to the publisher is, in every respect, profitable also to the author. He whose work is well paid, will be well read, and these are two laudable prospects.

In like manner also I shall finish my *Faust*, who, in accordance with his northern nature, ought to find an immense public in the north. Friend Meyer will not consider it loss of time to make drawings for this barbarous production. We contemplate having the outlines printed on greyish brown paper, then to have them washed in Indian ink and set off with the brush, an operation which perhaps could not be executed anywhere so well or so cheaply as here. A few specimens will soon be forthcoming.

I shall now send friend Humboldt an answer, and more particularly beg him to hold a prosodiacal conference upon my *Hermann und Dorothea*, and purpose also to lay before you some other general questions of the same kind.

Your but mentioning the *Iliad* makes me feel an intense

* A piece by Kotzebue.

† The actual name of this piece is *Die verstellte Kranke*, one of Goldoni's plays.

longing to take up this work which we have already so frequently discussed. I hope to get through another couple of cantos this year, meanwhile let us denounce all chorizontes with the curse of Bishop Ernulphus,* and, like the French, maintain and defend unto death the unity and indivisibility of the poetic worth, in a tender heart. Farewell, I must again be off and dress, for the hour when we are to have a musical luncheon is approaching. The lovely mornings facilitate matters during the festivities as our guests can enjoy the garden, and my house is almost too small for the influx of visitors.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, and send her over to us on Monday in any case.

I may, as Director, be also allowed, with some degree of triumph, to remark that my calculations were right. For notwithstanding that the prices of the seats were raised, the house was even fuller than on the last occasion, so that, if things only continue as they are, we shall make almost as much by the seven performances as we did last time with fourteen. Should Schröder come we might double the prices; and even if Iffland should come back at some future time, I should raise the prices, for money will continue to become cheaper. Again farewell, and enjoy this lovely weather in the quiet by which you are surrounded, while I spend another very interrupted week. However, the Saal Valley will meanwhile be becoming beautifully green, and we shall soon re-commence our old life.

G.

461.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 1, 1798.

As we have now entered the month of Joy (*Wonnemonat*), I am again in hopes of being favoured by the Muses, and of finding in my garden-house what I have long been in want of. I think of going there at the end of this week provided the weather keeps fine.

* Ernulphus was originally a monk in a licentious monastery at Beauvais, which he left with a curse and came to England, where he subsequently was made bishop of Rochester.

I certainly regret extremely not to be able, in any way, to profit by Iffland's performances; but as I have lost so much time during the winter and spring, and wish to get finished by a stated period, I feel I must withdraw into myself, and avoid everything that would engage my attention too much from without as a dangerous diversion. This is the way I console myself about the enjoyment I have been losing, and which I should not have been able to resist, had I been in good health.

That Iffland should have triumphed so much beyond my expectation and predictions, is still incomprehensible to me, and it is difficult for me even to take your word for what would rob me of faith in my firmest ideas and convictions. However, no more can be said about it as you hold up a fact against my *à priori* proofs; and I, not having been able to convince myself, cannot, of course, venture upon a reply. Moreover, I have only to do with your judgment, because public opinion can prove nothing in this case, as the point at issue is only one of objective demands, and the world at large is satisfied provided only it is interested.

I wish to know whether it is still likely that Schröder will come this autumn, for I must take counsel with myself as to whether I can get *Wallenstein* ready for the stage by that time. Therefore, please let me know whether you have taken any steps in this matter, for if you have not done so ere this, I doubt whether he will come this autumn.

Cotta will probably be here in about ten days. It may perhaps happen that you will be here about that time; it would be well for you to meet him, and to make your proposals yourself. He is a most kindly disposed man, and is also in no way wanting in power to venture upon important undertakings.

I have been struck by a passage in the *Odyssey* from which one might infer the existence of a lost poem, the theme of which preceded the *Iliad*. The passage I allude to is in the 8th book of the *Odyssey*, beginning at the 72nd verse. Perhaps you know something of this.

Would that you were again living in your Homeric world. I have not the slightest doubt that you will

succeed with some other cantos during the summer and autumn.

Farewell. My wife will be in Weimar on Thursday in order to enjoy the closing exhibitions of Iffland's talents. She sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

462.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, May 2, 1798.

Iffland continues doing his work admirably and proves himself a true artist. Praiseworthy characteristics in him are, his lively imagination, whereby he discovers all that belongs to his part; then his power of imitating, whereby he contrives to represent what he has found, and, so to say, created; lastly, his spirit (*Humor*), by means of which he carries on what he has to do in an animated manner from beginning to end. The way in which he characterises the various personages he represents, by means of dress, gesture and style of language, the distinction he makes in the various situations, and again their subdivision into evident subordinate parts, is admirable. I will at present not mention those other points, which we already know in detail.

He appears to the eyes of the audience a living picture both of nature and of art, whereas the other actors—even though they do not play their parts badly—appear, as it were, mere *reporters*, representing the affairs of some other persons from written records; we indeed learn what is happening and what has happened, but cannot take any further interest in them.

Very significant to me was the observation I made, that he almost invariably had it in his power to command the purest and most appropriate state of mind in his audience, which, of course, is possible only by a union of genius, art, and study.

The attendance has been pretty equal. The number has hitherto wavered between 380 and 430, and I can foresee that we shall not have either so large or so small a house as on the last occasion. Raising the prices affects only a certain class of the spectators. We can be satisfied

with the receipts, and I am glad to have triumphed over the unbelieving *Hofkammerrath.**

Otherwise I have not heard anything comforting except a pretty general feeling of satisfaction which has been freely expressed. How few we find productive compared with the artist! I have, on the other hand, occasionally heard some very stupid negations. To-morrow we are to have *Der taube Apotheker*,† and after that I mean again to enjoy a time of rest; but I will not deny that his acting, on this occasion, has been more a necessity to me than when he was here last. I can say that, in every respect, he has had a good influence upon me, and I hope that when I come to you, the months of May and June will bring forth good fruits.

I have not received a letter from you to-day, and trust that there may not be any unfavorable cause to account for your silence.

Friend Böttiger, as I see, is meditating a *didascalia* on *Pygmalion*. It will probably be another pretty piece of work.

One of the most amusing occurrences of the day I cannot leave untold. Wieland has been prohibited by a secret democratic Court from writing the continuation of his *Conversations*,‡ which were appearing in the *Mercury;* the next number will show whether the old man means to obey.

The poor author of the *Golden Mirror* and of *Agathon*,§ he, who in his day told kings and lords the strangest truths, who understood political constitutions so well when, as yet, there were none, he, the noble forerunner of the new empire, is now—in these days of liberty, when Herr P.‖ is daily exposing his bare back at the window, and Herr G.,¶

* Probably *Hofkammerrath* Kirms. It may, however, refer to Einsiedel, who was chamberlain to the Duchess Amalia.

† See Letter 460 and note.

‡ These are his *Gespräche unter vier Augen;* in the second—the March number of the *Merkur*—Bonaparte is pointed to as the future dictator.

§ Two romances by Wieland.

‖ Posselt; the allusion here is to an article in *Die neueste Weltkunde.*

¶ Genz, who one year previously had addressed a letter to King Frederick William III. (of Prussia) on the occasion of his ascending the throne.

with liberal importunity is extorting from a new king an unlimited freedom of the press—compelled to conceal the pet-children of his old age, the fruits of a silver wedding, like so many love-children.

About a fortnight ago he came to Weimar in the hope of reaping some praise for these productions which he has been working at in secret; he read them aloud in all the stages of our house of taste and of society, and was received with such tame indifference, that, full of impatience he soon fled back into the country; meanwhile a counsel was held, and I now hear that he has received notice quietly to strangle and to bury these hybrids of an aristo-democratic marriage-bond in a cellar, for expose them he dare not.

G.

463.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 2, 1798.

The above was written just when your dear letter came in. I trust that fine weather may soon entice you out to your garden-house, and continue to favour you when you get there.

Let us set methodically to work with *Pygmalion*, for considering that there is a great deal of agreement between us with regard to principles, and that we are, nevertheless, somewhat opposed to one another with regard to the manner of judging a production, we are certain to come upon good results, if only we understand one another.

I think we should soon come to an understanding, for, in fact, this monodrama is open to criticism only in so far as we assume that the manner of French tragedy, and the rhetorical treatment of a tragical subject, or—as in the present case—of a sentimental one, is admissible; if this is wholly rejected, then *Pygmalion* itself is rejected with it, but if its worth or worthlessness is allowed to pass, then, of course, praise and blame can be applied in the present instance as well. Every mannerist can be praised, and the merit he may possess, analyzed, provided I do not judge him by nature and style. This is about the point from which I should start. I shall tell you what I noticed on the two occasions; but what I most wish is

that you should hear Meyer on the subject; however, the inquiry cannot be concluded before the appearance of the *didascalia.**

Of Schröder I cannot tell you anything further. He has in this matter played the part of a coquette, first made an offer unasked, and then withdrew just as we were about to engage him. However, I do not feel very much annoyed with him, for every profession has its own ways of acting; but I cannot now take any further steps.

Probably I shall be with you again in ten days; I should be glad to see Cotta again.

The passage in the *Odyssey* seems indeed to point to one of the innumerable rhapsodies, out of which subsequently the two extant poems were so happily composed. It is very likely that these were lost simply by the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* having become united into one whole. In like manner countless epigrams have been lost by a collection of epigrams having been compiled; in like manner again, the works of the ancient lawgivers have been lost, by their having been digested in the pandects, &c. Pardon me these somewhat chorizontic utterances, but it seems to me to become daily more intelligible how it was that these two works — which have survived—could have been compiled from the immense accumulation of rhapsodical productions of genius, by some inferior talents; perhaps even by one possessing mere common sense: nay, who can prevent our assuming that this contiguity and continuity, had already in the highest degree been prepared by demands made by the mind upon the rhapsodists; I am even inclined to go so far as to assume that not all that which might have been appropriate in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, has been admitted into them, on the contrary that nothing has been added *to them*, but that things have been left *out of* them.

However, these are opinions upon a subject, in regard to which all certainty has been lost for ever, and the idea which I express is favorable to myself in my present work, for I have, so to say, to dissolve the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into that mighty ocean of poetry from which I myself intend to draw.

* See Letter 462 and note.

One word more about Schröder; in my conviction your *Wallenstein* and his coming here stand in a correlation of which it might sooner be said: finish it and he will come, rather than let him come and you will have it ready.

And herewith farewell. There is another luncheon again to-day; to-morrow is the last one in my house, to which I invite your dear wife if she can be here in time.

The English translation of my *Dorothea*, which Mr. Mellish* undertook, is now ready, as he told me himself yesterday; he is going to show me the first four cantos which he brought with him. I am myself no judge of this sort of work, I shall get Schlegel to take a look at them; he has studied the relation between the two languages thoroughly. I must, however, conclude, although there is much else to say.

G.

464.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 4, 1798.

My wife has had a great deal to tell me in praise of the friendly welcome she received from you, of the gay and animated company in your house, and of Iffland's merry *Apothecary*. It is in such ridiculous parts that Iffland always delighted me; for natural disposition does so much in cases like this, everything appears to be the thought and feeling of the moment; hence it seems inconceivable, and one feels both delighted and utterly surprised. On the other hand, in noble, serious and affecting parts I find more to admire in his ability, his understanding, his calculation and self-possession. Here he is to me always *significant*, full of intention, engaging and riveting one's attention and reflection, but I cannot say that I really felt charmed or enthusiastic about him in such parts, and this I have been with much less perfect actors; hence, he would scarcely put me into a poetic humour for tragedy.

* Joseph Charles Mellish, an English gentleman who resided in Weimar, and was a great admirer of German literature; he had married a Fräulein von Stein, and became English consul-general at Hamburgh. The translation of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, which is published in this series, was made by him from the original MS. He is frequently mentioned in subsequent letters.

I do not know what to do about Schröder, and have almost decided to drop the whole idea of having *Wallenstein* performed. It is impossible for me to have the whole piece ready in time for him to play *Wallenstein* in September or the beginning of October; for Schröder—as he himself told Böttiger—must have several months for learning his part, and would, therefore, require to have the play at latest by the middle of July. I might, indeed, were it necessary, have a sketch of the whole ready for the theatre by that time, but having to work in so hurried a manner and for no outward object, would destroy my humour for quietly working it out afterwards. In addition to this, even if Schröder should come, some of the principal parts would be sure to be very badly represented, and to this I would not expose myself. As you yourself write, good actors, even in the happiest instances, are but the passive channels for, or the reporters of the text, and I should grieve to see this, especially in the case of my two Piccolominis and Countess Terzki. I propose, therefore, to proceed on my course freely, without any definite regard to the stage, and, if possible, to keep myself in the proper humour for it. When *Wallenstein* is once finished and printed I shall not have any further interest in it, and shall then be able more readily to think of such things.

I am very glad to think that we shall have you here again so soon. It would not be bad, were we to read Homer together when you come. Not to mention the capital state of mind into which it would throw you for your own work, it would also offer us the best opportunity for an exchange of ideas, and the most important points in regard to poetry would have to be talked over. We should thus, in future, continue our discussions on tragic writers and others.

I am still in town, and shall wait and see what comes of the present doubtful weather before I move. If your barometer can prognosticate anything definite, I would arrange accordingly.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

Sch.

465.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 5, 1798.

Iffland finished yesterday by giving his *Aussteuer*, after having in the course of his acting given me a good deal to think about, and this, upon the whole, agrees with what you say of him. We shall have many a thing to discuss on this point.

I do not know what to advise you about *Wallenstein*, although I myself think that the plan you yourself propose is the best, considering your manner of working, the piece itself, as far as I know it, and all the outward circumstances. No one can serve two masters, and of all masters, the public seated in a German theatre would be the last one I should choose.

I have scarcely any other thought, at present, than of becoming more intimately acquainted with Homer as soon as I can come to you; our reading him together will be the best introduction to this.

My *Faust* I have brought a good bit further. The old, and very confused manuscript, has been copied, and the parts arranged in separate boxes and numbered according to a detailed scheme; hence I shall now be able to make use of every moment when I feel in the humour for it, work out the various parts, and sooner or later have them put together.

A very curious thing struck me while doing this: some tragic scenes I had written in prose, and owing to their naturalness and power, as compared with the rest, are quite intolerable.

I am, therefore, at present trying to turn them into rhyme, as the idea then appears as if it were half hidden by a veil, and the direct effect of the immensity of the subject is thus lessened.

Farewell. The barometer can tell us only of such changes as are immediately about to take place; one would think, however, that we were likely now to have a time of rain, yet who can tell!

G.

466.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

Fichte has sent me the second part of his *Naturrecht*. I have read some bits out of the middle of it, and find many deductions made in a praiseworthy manner, and yet, practical sceptic as I am, I find that in some instances empiric influences still act strongly upon him. I feel here very much the same as what I lately told you of in regard to making observations: it is only humanity as a whole that perceives nature, only men collectively that live the life of man.* I may take up what position I choose, I see in the many famous axioms only the expression of an individuality; and precisely that which is generally acknowledged as true is usually but the prejudice of the multitude, which is affected by the conditions of the age, and therefore also to be regarded as but one individuum.

Farewell, and love my loving individuum, notwithstanding all its heresies.

G.

467.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, May 8, 1798.

In spite of the uncertain weather yesterday I ventured to move out to my garden-house, and everything went off as well as I could have wished. Here, therefore, I am once more on my own landed estate; unfortunately, however, I have accidentally had a string of visitors, one after the other, so that within these last two days there has been more hubbub about me than I have had all winter.

One among the number, Joseph v. Retzer from Vienna, you have perhaps likewise seen, for he left this for Weimar. He is a miserable individual, but to some extent remarkable, by reminding one of a period already of the past. Professor Morgenstern from Halle, who was here lately, also called upon you, so my wife tells me. His is a nature somewhat similar to Woltmann's, as coquettish and elegant in his ideas, and very well acquainted with

* See Letter 437.

the current coin of philosophical criticism. Eschen, a pupil of Voss's, who gave him a letter of recommendation to me last year, has become altogether faithless to his old idol and master, and now finds very much to censure in him. The Schlegel family have taken this young gentleman in hand and have led him away from Voss. I fear he has improved for the worse by his change of faith. Voss is contemplating adding some new idylls to his *Louise;* he seems to regard this subject too as a thread without an end, but it may also be that it requires an imagination without an end.

I congratulate you upon your progress with *Faust.* As soon as you but definitely know what has still to be done to the subject, it may be said to be all but finished, for to me the most difficult part about it seems to be its *illimitedness.* A remark you made lately that on account of some of your tragic scenes having been written in prose, they proved powerfully affecting, confirms an earlier experience of yours in the case of Marianne in your *Meister,* in which case likewise pure realism violently affects a pathetic situation and produces a seriousness which is not poetical: for according to my idea, it belongs to the nature of poetry that it should ever unite within itself seriousness and play.

Farewell. I am looking forward with no small amount of pleasure to your coming, when, I hope, many subjects will be discussed and more fully developed.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

468.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, May 9, 1798.

I congratulate you upon again being in your garden-house, the season as well as the weather are exceedingly fine, and I hope soon to be able to pay you a visit on your own property.

The time I have lost during these last days could not have been made good to me in any other way than by the evenings Iffland has given us. Otherwise society is, for those like ourselves, a sorry thing; one hears things, but

one learns nothing, and that which is most needful, nay, what we can alone make use of, viz., a good state of mind (*Stimmung*), is not awakened but is more likely destroyed.

Inclination for work, however, Iffland has left in me. He heard that I had been working at a second part of the *Zauberflöte* (*Magic Flute*), and with some eagerness expressed the wish to have the piece for the Berlin Theatre, and did so both to myself and to others. This has roused my thoughts about it again, and I have looked over the acts and already done something to them. In fact so much is already done that it would be foolish to leave it unfinished, and, after all, were it only for the sake of the mere gain, it deserves due encouragement, the more so as so light a composition could be worked at, at any time and at any hour, and would, moreover, put one into a humour for something better.

Herr Thouret has not appeared yet, although we hoped he would have come with Cotta, and I want as soon as possible to start off to be with you, for the days are passing uselessly, and I hardly know what is becoming of them. I should be in a state of despair with the quantity of subjects I have in hand, were it not that the great order in which I keep my papers enables me to take up any one of them at any time, and to put every hour to its own special use, and thus to get one thing after another pushed forwards.

Meyer has finished his treatise on the family of Niobe which deserves high praise; I will bring it with me. He is quite willing to let us modify the essay on the Choice of Subjects,* according to our own convictions, and perhaps also to allow us to set to work in our own fashion with regard to the arrangement of the arguments. We may perhaps manage to read it over again together, and then but little will be required to put it to rights. He is at present busy with Raphael's works and intends continuing thus. I foresee already that he will soon have a couple of little volumes ready. You shall hear, when I come, what spice we intend to put to these serious—and

* A sketch of this treatise, the title of which is: *Abhandlung über die Wahl der Gegenstände*, Meyer had drawn up while in Switzerland with Goethe. Compare Letters 372 and 373.

as we think, good—essays, for the sake of consoling the publisher; so that if the essays are not rewarded they will at least be "*forgiven.*" * For to-day farewell; I am expecting Herr von Retzer and am curious to see how the Imperial *Büchercensur* will behave himself in Weimar.

May all be well with you, your dear wife and the children, and enjoy the lovely mornings and evenings.

G.

469.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, May 11, 1798.

The weather is still keeping good, and hence I am again by degrees beginning to feel an inclination and to be in the proper mood for work. Otherwise, however, the cheerfulness of spring is not exactly what is required for the sombre weight of the fifth act of a tragedy, although it awakens a poetic spirit which is good for everything.

Do not let the opera prevent your thinking very seriously of the main thing! It is true, of course, that the main thing always is money, but only to a realist of the strictest order. You must take to heart the proverb: Seek that which is highest and the rest will come of itself.

If you have not got a thoroughly clever and popular composer for the continuation of your *Zauberflöte*, you will, I fear, be exposing yourself to the danger of finding a very ungracious public; for during a performance no text will save an opera unless the music be good; on the contrary the failure will be attributed to the poet as well.

I am curious to hear with what you intend to spice the essays to please the public.

Could you not manage to incorporate the short essays, which you published eight years ago in the *Mercury*, with your present collection? They would increase the variety and add to the bulk, and I know that when they appeared in the *Mercury*, they excited a great deal of interest.

* An allusion to a line in Klopstock's *Messias*, which Goethe often referred to: "*Einige (Tugenden) werden belohnt, die meisten werden vergeben.*"

We have, this week, also had a number of diversions which, however, I know of only from hearsay. Yesterday a young man from Mannheim gave a concert on the violin, and this evening Herr Bianchi—who is doubtless known to you—gives an intermezzo. Krüger, who at one time had an engagement in Weimar, has joined him; they are making a tremendous stir, and seem to be drawing in a good deal of money. I hear that the actors, now in Eisenach, have been invited by the Duke to come to Weimar as soon as the theatrical company now there have left. I should very much like to see the ballet, which is very highly praised.

If you can be here by Sunday or Monday you may still meet Cotta, I think. I did expect him to-morrow, it is true, but as he has not written, he will probably come a little later.

I wish you all success with *The Enchanted Isle.** I have been told, by Herr Bianchi, that the main effect does not lie so much in the singing as in the accompaniment, which is a thing scarcely to be praised.

Farewell. My wife is anxiously looking forward to your coming, as I am myself.

SCH.

470.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 12, 1798.

Your letter, as you desired, found me engaged with the *Iliad*, which I am ever glad to take up again, for one always feels lifted up by it above all earthly things as if one were in a balloon, and finds oneself in that intermediate sphere where the gods move to and fro. I am continuing my schemes and inquiries, and think I have again conquered some main points which will assist me in future undertakings. To work these out would be impossible, did it not come of itself; in the same way, no one could plant a field of oats, although, of course, such a field might be sown. I am at present looking about for the best seeds, and shall not fail also to attend to the

* An opera by Gotter. See Letters 414, 415.

preparation of the soil; the rest may then be left to the chances of the weather.

The most important point in my present studies is that I am casting out from my investigations everything that is subjective and pathological. If I am to succeed with a poem that can in any way be connected with the *Iliad*, I must follow the ancients even in that for which they are censured, nay, I must even make what I do not like, my own; then only can I be sure of not having quite failed in the spirit and the tone. The two important points, the employment of the divine influence and of similies are, I think, now quite clear to me; I have probably already said something in regard to the latter. My plan is extending from within and is becoming more antique as my knowledge increases. I have to write down everything so that I may not forget anything during my hours of relaxation.

When I next pay you a visit, everything shall be pushed forwards, and passages of which I feel most sure shall be worked out.

I did not find it uninteresting to devote a few days to my *Zauberflöte*, and to take up and work out what I had begun three years ago. Being able to think only when active, I have again made some very good observations which refer both to my subject and to the drama in general, to the opera specially, and most specially to the very one in question. There can be no harm in finishing it at such times when I am but in a middling humour.

The Duke has not yet returned from Leipzig.

Thouret also has not yet come; my coming is therefore again postponed for a day or two; but I shall not wait long, for as I must be here again by Midsummer-Day, and wish to spend at least a month with you this time, I dare not put it off.

Krüger is a detestable swaggerer. His ballet is said to be not bad; he is not likely to obtain permission to play here, unless merely for a few times.

The noble von Retzer was an appearance such as one needs to have seen with one's own eyes to believe in his existence. Did he also show you his poem on Gleim?

Unger sent me the enclosed new specimen of printing,

and wishes me to let him have something of mine to print in this small type. I do not at present know of anything to give him, and shall always give the Almanack my first thought.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

Would that you too could find the proper mood for advancing with your work! I will meanwhile try and make the best possible use of the next few days, while waiting to start.

G.

471.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, May 15, 1798.

Cotta will be here on Ascension Day. It would be very nice if you could be here by that time.

Write and tell me what you wish said to him about your work, in case you should not be able to be here. The best plan would be for you to fix a price, and he could then decide whether he were able to give it.

Unger's specimen type seems to me much too pointed. The public would very soon be made blind in this way.

In the last numbers of Niethammer's journal you will find an essay by Forberg on the Deduction of the Categories, which I recommend you to read. It is very good both in thought and in execution.

As I hope to have you here soon, I shall keep a fresh and unexpected piece of news till you come; it concerns you and will give you much pleasure. But perhaps you can guess what it is.

What you do not like in Homer you surely do not mean to imitate intentionally: but if it mingles with your work of its own accord, it will be a proof of how completely you have transposed yourself into the Homeric element, and of the genuineness of the state of mind you are in. When reading Sophocles I have frequently been struck by a kind of playfulness in his serious dialogues, which would not be allowed to pass in a modern writer. And yet it suits the ancient poet; at all events it in no way disturbs one's state of mind, and to some extent even

helps to give the mind a certain ease and freedom in pathetic scenes. Yet it seems to me nevertheless to be a bad habit, and hence to deserve anything rather than imitation.

I am looking forward to Meyer's *Niobe*, and shall be anxious to compare it with your article on *Laokoon*. The latter I herewith return, as you lately asked me for it.

Schlegel, I hear, hopes to get a professorship here. I have just received his *Athenæum*, but have not yet been able to look at it.

Von Retzer did leave me his verses, they are in perfect keeping with the man.

I am interrupted by Paulus.* Farewell.

SCH.

472.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 16, 1798.

Your letter again finds me engaged with the *Iliad*. The study of this poem has always chased me round a circle of delight, hope, insight and despair.

I am more than ever convinced of the unity and inseparableness of the poem, and, in fact, there no longer is and never will be any one capable of judging it. At all events I find myself at every moment forming a subjective opinion; it must have been so with others before us and will be with others after us. However, my first idea of an Achilleid was correct, and if I wish and am to do anything of the kind, I must keep to this.

The *Iliad* seems to me so round and so perfect—let people say what they will—that nothing can be added to or taken from it. The new poem that might be undertaken, one would likewise have to endeavour to keep apart from it even though, in regard to time, it were directly connected with it.

The Achilleid is a *tragic subject*, which, however, by possessing a certain degree of breadth would not resent epic treatment.

It is thoroughly *sentimental*, and owing to this twofold peculiarity would be qualified for a modern work; and a

* Professor of oriental languages in Jena.

thoroughly realistic style of treatment would counterbalance the above two intrinsic peculiarities. Further the subject possesses merely a personal and private interest, whereas the *Iliad* embraces the interest of nations, of countries, of earth and of heaven.

Lay all this to heart! If you think that notwithstanding all these peculiarities, one might undertake a poem of this magnitude and labour, I could begin at any moment, for I have, in my own mind, for the most part decided *how* to work it out, but shall—according to my old custom—keep this a secret till I can myself read the passages worked out.

I have no idea to what unexpected and pleasant news you allude in your last, but it will be very welcome. I have never yet in life met with a piece of good fortune that was unprepared, unlooked for, or one that had not been striven for. Unfortunately, I cannot come before Sunday.

My kind greetings to Cotta, and also thank him for all the generous kindness he has shown me. I am still a few things in his debt, but there will very probably soon be an opportunity for settling this.

I am also thinking of carrying out what I recently told you about our essays on theoretico-empirical subjects; as soon as, so to say, an alphabet has been clearly written out and finished, we shall come to an agreement about it.

I intend in future, as far as possible, not to promise any manuscript till it is ready for printing, and in the present case, especially, where so many things have to be considered.

Schlegel can hardly fail to get the professorship. He has the Duke's support, on account of his translations of Shakespeare, and communications in his favour have already been despatched to Gotha.

Farewell; I am longing heartily to see you, and to set to work at something important. It is now nearly a year since I did anything, and this seems to me very strange. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and enjoy this lovely weather in the open air.

G.

473.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 18, 1798.

As it is doubtless quite true that there is no longer any possibility of an Iliad after the *Iliad*, even though there were to be another Homer and another Greece, I cannot wish you anything better than that you should compare your Achilleid—as it exists in your imagination—simply with itself, and seek in Homer merely the proper mood, without actually comparing your work with his. You will be quite certain to develop your subject as required by its form, and conversely, neither will you fail in finding the form for your subject. Your nature, your penetration and experience are a guarantee of these two points. The tragic as well as the sentimental character of the subject will undoubtedly be counterbalanced by your subjective character as a poet, and assuredly it is more a merit than a de-merit in the subject that it meets the demands of our age; for it is as impossible as it is thankless for a poet to be demanded entirely to quit his native soil and to set himself against his own age. Your beautiful vocation is to be a contemporary and denizen of both poetic worlds, and simply on account of this higher merit you will not belong to either exclusively.

However, we shall soon have an opportunity of talking this subject over thoroughly, for the news of which I wrote to you, and about which I do not wish you to raise your expectations too high, is a work on your *Hermann*, sent to me by Humboldt in manuscript. I call it a work, for it will make a thick volume, and goes into the subject fully and thoroughly. We will read it together, if you have no objections; it will lead us to the discussion of what can be established or guessed by reasoning upon the genus and various species of poetry. The admirable justice which is shown towards you here by a thoughtful mind and a sensitive heart, must please you; and this outspoken and trustworthy testimony will also help in directing the indefinite opinion of our German public, and both decide and hasten the victory of your Muse over all opposition, even on the path of reasoning.

Of my talk with Cotta I will tell you when we meet. But what specially pleased me to hear was the news he gave me of the enormous sale of your *Hermann und Dorothea*. You were very right in thinking that this subject was a particularly happy one for the German public, for it has charmed the German reader in his own native territory, within the sphere of his capacity and of his interest; and the fact of its having really charmed him, shows that the effect produced was not so much owing to the subject as to the poetic animation which was thrown into it. Cotta thinks that Vieweg ought to have issued a cheaper and commoner edition, for he feels sure that some thousands of it would be sold in Suabia alone.

But more of this and of other subjects when you come. I hope this will be the day after to-morrow.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

474.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 19, 1798.

I can only say Amen to the first page of your dear letter, for it contains the quintessence of what I said to myself by way of consolation and encouragement. These doubts proceed chiefly from the fear of making a mistake as regards the subject, which perhaps should either not be attempted at all, or not by me, or not in the way I propose. We will, for the present, lay all these troublesome questions aside, and take them up again by and by courageously.

Humboldt's work I really did not expect, and shall look forward to seeing it, all the more so as I feared his journey would deprive us of his assistance in theoretical matters, for a time at all events. It is no small advantage to me to find that upon the last part of my poetical career, at least, I have been acting in accordance with criticism.

I cannot add more this morning, for I shall be very much engaged up to the last moment.

To-morrow evening I shall be with you, and am looking

foward to the good which the next four weeks will produce.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

475.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 24, 1798.

I send you a short essay* which we will talk over, and perhaps get copied out for Cotta. I am meanwhile preparing for the first number. This matter must be put into proper working order before I can set my mind to anything else.

Herewith also the Discourse † which I recently told you about. I am curious to see whether you approve of it, and whether you will wish and demand the promised continuation.

At noon to-day I shall be in your neighbourhood as a guest, and shall then come to you to continue our yesterday's reading and discussions. Farewell.

G.

476.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

June 11, 1798.

Please send me Humboldt's work and the iron rod.‡ This evening I shall spend with Loder, but shall probably come over to you first for a few hours.

This morning early, during my walk, I was thinking over a cursory exposition to my theory of colours, and feel a good deal of inclination and courage for writing one.

Schelling's work will do me the great service of keeping me very closely within my sphere.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

* Upon the object and style of the proposed journal.

† *Gespräche über Wahrheit und Wahrscheinlichkeit.*

‡ For some experiments with magnetism.

477.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER,

Jena, June 21, 1798.

As I must after all decide to drive, I shall have to start earlier, and shall, therefore, not see you to-day.

Herewith I send you Fischer's Dictionary, which seems to fulfil its object very well.

Hofrath Loder sends a parcel to Paris on Monday, and I want him to enclose my letter and perhaps also a transcript of my *Euphrosyne*. It would be very nice if you could have finished your work by that time.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I am anxious to see what these next few days have in store for me.

G.

478.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 24, 1798.

As soon as I leave Jena, I am immediately drawn towards another polarity, which again lays hold of me for a time. There was more than one reason for my return to Weimar, and I am now awaiting the Duke's arrival; for a time I shall be busy arranging and directing different matters; however, I hope to be able to be with you again in a week. As I have nothing with me here, having left everything in Jena, I have been forced to look through some of my old papers, and have come upon all kinds of things which will, at all events, serve us in the first place with subject-matter.

I send you the French ballad.* It was well that it was not within my reach, for certain very pleasing turns would have withheld me from going my own course. The other manuscript enclosed, I had no wish to look into at all; it is an instance of an inconceivable mistake as regards subject, and God knows what other caution it may not be. I am very curious to hear who you think is the author of this unlucky production.

The affairs in Rossla have been settled to my satisfaction; my assistants spared me both trouble and thought,

* From *La Folle en Pélérinage*, the prototype of Goethe's poem *Der Müllerin Verrath*.

and in the end, I had only to decide certain matters which depended solely upon the wishes of the proprietor.

The Duke returns on Wednesday or Thursday, but will not stay long.

Farewell, and, if possible, welcome me with something lyrical.

The twelfth number of the *Horen*, it seems, I have not yet received; please let me have it by the message-woman. I have some parts of the beginning, so we might, perhaps, make up a few complete copies together, and after the decease of the goddesses do some persons the favor of presenting them with one.

Give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and keep as well as you can during this weather, which, if not of the finest, is most favourable to vegetation.

Wieland was very cheerful in Ober-Rossla.* Country life seems to afford him great pleasure still, but he cannot be said to have actually commenced it yet. The preparations for it seem to me like lectures on anthropology which has enticed many an honest fellow into the toils of medicine. So it please God, the meadows—be they ever so green—and the fields—be they ever so beautiful—shall not tempt me upon that sea.

Again, farewell. On Wednesday you shall hear from me again.

G.

479.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 25, 1798.

I cannot yet accustom myself to your long absence, and only hope that it may not last longer than you at present suppose.

Our letters to Humboldt will probably be somewhat delayed, that is to say, if we are to send them off together. I will, therefore, write to him by Wednesday's post, and meanwhile give him some sign of my existence and a few words of consolation. I shall not be able to enter into any details this time, because I have not got his manuscript, which is in your keeping.

* Düntzer thinks this word Ober-Rossla was written in place of Ossmannstedt, as it was in the latter place that Wieland resided.

Here are the poems * you asked for.

The drama † I likewise return; I read it at once, and am inclined to think better of it than you seem to suppose I should have been. It reminds one of a good school, although it is only the production of a *dilettanti*, and cannot be judged from an artistic point of view. It gives proof of a morally cultivated mind, of fine and moderated feelings, and of an acquaintance with good models. If it is not by the hand of a woman, still it suggests a certain womanliness of sentiment, even in so far as a man might possess this feature of character. If it were freed from its many long-winded details and digressions, and also from some far-fetched expressions—some of which I have underlined —and more especially if the last monologue, which contains an unnatural bound, were corrected, it might certainly be read with interest.

If there is no objection to my knowing who the author is, I wish you would tell me his name.

Here also are the *Horen*. Please look a little carefully at the second idyll in it. The first you have already seen in manuscript, and suggested some improvements. These improvements have been made, and your advice followed as far as was possible.

Farewell. I have to-day laid *Wallenstein* aside, and shall now see whether a lyric mood will come over me.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

480.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

Accidentally, or rather because I supposed you knew that *Elpenor* was by myself, I did not tell you so expressly in my letter; and now I am all the more glad as the impression of the work upon you has been quite impartial. It may be about sixteen years ago since I wrote the two acts, but very soon I took a dislike to them, and have certainly not looked at them for ten years. I am delighted with the clearness and justice of your remarks, as I have had frequent occasion to remark, and in the present

* Some poems which had been sent in for the *Musen-Almanach*.

† Goethe's *Elpenor*. See next Letter.

case again. You gave a very good description of the state of mind in which I probably was, and it can now also very well be imagined why the production was objectionable to me.

Here are two small poems * by Schlegel. He wishes it to be understood that they are to be regarded as manuscript, and that they might deserve a place in the Almanack. Perhaps it will be as well to accept them, as we intend inserting some other poems addressed to definite persons.

I mean to suspend my judgment of the other poems enclosed; they appear to me to be standing so much upon the borders that I do not know whether they incline more to reality or to nullity.

All the more defined is the letter which you will receive with this; it is a splendid specimen of madness outside of a mad-house. It would, in fact, be difficult to give a reason why such an individual is not locked up. The one thing that might be said in his favour is that he is harmless, but this even he ceases to be as soon as he comes into close contact with us. However, as we cannot have him locked up, he shall, at any rate, be locked out.

To-day the Duke comes. It remains to be seen how long he intends staying. When he leaves I shall at once come to you, that is, after having been to Rossla, where I must go to arrange some things.

A book that was sent to me yesterday came very opportunely. Its title is: An Attempt to develop the Laws of Magnetic Phenomena from Propositions in Natural Metaphysics—hence, according to *à priori* principles—By C. A. Eschenmayer. Tübingen, Jakob Friederich Heerbrandt. 1798.†

It has given me a very good insight into the workshops of natural philosophers and naturalists, and I have thus had another proof of my peculiar liking for natural science. I shall bring the book with me, and we shall be able to make good use of it in arranging the phenomena, my first attempt at which is still in your hands.

* Schlegel's poems: *An Friederike Unzelmann als Nina*, and the sonnet: *Der neue Pygmalion*, addressed to Iffland.

† *Versuch die Gesetze magnetischer Ercheinungen aus Sätzen der Naturmetaphysik, mithin à priori zu entwickeln, etc.*

Farewell; I am looking forward to the moment when I shall see you again.

One thing more. Meyer, who sends kindest greetings, is more in favour of the title *Propylæa* than for yours. He thinks one ought to be sure to leave the field undefined as the public like it thus. We shall have to talk this over again.

G.

481.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 28, 1798.

The news that *Elpenor* is from your pen really surprised me; I do not know how it happened that I never thought of you. But the very fact of my not knowing any one likely to have written it among those whose names are known to me, and among whom I might have selected the author, made me very curious to hear who had written it; for it is one of those works which leads and carries one away beyond the subject, directly into the state of mind of him who is producing it. Moreover it is a valuable document respecting the history of your mind and its various stages, which you must hold in due honour.

I am looking forward with not a little pleasure to the essay on magnetism; in Fischer's Dictionary, I found little consolation, especially on this subject, for the first volume does not go very far. We will—that is, if it does not distract your mind too much—also include in our discussions electricity, galvanism, and chemical subjects, and also, if possible, make some experiments. I shall, in the first place, read such things as you recommend and can be procured.

My letter to Humboldt goes off to-day; I enclose a copy of that portion which refers to his work. As I had not got it by me, and this direction of thought is, in fact, somewhat foreign and difficult to me at present, I could only keep to *generalia*. Your letter will contain what may otherwise be necessary.

If Schlegel will arrange to give me something more important for the Almanack, I should have no objection to introduce his little poems. But should he intend them as his only contribution, which moreover he does not even

expressly send as such, it would look as if we snatched at everything that was to be had of his, and we are in no such dire necessity. I have experienced so little honest treatment from this family that I must really take care not to give them any opportunity to consider themselves of importance. For were I to accept them, the least risk I should be running would be that Frau Schlegel would assure everyone that her husband never wrote for the Almanack, but that, in order to give it a lift, I had seized upon two of his poems and had them printed.

However, the one addressed to Iffland is not bad, although I could not help laughing to see that Schlegel has here a second time made a mistake in regard to *Pygmalion* which he cannot at all get rid of.

Meyer's proposal of *Propylæa* as a title is no doubt a good one; my reasons against it you already know; but if the point in question can gain anything by it, my objections need not be considered. Farewell.

SCH.

482.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June, 30, 1798.

Your letter to Humboldt is all very true and good, but it will nevertheless not be altogether comforting to our friend, for it too clearly expresses that his work does not quite tally with our present circumstances. You have touched upon a very important point: the difficulty of making use of what is theoretical in things practical. I really believe that—when they are viewed separately—there is no *connecting-link* between them, and that they are connected only in so far as they act conjointly from the very first, which happens in the case of genius, of whatever species it may be.

I am at present much in the same predicament as a natural philosopher who endeavours to trace things downwards from above, and as a naturalist who traces things upwards from below. At all events, I find my only safeguard in that conception of things which stands midway between the two. During these last days I have been struck by some ideas on this subject which I will tell you of when we meet. They will, I trust, be specially regula-

tive and profitable, and afford us an opportunity, in a peculiar manner of quickly surveying the domain of physics. We will take up one chapter after another.

I am longing very much to be with you again and to occupy myself with such things as would have no existence without me; hitherto I have done and started only such as might very well have been done without me.

Your caution in regard to the Schlegels I consider quite justifiable under the circumstances; we will now wait and see what follows.

The best thing that has meanwhile fallen to my lot is, perhaps, my having found fuller motives for the first cantos of *Tell*, as well as a clearer idea as to how, in regard to treatment and style, I can separate this poem from the first, in doing which friend Humboldt shall be praised, for, by having given a detailed analysis of the first, he has distinctly shown me the wide field into which I can play with the second. I hope that you will approve of my intentions.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I shall probably be with you again on Wednesday evening.

G.

Herewith I also send you the earliest of my own poems * which I have. It is fully thirty years old.

483.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

A most naughty spirit is at present ruling over our communications and your poetic Muse. How much I wish that you may soon return to us free and at peace! The month of August shall be very dear to us as a guarantee of your approaching return.

Farewell; and may you have a safe journey. My wife sends kindest remembrances.

If it can be managed, please leave Humboldt's work by Trapizius.†

Sch.

* Goethe's, *Die Laune des Verliebten*.

† The Keeper of the Palace.

484.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 11, 1798.

These few lines will accompany the *Magnetica*, which Geist * has come to fetch, in order to bring you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. These interruptions are indeed most annoying, but inasmuch as they retard the poetical things to which you are to give birth, they may perhaps be the means of bringing about a quicker and maturer delivery, and thus it may be a repetition of what happened at the end of the summer of '96, a time which will never be forgotten by me.†

I will meanwhile try to foster and to make use of the lyrical mood within me, and hope, by the time you come, to have at last made a beginning with something of my own.

Gries has just sent me an immensely big poem from Dresden, which would have pleased me more had it been half as long.

To-day my little garden-house will probably be put into order, which will doubtless take up my whole afternoon; it is so new an experience to me that I cannot resist attending to it myself.

Farewell. Do not remain away any longer than you can possibly help. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

485.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 13, 1798.

All yesterday and to-day I have felt quite unfit for work owing to the return of my spasms, which prevented my getting any sleep; I can, therefore, only send you a kind greeting. To make up for this, I enclose Gries's poem,‡ to see whether you can perhaps make use of it.

* A servant of Goethe's.

† This probably refers to the completion of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Compare Letter 232.

‡ Probably *Der Arzt* which appeared in the *Musen-Almanach* together with some other contributions by Gries; the subject of the poem was the legend of Antiochus and his step-mother Stratonike.

One other tolerably good production has been sent in, of which I shall at all events be able to accept something.

I am longing for the time of your coming. Both I and my wife feel it quite strange to be so long without any news of you.

Farewell. More in a day or two.

SCH.

486.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 14, 1798.

These last days appear to have not been very favorable to either of us, for since I left you I have been incessantly beaten about by the bad angel of empiricism. However, to spite and to shame it, I have made a scheme in which I am drawing parallels between those effects in nature which seem to refer to a duality, and in the following order: Magnetic: Electric: Galvanic: Chromatic: and Sonorous.

I will not forget smell and taste according to your wish. Let the results be what they will, this method is extremely convenient for finding questions one has to put.

The things in cast-iron also, have come from Ilmenau. The experiments, for the sake of which I had them cast, proved successful as I thought would be the case; however, one or two new phenomena presented themselves which I could not have foreseen, yet were very remarkable.

The poem I herewith return; its nullity is of a species belonging peculiarly to itself. Young men learn to make verses, as one is taught to make paper bags; would that they did but put a little spice into them for us! Whether it should be accepted for the Almanack I do not know. It depends, I should think, as to whether you have space for it; the public, and especially the female portion, delights in such hollow vessels, in order to pour their little bit of heart and mind into them.

The design for the new theatre is now settled, nay, is already marked out on the ground, and next week, no doubt, will be commenced. The plan is very good and appropriate, and when finished is sure to give satisfaction.

It is to hold about 200 persons more than formerly, and yet will not look empty with a smaller number of spectators. I think that we shall be ready in good time also.

I will now do my utmost to get things into order and set a-going, and come over to you as soon as possible, for I am most anxious to continue the course we have entered upon together.

Farewell. Give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and hold me in remembrance. G.

487.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 15, 1798.

I have, at last, although much interrupted, succeeded in despatching my letter to friend Humboldt, and in getting the Elegy copied out; this done, I was just about to send off the little parcel when I discovered that I had not got his address. Please be so good as to let me have it as soon as possible.

The plan for the decorations of the interior of the theatre is now settled, and to-morrow the work will be begun. When completed it will look very well, and be very comfortable; however, it will call for great sacrifices on my part, as the next four months, if not entirely lost to me, will nevertheless be very much interrupted by these proceedings.

I intend, meanwhile, to dictate the first portion of my new work for Cotta, and then bring it over to you and hear your opinion of it. As all relating to it is already finished, and only a few alterations to be made here and there, I shall be able to get through a good deal in a fortnight.

The scheme which I told you last Saturday I had drawn up, has put me into very good spirits, as by means of it I have in this short time already found out many a short cut. In the end perhaps it may come back to the old story that we can only know a little, and that the question is merely whether or not we know this little well. My mind is, moreover, in such a state, that I should be afraid of never beholding the Muses again, did I not know from experience that these good-hearted maidens

themselves watch for the hour in which to meet their friends with ever the same affection.

Farewell. I will do what I can to steal something from each coming day; it will make bulk if it does not make a whole. Give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and tell me if the beet* is thriving; I also want to know whether your garden-house is happily in order.

G.

488.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 18, 1798.

I have not received a letter from you to-day, and trust that this is not a sign of your being ill.

Our work in the theatre is progressing actively; it will certainly be pretty and certainly also substantial. It seems to be an infallible law of nature that every species of activity is met by a negation. People have long wished for better arrangements, and now that these are being made, doubts are being raised and circulated to make such persons as will in future, at all events have comfortable seats, uneasy about their necks. But as this is merely a repetition of an old story, it must be allowed to pass unheeded.

Please be so kind as to send me on Friday—

1. My two fascicles of papers relating to my journey,†
2. The essay on the magnet,
3. And the earlier essay‡ on Cautiousness in Observations, if you can find it. Things are going very well as regards the essays for the periodical, and must go better still when it is once fairly started. The main difficulty, at first, for the editor is that he must keep general objects in view, and think of it as a whole, notwithstanding its fragmentary nature.

Many very interesting points are meanwhile cropping up for discussion between Meyer and myself, and we shall

* Goethe had brought some beautiful seeds of beet with him from Switzerland in order to be able "to treat" friend Wieland to some in the summer. Schiller had also received some. See Letter 508.

† The papers relating to his journey in Switzerland.

‡ See Letter 409.

in future have more pleasure in single and often short essays, because they can at once be made use of without our requiring to think of any strict connection.

If only you too could possibly manage to contribute something before the end of the year.

I shall this week do all I possibly can here, and perhaps be able to come to you again next week, for I can scarcely get into the humour for even a few moderately good periods in prose. Meanwhile farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and see that your pretty garden-house is habitable by the time I come.

G.

489.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 20, 1798.

As the weather is again improving I too am feeling better and more energetic, and a lyrical mood also seems by degrees to be coming over me. I have noticed that this mood is least of all inclined to yield to one's will, inasmuch as it is, so to say, bodiless, and owing to want of material foundation, rests solely upon the state of one's feelings. During the last weeks I have felt more aversion than inclination in that way, and hence for some days took up *Wallenstein* again out of vexation.

Would you consider it appropriate to write a hymn in distichs,* or to call a poem, with a kind of hymnal rhythm, and written in distichs, a hymn?

Do not let yourself be influenced in your alterations of the theatre by over-scrupulous persons. I mention this only because I was told that even Thouret had expressed himself in that fashion.

My building operations are not progressing very actively; it is very difficult at present, during the harvest which has commenced here already, to get the workmen I require for finishing a thatched roof and for plastering the walls. These things draw me more from my work than is necessary.

The Almanack has now been despatched to the printers,

* The question here refers to a poem entitled *Das Glück*, which Schiller had in hand at the time.

and you will be welcomed on your arrival here by your *Euphrosyne*, which worthily opens the series. I hope that Guttenberg will not be longer about his work than he can help, for the printing of the Almanack will be finished by the first week in September, by which time, therefore, I shall also require to have the covers and frontispieces.

During these last days I have been reading Madame de Stäel's narratives, which are very characteristic of her affected, argumentative, and, at the same time, thoroughly unpoetic nature, or rather of her highly intellectual naturalness. Such reading puts one very perceptibly out of humour, and I experienced exactly what you yourself usually feel when reading such things, that one is thrown completely into the authoress's own state of mind, and feels very uncomfortable in that state. The authoress in question shows no trace whatever of any attractive feminine quality of mind, and yet the faults of her book are altogether feminine. She steps out of her sex without rising above it. And yet I have come upon certain very pretty thoughts in the little book; these are never wanting in her, and betray her keen insight into life.

Farewell. I am interrupted by the arrival of two persons in Prussian uniform, the two brothers of my brother-in-law, who intend spending their time of leave in Weimar. My wife and mother-in-law wish to be most kindly remembered. SCH.

490.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 21, 1798.

Most heartily do I wish that you may very soon again find yourself in the mood for poetical work. Unfortunately, being in your garden-house is, at present, as unfavorable on the one hand as it is favorable on the other, especially now that you have commenced building. I know, unfortunately but too well, from former experiences, how wonderfully distracting such operations are, and have myself lost a great deal of time over them. The mechanical occupations of man, the watching any object,

as it were, coming into existence by manual labour, is a very pleasant way of passing one's time, but our own activity is, at the moment, nil. It is almost the same as with smoking tobacco. We poets should, in fact, be treated as the Dukes of Saxony treated Luther, that is, we should be taken from the highways and locked up in a mountain castle. I wish some one would commence the operation with me at once, for in that case my *Tell* would be finished by Michaelmas.

As the elegiac metre can move in all directions, I have no doubt that when treated lyrically it will also be perfectly successful. I remember having, myself, in former days, had a similar intention.

From the enclosed you will see that our first anaglyphic attempt has succeeded well enough; the impress was made by free hand; it is best where there is a little cross, and you will easily see that this sort of work might be carried very much further. The idea delighted me very much. Facius is just the man to carry out such an undertaking, and our Meyer, by knowing what can be done in this limited style of art, will aid the enterprise with his drawings. We must order a similar, but very rich, cover for the Almanack, then have it printed on coloured paper and illuminated with colours that harmonise. All this together will not come more expensive than a copper-plate cover, with engraving and a black print. I am convinced that when once in vogue it will be very extensively used for the decoration of covers, especially as a good many books are now published half-bound.

I am also at work preparing my own and Meyer's essays for publication. In a week the first manuscript will be sent off; if I keep to this work, the next part will soon be finished, and I see a wide space opening up before me in that direction.

During the last few days I have spent several hours with Herr von Marum.* His is a very original, good, sensible nature. He has devoted a great deal of time to the study of electricity; I wish he could have remained

* A Dutch physicist who was well known by his writings on electricity and electric machines, and whose works had been translated into German.

here longer, as I should the more quickly get over this part of my subject; he recommended me the third portion of his work, which gives an account of the latest results in this important chapter of natural science.

One thing I cannot deny is, that editing Meyer's work has made me feel quite unhappy. The truth of his descriptions and representations, his accurate and yet well-conceived opinions, irrestistibly demand the reader to look at the objects himself. During the last few days I have been going over his essay on the family of Niobe, and should have liked then and there to have started off for Florence.

Madame de Stäel's novels I know, they are strangely and passionately conceived productions.

For the last few days I have been a little at variance with Meyer, and we have not yet quite settled the point at issue; he maintains that what is even *genially naive* can, in a certain sense, be transmitted by school, and he may be right if the expression is applied only in the following way: that the attention of the artist may and should from early years be directed to its value in the plastic arts. It does indeed seem strange that, in our day, the very idea of it has been utterly lost, as is evident from Dannecker's late proposal for a bas-relief, and has struck us forcibly again recently in some remarks made by Thouret, who is the representative of a large party, inasmuch as he represents the artist as well as the public. One cannot alter one's century, but one can oppose it and prepare for happy results. One of my next essays shall bear the title: On the obtacles that prevent modern artists from getting from what is shapeless to what has shape. Space will permit me only to bid you farewell.

G.

491.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 23, 1798.

Your anaglyphic attempt leads me to expect much good from this undertaking. I felt, at first, somewhat doubtful as to whether, as a whole, it would not present too fragmentary an appearance, like printed music. Perhaps,

however, I have not quite grasped your idea, and all may nevertheless appear as if made out of one piece.

As the printing of the Almanack has been commenced, I was obliged to baptize your poet's poem, and could find no more appropriate title than *Sängerwürde*,* which conceals the irony and yet expresses the satire to those acquainted with the subject. If you want or know of a better, pray let me know by to-morrow, because I shall soon have to send the poem to the printers.

In your dispute with Meyer, it seems to me that he is quite right. For although that which is beautifully naïve cannot be brought into any formula, and consequently connot be transmitted in any such manner, still in accordance with its nature, it is nevertheless natural in man; just as the opposite sentimental mood is not natural in him, but a bad habit. While therefore school prevents and corrects this bad habit, and watches over the natural state which can very well be conceived, still it must be able to foster and transmit the naïve spirit. Nature will produce and foster the naïve in every individual according to kind if not according to character, provided that all that disturbs it is removed; if, however, sentimentality already exists, school will probably not effect much. I cannot think otherwise than that the naïve spirit which every work of art, from a certain period of antiquity, has in common, is the effect, and consequently also the proof, of the efficacy of transmission by precept and example.

But the question then is, what could be expected, in an age like ours, from a *school* of Art. The ancient schools were training-schools for pupils, our modern ones would require to be houses of correction for offenders, and, at the same time—on account of the poverty of productive genius—would have to prove themselves more a means of training in a critical than in a creative respect. However, there is no doubt that much would be gained if a fixed point could anywhere be found or made, round which all the questions we are agreed upon could be collected; if,

* The poem was subsequently called *Dithyramb*, is now entitled *Deutscher Parnass*, and originally appeared as *Wächter auf dem Parnass*.

at this point of agreement, it were established what could be regarded as canonical, and what as objectionable, and if certain truths, regulative for artists, were set forth and handed down in round and substantial forms, this would produce certain symbolical books relating to poetry and art, which would have to be recognised, and I do not see why a party-spirit, which is so easily aroused for what is bad, could not also be awakened for what is good. At any rate, it seems to me that as much might be adduced in favour of an *æsthetic* confession and community as for discountenancing a philosophical one.

I to-day procured Ritter's * book on Galvanism; but although it contains much that is good, still the heavy style in which it is written did not please me, and has made me still more anxious to have a discussion with you on the subject.

What do you say to the Schlegels' new *Athenæum*, and especially to the Fragments? † I, for my part, feel that this impudent, determined, cutting and one-sided style hurts me physically. Farewell, and do come over to us soon. My wife and mother-in-law wish to be most kindly remembered. SCH.

492.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 25, 1798.

I am very well satisfied with your explanation of the difference between myself and Meyer. When I come to this subject you will, I hope, allow me to make modest use of your words.

To-day, at last, the first instalment goes off to Cotta. Gladly would I have again sent you the manuscript; however, it has been gone over again with Meyer as it

* Dr. Johann Wilhelm Ritter, whose book entitled: *Beweis, dass ein beständiger Galvanismus den Lebensprocess im Thierreich begleite*, had just appeared.

† Under this title the brothers Schlegel had published single aphoristic remarks and axioms in the second number of their *Athenæum*. A. W. Schlegel subsequently collected the articles he had contributed to it, and had them published among his critical works under the titles of: *Urtheile, Gedanken und Einfälle über Literatur und Kunst.*

you had been present. The little that can be said on the plastic and architectural remains of the Etruscans, you will perhaps receive on Saturday. The whole of the first portion will be finished shortly, and the others almost directly, as what is ready will have a productive influence upon what is to follow.

Of the material already worked out, a great quantity is ready, and there is an endless amount yet to be done to that which has still to be worked out.

The title *Sängerwürde* is, beyond all expectations, excellent. I hope soon to see the noble work in print. I have not said anything more about it to anyone.

Ritter's essay is indeed obscure, and not pleasant to those who wish to gain information on the subject from it. He is at present in Belvedere with Scherer, and I have now double reason to turn my attention to the whole circle of inquiries, as my object must also be to make you more intimately acquainted with it.

Taken in its entire individuality, the contribution of the Schlegels seems to me after all not to be despised in the *olla podrida* of our German journalism. This general nullity, the partizanship for what is extremely mediocre, the attempts to please, the mean flatteries, the emptiness and lameness among which the few good articles are lost, has a terrible adversary in a wasps' nest such as these *Fragments* are. Friend *Ubique* * too, who received the first, has already been going about busily in order to bring the whole thing into discredit by reading some passages from it aloud. In spite of all that which justly displeases you, one cannot deny that the authors show a certain earnestness, a certain depth, and when regarded from the other point of view, liberality also. A dozen such numbers will show how rich and perfectible they are.

Wilhelm sent me the enclosed poem † for the Almanack, which, however, I do not in any way recommend, nor do I even defend it. There is not much in the legend itself, for there is nothing much in the fact of a Sultan making the present of a girl to anyone. Further, he has not drawn from the subject the pleasing motives that might have been taken from it. The manner in which it is

* See Letter 439 and note. † *Kampaspe.*

worked out is not transparent or clear, and many other things might be said in disparagement of the work. When looked at closely it will be found to be another *Pygmalion*, and again a proof of the erroneous endeavour of treating what belongs to plastic art, poetically. I intend making a few friendly observations to him upon it, and to advise him to look it over again; this will at all events give rise to a discussion.

Unfortunately, he has also published a poem* in honour of the King, which is by no means happy; but it yesterday led to an amusing discussion when I defended it against that party which had been clawed by our Puss in Boots.†

Our anaglyphic experiments are progressing very well. An owl on a lyre, which is to adorn the back cover of the Almanack, is to be drawn from nature by Meyer, and carefully copied, to show what may be expected from the new style in this branch of the work.

Farewell. Remember me to all your circle. Each day I all but give in to the temptation of running over to see you again; however, the ceaseless stream of small occupations always keeps me from getting off. In a fortnight's time the inner skeleton of our theatre will be finished; the order for the channeled pillars was given on condition of their being ready by the 7th of August, and whatever else may have to be done. Thouret and Heidlof are painting the drop-scene. Do try and get your *Wallenstein* ready for us.

Again farewell. G.

493.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 27, 1798.

My letter to Humboldt took an unusually short time in reaching him, as did his answer to me, which I herewith enclose. He is, as you will see, quite satisfied with my letter. His expecting me now to revise his book is somewhat inconvenient; to have to correct another person's work is both a thankless and a tedious task. I am curious

* *Am Tage der Huldigung*, Berlin, July 6, 1798.
† See Letter 455 and note.

to see what the actual critical world, especially the Schlegels, will have to say to this book of Humboldt's.

I cannot deny that I too find a certain earnestness and deep insight into matters, in both of the Schlegels, more particularly in the younger brother. But these virtues are mixed up with so many egotistical and objectionable ingredients that they lose a great deal of their value and usefulness. I must also confess that I find in the æsthetic criticisms of both brothers so much barrenness, dryness, and purposeless strictness in words, that I am often in doubt as to whether they are really thinking of the same subject. The poetical works of the elder brother confirm me in my suspicion, for it is to me absolutely inconceivable how the same individual who really comprehended your genius, and, for instance, really appreciated your *Hermann*, which is the very reverse of his own works in character, can tolerate—I will not say admire—the meagreness and heartless coldness of his own works. If the public can ever become happily disposed towards what is good and right in poetry, then the manner in which these two men are proceeding will rather delay than hasten the advent of that epoch; for their style excites neither liking, nor confidence, nor respect, even though it may awaken fear among babblers and brawlers; and the manner in which they expose themselves to attack, by their onesided and exaggerated style, throws an almost ridiculous light upon the good cause.

Kant has published two letters addressed to Nicolai on the art of book-making, saying some rather severe things to him, and settling him in a very contemptuous manner. Perhaps I may still be able to procure the little pamphlet to-day and enclose it.

Farewell for to-day. There is a large family gathering from Weimar and Rudolstadt in our house. My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

P.S.—Humboldt's letter and Kant's little pamphlet be so kind as to let me have back by the message-girl.

494.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 28, 1798.

Your letter came late to-day. Do urge the message-girl to bring the letters at once herself. These people very often try to make things suit their own convenience and give their parcels to small boys, who come late by having to find their way from place to place.

Kant's advice to the twaddler is very good. I like to see that the old man never tires of repeating his fundamental principles, and of attacking the same point whenever he has the opportunity. A younger practical man will do better not to take any notice of his opponents, an older theoretical man ought never to allow a stupid word to pass. Let us in future do likewise.

I am heartily glad that Humboldt received your letter in so kindly a spirit. His earnestness, his talent, his firm endeavour, his goodwill, his affection and his friendship deserve an honest and friendly acknowledgment; he will now soon get my letter with the *Euphrosyne*. But I must frankly confess that I do not see how it will be possible to revise his book in the way he proposes. For if you set to work with it according to your idea, the edifice will be too much shaken for it to be able to remain standing secure in all its grooves. My idea is that such a plan could scarcely be carried out even were you to work together and discuss things as you went along.

Whatever else there may be to say in favour of the Schlegels, let us reserve it till we can discuss it by word of mouth. I wish particularly to read the *Fragments* with you; they will certainly be of great use in giving rise to interesting discussions. How happy I should be were I but near you again!

The first instalment* has been despatched to Cotta; herewith I send you the second, and would like to have it back by Wednesday. Be sure to let me know what you think of the subject and the way in which it is worked out.

* For the *Propylæa*, which contained Goethe's essay on *Laokoon*, the first part of Meyer's treatise *Ueber die Gegenstände der bildenden Kunst*, and Goethe's discourse *Ueber Wahrheit* and *Wahrscheinlichkeit der Kunstwerke*.

The introduction to the first piece, also, will not be long in appearing; it seems to me to be a little too *solemn;* but, as Humboldt says, it is in keeping with the German character, and the subject itself, when looked into closely, is serious enough. It will afterwards have to be made all the more lively, and, above all, naturally cheerful wherever this can be done appropriately.

In announcing the appearance of the new anaglyph, I give an example as to how every mechanical detail ought in future to be connected with what is general in intellectual art.

I am also putting the second article to rights, and hope soon to have the third and fourth prepared, in order, at all events, to see part of a clean transcript before me. What pleases me is that I have herein a piece of work which I can very comfortably manage to get done here in Weimar.

I hope soon to hear that the stock of articles for the Almanack is increasing. Perhaps I too may send you something. Please let me have the first printed sheets.

G.

495.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 31, 1798.

The essay on plastic art among the Etruscans * is judged a little meagre owing to its being strictly and calmly truthful; but this should not be made a reproach to the work itself. An author will always appear dry when he describes a favorite prejudice exactly as it is, and keeps his imagination within the strict boundaries of its own sphere. The essay pleased me because it gave me a clear and satisfactory idea of the subject, concerning which I had always been somewhat in the dark. A few sentences, for instance the very first one, might perhaps still be improved.

It is a very happy thought of the old master to conceal the meagreness of the subject in the second Letter in the

* Meyer's Letters on Etruscan Monuments. In his second Letter, "so that it may not appear too meagre," he describes the position and the district around the ancient town of Fiesole.

graceful manner he has done; for this second Letter, which is so much poorer in substance, has thereby become even more interesting than the first, from which much more may be learnt. Both, each in its own way, are very appropriate contributions to the collection.

The solemnity which is to pervade your Introduction makes me somewhat afraid, for what you call solemn and what it of course is, might not appear so to the German public at large, but only as something serious and profound. This Introduction I am awaiting with great eagerness.

A few and not useless contributions have again come in for the Almanack, but the proper amount is not yet made up, even though I reckon that my probable share in it will be about twenty pages. True, I yesterday received at one sending and from the one and the same author, a Moravian, poems sufficient to have filled more than half the Almanack, but with the mad condition, in spite of their worthlessness, that the *whole* series should be printed, fifty of which were poems that had been composed for some special occasions.

I have myself been in a very good state of mind for work during these last days. One thing * has been finished and another † is on the way of being so.

No proof-sheets of the Almanack have as yet come in.

While conversing with Scherer yesterday I remembered a remark you made about him to me last year. His nature is utterly wanting in kindliness, and so slippery that one cannot lay hold of him anywhere. When in the company of such persons, one feels clearly that it is a kindly spirit which actually constitutes the human element in man, for in their presence one can think only of things, and in no way make use of the human element in oneself.

Farewell, and do your best to get rid of your business affairs in W. Let me counsel you to do what you have often in vain advised me to do, to will it and to set to work briskly.

My wife sends kind greetings. During the last few days we have again been alone. SCH.

* A poem entitled *Das Glück*. See Letter 489.
† *Des Mädchens Klage*.

496.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 21, 1798.

It was the weather alone that kept me on Friday and Saturday from paying you my promised visit, for I should, of course, have liked to have wandered round your possessions, and this could not have been done owing to the rain. I cannot at all accustom myself to see and to hear nothing of you for almost a week; meanwhile I have been making a few dozen rhymes, and am at present at work with the ballad,* in doing which I have the diversion of acting with a certain degree of plastic composure, which the sight of the engravings awakened in me.

My having read to you the last two acts of my *Wallenstein*, and thus convinced myself that you approve of them, has been truly an advantage to me, and will give and sustain within me that courage of which I am so greatly in need for finishing the piece.

On the other hand, however, I could almost become sad at the thought that I no longer have anything *before* me in connection with this work to which I can really look forward with any pleasure; for to read the finished work to you and to assure myself of your approval of it, was in reality my principal enjoyment; with regard to the public, the little pleasure that one derives from it is destroyed by a number of dissonances.

Humboldt's letter I answered last Friday, and told him of the fate of his treatise which, I trust, may satisfy him.

I have just been interrupted by pro-rector Paulus; I shall add more to-morrow evening.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

497.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 22, 1798.

The Muses and the Graces of Ober-Rossla were more desirous than really expectant of your coming; the weather was much too bad, and during such moments

* *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*, which had been begun on the 18th.

when it was not raining, it was impossible to walk anywhere except upon the lawn. Perhaps we may soon again have an opportunity of meeting there. I have meanwhile been thinking a good deal about your *Wallenstein*, and have been re-calling the first acts to my remembrance. When I come to you, I think we should begin again from the beginning, as I now know the whole, more especially as it does not hinder you in your work to hear it discussed. I am anxious, and the sooner the better, of getting a clear view of it, but still more to see it finished. It will rank very high when completed. I wish you a continuance of your favorable state of mind during the autumn.

If you want to hear good knocking, sawing, hammering, and planing, you should come and sit in the theatre for a couple of hours during the daytime; the work is progressing very rapidly and promises to be very successful.

I have again some new ideas regarding tragic and epic poetry of which I will tell you when we next meet. By Saturday we shall probably know when his Grace the Duke will arrive. If his coming is deferred to September I shall be with you again soon.

The first sheet of *Laokoon* * has come; the type is very pleasing. The Introduction† I have again looked over, and drawn up a table of contents; when I receive Cotta's next letter I shall send off the rest, and another little ship will thus have been launched.

Meyer sends kindest greetings, and is again at work with many a good thing. I am delighted to hear of the plastic spirit which has been called forth by the pictures that were left with you; this spirit appears to me to be daily more indispensable.

Farewell; I am longing heartily for the daily conversations to which we have lately been accustomed. My kindest greetings to your dear wife.

G.

* Goethe's essay contributed to the *Propylæa*. See note to Letter 491.

† To the *Propylæa*.

498.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 24, 1798.

As our Duke has again arrived, the time of your coming here seems again to be deferred; I shall meanwhile try to get through my business and work in connection with the Almanack, so that when you come, and we may again begin our discussions, I may be able to take the last and most difficult step in my *Wallensiein*. As you are inclined to enter into the economy of the piece, I will, when I have time, arrange the scheme of it I have among my papers, as this may make it easier for you to get an insight into the piece before it is all worked out.

I am anxious to hear your new ideas on the epos and tragedy. When in the midst of writing anything tragic, one very clearly feels how surprisingly far removed the two species are from one another. I myself experienced this in a manner that astonished me, while working out my fifth act, which completely shut me off from everything that was peaceful in human life, inasmuch as an instant of time had there to be fixed which must necessarily be transient. The great contrast which my state of mind here formed towards all other human conditions of a freer sort, awakened in me almost a fear that I should find myself upon too pathological a path, by ascribing to my own individual self that which the nature of the subject brought with it. But it is to me one proof the more that Tragedy treats merely of single extraordinary moments in the life of man, the Epos—where this state of mind is not likely to be met with—merely of things as enduring, as calmly continuing to exist, and on this account it excites interest in whatever frame of mind a man may be in.

I make my characters talk a good deal and use a certain breadth of expression; of this you have never said anything to me, and appear not to find fault with it. Nay, your own *usus*, in dramatic as well as in epic poetry, supports me in this. One might assuredly do with fewer words for ravelling and unravelling a tragic action, and this might moreover seem more in accordance with the

nature of the *dramatis personæ*. But the example of the ancients, who acted in a like manner, and were not sparing in words concerning what Aristotle terms feelings and opinions, seems to point to a higher poetic law which, in this very case, would demand a deviation from reality. As soon as one bears in mind that all poetic personages are symbolical beings, that, as poetic figures, they have invariably to represent and to express what is general in man; and when one further considers that a poet, like all other artists, holds himself aloof from reality in a straightforward and upright manner, and that he ought to remind one of his doing so, then nothing can be said against this custom. It seems to me, moreover, that any shorter or more laconic mode of treatment would not only turn out much too poor and dry, it would also be much too realistically harsh, and become intolerable in grand situations, whereas a broader and fuller treatment would always produce a certain calmness and pleasantness even in the representation of the most powerful circumstances.

Richter * has been here, but he called upon me at an inconvenient hour, and I could not receive him. Matthisson, to whom a few weeks ago I said something in praise of his contributions and the number of them, has sent me another poem; hence the Almanack is gradually assuming its requisite size. Gries, too, has sent me some small things that can be made use of. Göpferdt has not yet got beyond the second sheet.

Farewell; perhaps I may come over next week for a day, and see something of the building operations at the theatre. When you come here, you will also find my little house in order; to-morrow we celebrate its completion. This will be the beginning of a quieter time for me.

My wife sends kindest greetings; she was very pleased at having seen you lately, although it was but for a minute. SCH.

* Jean Paul Richter, who was travelling from Leipzig to Gotha by way of Jena and Weimar, having been attracted to the latter place by Herder.

499.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 25, 1798.

I have just been paying a visit to the building operations at our theatre, where everything is going on rapidly. By the middle of next week the roof will be finished, the light scaffolding pulled down, and the principal mess cleared away. We shall then be able to form some idea of the plan. I expect it to be very pretty, for from certain seats people will be able to see one another; besides which, it will hold a very large number of persons.

It would be delightful if you could pay us a visit soon: we should be able to discuss many a point, and the building operations would amuse you for a couple of hours during the day. Perhaps also the sight of a theatre might suggest some new dramatic subject.

To-day I shall not add more, for the wedding festivities * of yesterday have not left me in the best state of mind. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

500.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 27, 1798.

As our calculation regarding the manuscript does not tally with the compositor's requirements, I must send off another couple of sheets, and therefore beg you to let me have the *Niobe*.† What we lose from a typographical point of view we shall gain in the weight of articles which we hand over to the public at one and the same time. Have the kindness to give the manuscript of the *Niobe* to the bearer of this, whom I have sent expressly for it.

Farewell, and, if possible, keep your promise of paying me a visit. G.

* This refers to the marriage of Bergrath Voigt. See Letter 511.

† An essay of Meyer's. See Letter 468.

501.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August, 27, 1798.

While waiting for your messenger I think I ought again to try and persuade you to come over here, if this can be in any way managed while you are still engaged with the Almanack and in seeing it through the press; for—

(1.) The bad weather, which threatens to last for some time to come, is more unpleasant in a garden-house than in a many-roomed house.

(2.) The building operations at the theatre will interest you.

(3.) On Friday the completed part of the *Propylæa* is to be sent off, which ought first to receive your blessing.

(4.) Arrangements will have to be made about the new number, and it would be very delightful to have your advice respecting it.

(5.) Various kinds of observations in natural history are being made, the results of which are sure to interest you, and let me say anything else that might induce you to come. However, consult your own good and convenience; but if you come, bring your *Wallenstein* with you, for we must get through a good deal at a time. Owing to the state things are in at the theatre I cannot get away.

Farewell, and decide about coming as soon as ever you can. In a fortnight's time matters here will be so far settled that I shall be able to set out for Jena and remain there till the end of September.

Farewell, and do what you possibly can.

G.

502.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 27, 1798.

Two sheets too little is indeed a bad error in calculation, which does not promise well for future consignments, and may render it necessary to have a larger stock of manuscript in hand. However, it is well to give the

public more at first. But if you could substitute something in place of the *Niobe*, it would be better, for in addition to the fact that articles on plastic works are least liked by the general public and make greater demands upon the reader, I am afraid you will not be very well able to continue the same proportion in the following numbers. Could not your essay on Method in the Natural Sciences * be used for this purpose?

These remarks have been made in haste, for I must settle with the message-girl.

The weather here since the day before yesterday has been quite unbearable, and living, as we do, in a house much exposed to the wind, we have been obliged to shut ourselves up in a room with a fire. However, my work is progressing very well, and I shall, in a short time, have something to show you.

Farewell, which wish includes Meyer. Could you get us Clery's Memoires? † SCH.

503.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 28, 1798.

I had intended to have brought you my congratulations for your birthday in person, but owing to my having got up too late and not feeling well, I had to give up my good intention. However, we have thought of you with heartfelt interest, and more particularly recalled to mind all the good which you have been the means of bringing about.

I was lately surprised by a visit which I had not at all expected. Fichte came to call upon me, and was extremely friendly. As it is he who has made the beginning, I cannot of course play the demure, and shall endeavour, at all events, to make the relation between us cheerful and pleasant, for it is not likely to become either fruitful

* An essay of Goethe's which he mentions at the beginning of Letter 413.

† *Journal de ce qui s'est passé à la Tour de Temple pendant la captivité de Louis XVI, Roi de France*, par M. Clery, Valet de Chambre.

or agreeable, because our natures are not suited to each other.

The pleasure you usually find in the Greek proverbs* I am at present enjoying in a collection of fables by Hyginus. There is a peculiar charm in wandering among these fictitious characters which have had life breathed into them by a poetic spirit; one feels oneself upon well-known ground and moved with interest in a very great variety of forms. For this reason I should not like to have any change made in the careless arrangement of the book; it ought to be read straight through quickly, if one is to feel the full grace and wealth of the Greek imagination. The most splendid subjects for a tragic poet are still to be found in it, the Medea is, however, specially striking; but her whole story ought to be made use of in its entirety and as a cycle. The fable of Thyestes and Pelopia is likewise an excellent subject. The expedition of the Argonauts I find to contain several motives which do not occur in the *Odyssey* or in the *Iliad;* and yet it seems to me as if the germ of another epic poem were preserved in it.

It is strange that the whole of this mythical cycle, which I am at present examining, is but a tissue of gallantries or of *compressus*, as Hyginus modestly expresses it, and that all our grand and fearful motives are taken from it and based upon it.

It has struck me whether it would not be a very praiseworthy undertaking to work out anew the idea—which Hyginus has sketched out thus roughly for a different generation—with understanding and with reference to what the imagination of the present age would demand, and in this manner produce a collection of Greek fables that would awaken a poetic spirit and be of good use both to poets as well as to readers.

I herewith enclose two proof-sheets of the Almanack. The third will follow shortly.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

* See Letter 396.

504.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 29, 1798.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for your kind remembrance of my birthday, and for your thought of coming to pay me a visit. The day was a disturbed one, and I accomplished nothing. I hope, however, soon again to settle down near you. Hyginus is a delight to me also, every time I open his book; I should very much enjoy going over the whole of it again with you. I, too, have always had some faith in the Argonauts, and according to the new theory—its not demanding any unity in the epopee—the subject would be an extremely convenient one, on account of its rhapsodical character. It contains splendid motives, and many others might certainly be developed from it.

On Friday I shall send off the last sheet of the manuscript. I have altered a good deal in the Introduction, which, I hope, will not do it any harm; and confess I should have done more to it still, had I not been obliged to send it off. Now, however, a new view of things is opening up, for it already looks quite different in the proof-sheets to what it did in manuscript. I hope we shall not fail in at once making a kind of harmonious composition out of the first four numbers. If only we could get something else from you that would point further forwards. The type of the Almanack looks very well; in fact, the small book requires careful printing and smooth paper.

I am glad that Conz and Bürde* are becoming a little loose and amusing themselves with forbidden loves; if I could but live to see Matthisson doing this too, it would delight me even more. It is curious that people cannot escape from certain association of ideas. Thus there is surely somewhat of an echo of the old Wizard† in the magician's wand.

* The second sheet of the *Musen-Almanach* contained Conz's *Liebeszuruf* and Bürde's *Ueberraschung*.

† Goethe here alludes to poems having been written in imitation of his *Zauberlehrling* and his *Hexenmeister*.

You may perhaps still receive something from me by the end of the week.

The cover is ready, and we shall now see what can be done about increasing and enhancing its decorations. You shall very shortly have a specimen of it.

Farewell, and be industrious, while I too shall try and work myself free here. I should be very glad to be able to spend the first half of September with you.

Make as much use as possible of your new acquaintance with Fichte, and let it also be of advantage to him. There can be no thought of your becoming more intimate with him, but it is always very interesting to have him near one. G.

505.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 31, 1798.

If I can in any way manage it, and my health will permit me, I shall certainly come over this week for a few days. I must indeed first get through with my contributions for the Almanack; however, this I can do in about four days, as two ballads * are ready, which will together amount to twenty printed pages, and the poem at which I am at present working will print from ten to twelve pages; hence, with the poem already printed, I have from thirty-six to forty pages in addition to what may come in by chance during the next fortnight. I shall thus be able to come with less anxiety, and also be able to give some thoughts to *Wallenstein*.

You are right in thinking that certain states of feeling which you have raised, are re-echoed in the man you mention. Yet these moral characters rarely hit the right medium, and when they describe human affairs we at once have something of a platitude.

I congratulate you upon having now completely finished with the first number of the *Propylæa*. I am very anxious to read it in print, and to take it quietly in hand. You may safely reckon upon receiving an article from me for the fourth part, as I shall have sufficient time with what is left of the year for finishing my *Wallenstein*. The

* His *Kampf mit dem Drachen* and *Die Bürgschaft*.

adaptation of the piece for the stage, being a mere matter of common-sense, I shall be able to undertake it simultaneously with any other work, especially a theoretical subject.

I am looking forward to the prospect of watching the building operations at the theatre, and believe that you are right in fancying that the sight of the boards may awaken a variety of thoughts. I was lately struck by something I read in some pamphlet or newspaper to the effect that the Hamburg public were complaining about the continual repetition of Iffland's plays, and that enough had been seen of them. If a similar conclusion may be drawn from this regarding other towns, my *Wallenstein* will appear at a lucky moment. It is not unlikely that the public no longer care to see merely a representation of itself, and that it finds itself among too bad company. The rage for those plays, it seems to me, was awakened, or at all events encouraged, by a surfeit of plays depicting the days of chivalry; people wanted a change from such distortions. But then again, having to stare at commonplaces for any length of time becomes, in the end, wearisome likewise.

The first sheets of the *Propylæa*, as well as the covers for the Almanack, I shall probably see when I come to you.

Shall I be able to stay a few days with Meyer without putting him to inconvenience?

Farewell; my wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

506.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 1, 1798.

My letter of to-day must be devoted to telling you about the covers for the Almanack, of which I send you a few specimens.

Those on white paper show how clearly they have been engraved; several thousands can be printed off without there being any perceptible difference, for the work has been done entirely with the graving-tool. Those on coloured paper I think look especially good; but the original intention was that a little colour should be applied, as is shown on the one half.

A ream of writing paper, like the specimen sent, costs three Reichsthaler and twelve Groschen; it would look very well coloured, and the ream would make not quite 2000 covers.

It would cost sixteen Groschen to have 100 carefully printed on a heated plate, and five Groschen to colour a quire of paper.

To have one copy coloured would likewise cost eighteen Pfennige in any case. It would depend upon how many you would wish to have coloured. I think many persons would gladly give a few Groschen more for a coloured copy.

If you send me back the coloured copy as well as the specimen of paper, and decide upon your order, things could be attended to in succession, and the covers be got ready in time.

When you pay us a visit you can quite well put up in the room next to Meyer. Be sure, if possible, to fulfil your promise. G.

507.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 2, 1798.

A Swedish gentleman, Herr Lindahl, will take this letter to you. He is a very zealous admirer of German literature, is very well informed, and appears to have a good many connections among the most eminent scholars in Sweden. You will, therefore, I hope, give him a friendly welcome, for he is a man that seems to deserve it. I am also anxious that he should become acquainted with Meyer.

The wrapper looks very neat. We might have the 170 copies on vellum decorated at once with coloured wrappers. There will be time afterwards to have the others embellished. The yellowish grey colour too, that has been chosen, is very suitable, and especially for the coloured copies. I can perhaps send you somewhat better paper from here for the latter; otherwise everything of which you sent me a specimen is very suitable. The price of the various things Cotta will not consider too high.

I will send the covers and the paper to-morrow, as I do not wish to ask a stranger to take too large a parcel.

The weather here has again changed much for the better, and seriously determined me to keep to my resolution of going to Weimar, probably on Thursday.

SCH.

508.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 4, 1798.

My letter of Sunday you will have received from the Swedish gentleman. Here now are the specimens.

I send you meanwhile one of the ballads.* I may be able to do something more to the other. I shall be glad if I have succeeded in hitting the Christian, monkish, and chivalrous spirit of the action, and united its several movements into one harmonious whole. The Knight's story has turned out rather long, it is true, but the details were necessary and could not well be divided.

Be so good as to remind me if there is anything else you wish, and also to send me back the manuscript by the message-girl.

The other story was suggested to me by Hyginus. I am curious to hear whether I have been successful in finding out all the principal motives contained in the subject. See if there is any other that would have occurred to you; this is one of the cases in which one can act with great directness, and invent almost according to principles.

I have caught a violent cold, but hope, if nothing intervenes, to be able to come to you on Thursday.

Heartily glad I shall be to see you again.

Farewell. My wife would like you to come and see the mangold,† which has thriven very well.

SCH.

My wife begs me to ask you not to forget the promised *Sternbald.* ‡

* See Letter 505 and note. † See Letter 487 and note.

‡ Tieck had just published the first part of his *Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen.*

509.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, September 5, 1798.

I am hoping to see you to-morrow, and shall therefore not write much. The ballads I return; they are both very successful. I find nothing to suggest regarding the Christian dragon; it is very good and to the purpose. With regard to the *Bürgschaft*, it is perhaps physiologically not quite consistent that a man, having safely got out of a stream on a rainy day, should be dying of thirst, as, of course, his clothes must necessarily be wet. But even apart from truth, and without considering the resorption of the skin, his thirst does not satisfy one's imagination and feeling at the moment. However, I cannot think of any other more appropriate motive in the wanderer's character to take the place of this; the two others are very well devised by a natural event and the power of man.

Would you be kind enough to send the enclosed note to Professor Lenz,* and to bring the book with you when you come? Be sure not to draw back from your good intention. The journey is certain to do you good.

I enclose the admirable *Sternbald;* it is inconceivable how empty the pretty vessel is.

G.

510.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 5, 1798.

As my cold is still very bad, I would rather defer my journey for a day or two. I shall thus also be able to make some other corrections, and perhaps finish the poem I have in hand, although my cold permits of but a poor state of mind.

If you can devise something else for the Almanack, please do so, for it will be difficult for me to provide the necessary tribute, notwithstanding that the divine Matthisson has to-day again sent me a poem; for our poetesses have left me in the lurch.

* The well-known mineralogist, Johann Georg Lenz, professor of philosophy in Jena.

The stanzas * which you wrote for the Duchess' birthday I should like to have. The leaf you sent me must be among my papers in town; I cannot find it here; you may perhaps find it in Weimar.

I enclose a little poem.† If it pleases you, we could have it printed also. I find, among my papers, all sorts of things commenced, but the mood for finishing them is not always at one's command.

Farewell. I should like to hear that you are satisfied with my yesterday's parcel.

SCH.

511.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

September 6, 1798.

We looked for you with longing, and as regards your cold, you might—according to the Duke's approved theory—have got quite rid of it by getting out into the open air.

The theatre keeps me tied here, for every day I find something to attend to in connection with the building operations and arrangements, otherwise I should long since have been to see you.

I enclose the poem to the Duchess; it is your business now to find a title for it!

Your little poem, which I return, is charming, and its tone quite like that of your *Klage* (*Lament*).

I have found three not unimportant misprints in those sheets of the Almanack which I have here:—

Page 20, last line but one, *gerecht* in place of *gereiht;*

„ 27, in Matthisson's poem, second pentameter *singt*, in place of *siegt;*

the third I cannot remember just now.

We were to have discussed the wrapper by word of mouth. Be so kind as to send me the better paper as soon as possible, so that we may have it coloured and the copies printed and painted.

* See Letter 419.

† His *Poesie des Lebens*, a sketch of which had been written as early as June 12, 1795. See Letter 76.

The wrapper for the *Propylæa* has also been finished; you will find a specimen of it in the enclosed. It was impossible to foresee the mechanical difficulties which had to be, and have still to be overcome in connection with it. However, the truly German spirit of our Facius has struggled faithfully against them, and I am in hopes of having many another bit of fun out of it.

I have looked about through all my papers, and do not find anything that could be of any use to you for the Almanack. For Voigt's wedding I did draw up a full sketch for a poem, but unfortunately it was never finished; for the Almanack it might still be in time. But whence is the mood for writing it to come from!?!?

Friend Richter* lately awakened in me quite a different idea, by assuring me (modestly, it is true, and in his peculiar way of expressing himself) that it was all nonsense about being in the humour for a thing, and that he need only have his cup of coffee to be able straightway to write things, about which all Christendom would be enchanted.

This, and his further assurance that everything is *physical*, let us both take to heart in future, for we shall then probably produce double and treble the amount of works.

This worthy friend, moreover, also intends settling in Weimar next winter, and has already taken lodgings above our little Matizek.† I am curious to see how the theatrical element in the house will suit him.

There are other curiosities which I have not told you of, as I hope to see you either here or in Jena.

G.

512.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 7, 1798.

I am retiring to bed with the firm resolution of driving over to you to-morrow. My work for the Almanack is finished; my last poem I will bring with me. Now I must hasten and make use of the small remaining portion of good weather and of my stay in my garden-house,

* Jean Paul Richter. See Letter 498.

† The operatic singer Demoiselle Matigzek.

for my *Wallenstein;* for, if I do not get my love-scenes finished before returning to town, I may not feel in the humour for them all the winter, not being so happily constituted as to be able to find inspiration in a cup of coffee.

Lenz's book, as well as the better kind of paper for the wrappers, I shall bring with me. I hope to arrive shortly after this letter. Farewell.

SCH.

513.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 9, 1798.

I am sorry that I decided to come on Saturday, and that I was again unable to keep my promise; but I could not help it, for during the last four nights I have had absolutely no sleep, and feel very wretched in consequence. It is a strange misfortune that this should happen to me just now, after having, throughout this summer, been quite well in this respect. I have now lost all faith in being able to decide about my visit; however, if I get any sleep to-night and feel a little better, I shall come to-morrow notwithstanding. Meanwhile I send you Lyonet, so that you may not be hindered in your work. Farewell.

SCH.

514.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 18, 1798.

Immediately on my return I set to work at my Prologue,* and have again looked at it in respect to its having to stand by itself. The result of this is that I find two things necessary to adapt it for such a purpose.

(1.) It must receive somewhat more fullness and substance, as a picture of the character and customs of the time, in order that it may represent a definite existence in a palpable form; by this means also,

(2.) It will be made impossible for the spectator to trace any thread among the number of figures and single

* *Wallensteins Lager* (*Wallenstein's Camp*).

descriptions, or to form any notion of the action which is to follow.

Hence I find myself obliged to introduce a few more figures, and also to develop a few of those which already exist somewhat more fully. However, I shall always keep in mind the cast we have in Weimar. On Saturday you shall have the Prologue.

Cotta writes that the Duke has given him a new newspaper license, and that by removing the newspaper office to Stuttgart he will save about 3500 florins. He does not write whether Posselt* is also editing this new paper; however, I do not doubt it. He seems, in fact, to stake his whole happiness in manufacturing newspapers.

I again enclose a sheet. If you have no objections, my superscription to your poem to the Duchess will be simply, *Stanzas.*

Again accept my best thanks for all your goodness and kindness to me in Weimar. As soon as the Prologue is off, I shall not think of anything except of at once completing the adaptation of the play for the stage, and wherever it is possible shall make use of your advice and remarks.

Give Meyer my kindest greetings. At the same time ask him from me to look for one large and two small keys which I left somewhere in my cupboard, and to send them to me by the message-girl.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

515.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 21, 1798.

On Wednesday I went to Rossla, and found your letter yesterday on my return. I wish that while at your work you could feel what a good influence you have left upon us here. A monument of so unusual a degree of mental activity as your *Wallenstein* must put every one, in any way capable of being so, into an active state of mind. Gather together all your energy in order soon to have the work on our stage; it will thence come to you in a more

* See Letter 403 and note.

supple and plastic form, than it appears in the manuscript which you have so long had before you. In my opinion you have now got so far that such an undertaking could only be of advantage.

What you propose doing to your Prologue I very much approve of. I shall expect it anxiously, and we will then have a talk about the further arrangements.

No more for to-day. The keys will accompany this.

My poem can very well appear under the general title of *Stanzas*.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. G.

516.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 21, 1798.

I forgot in my letter to say that we require good Swiss paper for printing off the frontispiece for the Almanack. None is to be had here. *Hertel* is sure to have some. We beg you to send some soon. G.

517.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 21, 1798.

I got no letter from you the day before yesterday, and hope that this is no bad sign. After having spent a week with you, it is quite strange to me not to hear anything of you for so long.

A sleepless night, which has spoiled my whole day, has also prevented my getting my Prologue off to-day; in addition to this my copyist did not come; I think that in the form it has now received it will be able to stand entirely by itself as a vivid picture of an historical incident, and of a certain phase of military life. And yet I do not myself know whether everything that I had to take up in it for the good of the whole, can be represented on the stage. Thus, for instance, a Capuchin monk has been introduced to preach to the Croats, for this characteristic of the age and locality was still wanting. However, it would not matter in the least were he not to appear on the stage.

Humboldt has written, and wishes to be remembered to you. He duly received your letter and the poem, and

intends writing to you shortly; he is very well satisfied with our arrangements in regard to his work. He adds a few words also about Von Retif* whom he knows personally, but says nothing about his writings. He compares his conduct and disposition with Richter's, of course, apart from national differences.

To return to my Prologue. I should be glad if another suitable play, and not an opera, could be connected with it, for I must have it accompanied by a good deal of music; it begins with a song and ends with one; in the middle also there is another little song; it is therefore musical enough itself, and a peaceful, moral drama would accordingly perhaps best set it off, because its whole merit is mere animation.

Farewell. I am anxiously awaiting news of you. Give Meyer many kind greetings from me, and ask him to be sure to remember the goblet.

SCH.

518.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Jena) September 29, 1798.

I want you to send me by the bearer your History of the Thirty Years' War; I wish to consult it in reference to the song at the beginning† as well as to several other points. I shall not be with you this evening, for I mean to linger in Wallenstein's Camp till it is dark, and then to go and look at the moderno-antique Prussians and Saxons in your Jena theatre.‡ I cannot resist the temptation.

To-morrow, at noon, if you will allow me, I propose to come and be your guest in order to discuss various things. Farewell. G.

519.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I regret that I shall not see you to-day. When the sky is so gloomy, conversation is one's only consolation.

* See Letter 404.

† At the first performance of the drama, and even at a later date, *Wallenstein's Lager* opened with a martial song written by Goethe, to which Schiller added a few verses. See Letters 528, 530, 531.

‡ A play representing an episode from the Seven Years' War.

I will try and finish the addition to my Prologue which is commenced. The History of the Thirty Years' War you shall have in less than half an hour.

Farewell. Let the drama from the Seven Years' War at the theatre divert you as much as possible.

SCH.

520.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

My brother-in-law's two brothers are here on their way back to Silesia, and are going to spend the evening with us. I tell you this in case you may not care to be one of our party. Should you not be inclined to be with us this evening, will you not come a little earlier in the day?

SCH.

521.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 2, 1798.

A visit from our Weimar poetesses Amalie Imhof and my sister-in-law prevented my sending the poem* by the message-girl; a couple of hours would have seen it finished. You shall have it by the next post. I am very well satisfied with the plan, and think it will suit our purpose. Let me know by the returning messenger whether you see any objection to my appending the Prologue† to the Almanack. I should attain several objects by doing so: the Almanack would get an additional and not unimportant poem, the number of my contributions would be increased, and the Prologue itself would be more widely circulated. Your intention of inserting it in Posselt‡ would not in any way be interfered with by this. Further, the Prologue would not appear earlier before the public than is just, for I should not send off a copy till the end of next week, and even then only those that are to go to Leipzig; and besides, it would not be unpacked for three days after being sent off. Should you find any

* The Prologue.

† It seems that what is here called the Prologue is the Theatre Prologue, and not *Wallenstein's Camp*, which has hitherto always been called the Prologue; the latter seems now to be called the *Vorspiel* or Introductory Play. See end of Letter 423.

‡ The editor of several periodicals.

alteration to suggest in the Prologue, let me have it by an express messenger, so that I may make use of it while correcting the sheet; perhaps I may send it to you to-morrow by an express.

I must beg you urgently to let me have covers and frontispieces for the Almanack.

More to-morrow. Farewell. SCH.

522.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 3, 1798.

You will be doing very wisely to have the Prologue inserted in the Almanack; after that it may find its way into Posselt or elsewhere; we must by degrees also accustom ourselves to ubiquity, and we shall not fail to do so.

Be so kind as to let me have the Prologue as soon as it is ready; the plan is admirable, and the execution will not be less so.

I am in hopes that I may receive prints of the cover and of the frontispiece before this letter goes off.

No more to-day, for the turmoil around me is too great.

G.

What I have been able to procure in the way of prints I enclose; there was no time to count them. Please, therefore, see that this is done, and write and tell me how many more you want, so that I may arrange accordingly; for everyone here is at present very much engaged. Farewell.

523.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 4, 1798.

Herewith I send the Prologue, and hope it may meet with your approval. Let me know by the returning messenger whether there is anything you would like to have altered. It seems to me that what I have put within brackets would be better omitted when actually recited. Many things that are quite good when read, cannot well be spoken, and the circumstances under which the Prologue is recited, the solemnity which is inseparable from the recital, call for certain limits that are difficult to

calculate in a room. Moreover, as the Prologue is pretty long, I think we had better bring it to a close before the last paragraph.

Please send me whatever is ready in the way of covers and frontispieces. Among the latter I do not find one printed in brown; if it does not cause any extra trouble, have about 500 printed in this colour.

I am very anxious to hear how your actors acquit themselves in the Introductory play.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

524.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 5, 1798.

Your Prologue is as good as it promised to be; I have enjoyed it greatly and thank you a thousand times for it. I have as yet merely read it over once or twice so as to be thoroughly imbued with it as a whole, and cannot meanwhile say what had perhaps better be omitted, and whether or not a little touch here and there might not be given for the sake of dramatic effect.

To-morrow evening you shall have my version by the message-girl; if you can postpone the printing till then it would be better, in order that we may have the same reading; on Monday it shall be sent straight to Stuttgart.

I am sorry that I cannot recite it myself. However, if Vohs acquits himself as well as the others in the Introductory play, we can be satisfied. Leiszring, Wehrauch and Haide* recite the rhymed lines as if they had done nothing else all their lives; and Haide, in particular, recited some passages towards the end in a manner such as I have never yet heard on the German stage.

After this good news I have unfortunately now to tell you that it has been impossible for me to contribute as much as a line for our object; hence I send you a volume of Abraham,† which will be sure to inspire you at once

* Leiszring played the First Huntsman, Wehrauch the Watchman, Haide the Cuirassier, and Genast the Capuchin Monk.

† Abraham a St. Clara. The volume here referred to is the *Reimb Dich oder ich Lisz Dich* which appeared in the year 1690. From it Schiller borrowed the *Auff! auff, ihr Christen.*

with a sermon for the Capuchin. Thus, for instance, the *Rabenaas* as a closing formula would be extremely edifying in Genast's mouth. See the passage marked on p. 77. The book is, moreover, so rich a treasure that it produces the best state of mind.

The song at the beginning * I shall also not manage to get ready, but shall give something in place of it. All this can be introduced in subsequent performances, for, in fact, the play demands that something new and variable should be ever occurring in it, so that none may be able to fix their parts in future representations.

Farewell. You shall now soon hear which day I hope to see you here. As yet there has been too much of a turmoil; my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

525.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 5, 1798.

That you are satisfied with my Prologue, and that the three gentlemen are acquitting themselves so well in the Introductory play, is very welcome news to me. I cannot withhold the printed copy of the Prologue till to-morrow evening. However, I do not think that any little difference in the recited and printed versions will matter much, provided the copy you send to Posselt corresponds with that given in the Almanack.

I shall set to work with the Capuchin's sermon, and have good hopes of worthy Abraham.† I have not yet been able to read it, as Schelling has been with me all the afternoon. I must also advise you of some other alterations in the work which I hope to be able to send off on Monday evening, together with the Capuchin's sermon; for, as the alterations do not affect the whole play they can very well be learned in half a day.

You will, for instance, also agree to my giving a more decidedly dramatic figure in place of the Artilleryman. Instead of him I have introduced a man with a wooden-leg who is a good pendent to the Recruit. This invalid brings in a newspaper, and with it the intelligence of the taking of Regensburg; and the latest occurrences also are

* See last Letter and note. † See Letter 524 and note.

heard of indirectly from the paper. It is an opportunity for making a few complimentary speeches to Duke Bernhard, &c. A representative for the wooden-leg it will doubtless be easy to find.

If I am in the humour and have time, I will finish the little song of Magdeburg,* and write it for an old melody, so that there may not be any delay. I am consoled with the thought that, should I not have time, you will be able to substitute something else.

If you could send me my copy of the Introductory play by the message-woman, it would be of good service to me in the alterations I contemplate making. I should only require the first eight or ten pages, for there is nothing to alter at the end and in the middle.

Schelling has returned with a good deal of seriousness and cheerfulness; he came to see me almost immediately upon arriving here, and shows a great amount of warmth. With regard to the theory of Colours, he told me, that he had lately been reading a good deal on the subject in order to be equal to a discussion with you, and that he had much to ask you. He will call upon you after the performance of the Introductory play, for I told him that he would find you too much engaged just now. It would be well if you could show him your experiments before you come here.

I have lately become acquainted with a very strange example of an enthusiast of the moral-political type whom Wieland and Herder straightway consign to the *great nation*. He is a student here, and comes from Kempten, a man full of goodwill, of great capacity, and violently sensual energy. His character is quite a new experience to me.

Farewell. I fancy that during the next few days there will probably have to be several other messengers despatched between this and Weimar.

My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

* Among Goethe's literary remains we find a poem on the destruction of Magdeburg, where several gaps have been filled up in pencil in Goethe's own handwriting. It is given in the quarto edition, p. 21. Schiller probably thought of using *Das Liedlein von Magdeburg* in place of the soldier's song which Goethe thought he would not have ready in time.

If, upon the receipt of this letter, you approve of the alterations in the Prologue, and can find an express messenger, please be so good as to let me have the copy back at once.

526.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, October 6, 1798.

Herewith I send you back your Prologue; I have introduced your alterations gladly, for they are very much to the purpose; on the other hand I would like to have the passage which I have struck out replaced by the other * in the manuscript which I enclose. My object for this was:

(1.) That more should be spoken by our actors;

(2.) By Iffland somewhat less;

(3.) That Schröder might be referred to in one passage.

If you will be kind enough to see that I receive a few printed copies of the Prologue on Monday, I will at once send one to Schröder with a few kind words, and another to Stuttgart.

In any case you might send me back by express, the corrected sheet, if you have done with it, and merely say whether you will admit my passage. I would then have the two copies that are to be despatched transcribed at once.

Here is part of the Introductory play; be sure to go on with it, although I cannot promise to accept your alterations next time. All are now so accustomed to the rhyme and rhythm, and so bound to the cues, that I dare not venture to change anything; I should immediately be afraid of break-downs.

Farewell; everything is now in such a turmoil that it is only the hope of its soon being evening and all over, that sustains me.

G.

* Düntzer thinks that the passage by Goethe in the Prologue is probably the passage: *Und dort ist dies—höhere Gesetz*, in which perhaps some lines of Schiller's first version may have been retained.

527.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 6, 1798.

The alterations in the Prologue I accept with pleasure, and have nothing to say against your three reasons.

I will have about six special copies of the Prologue printed off, in order to spare my copyist the trouble of writing them out. If, therefore, you will send me early on Monday enclosures for Schröder and Cotta, they could be despatched straight from here, with the printed Prologue, to the right quarters. In any case, however, the Prologue will be returned.

I am indeed sorry that the little alterations in the Introductory play cannot at once be made use of in the first performance. The motive respecting the newspaper would be appropriate for a full explanation of the action and of the history of the war. At all events, in No. 5, let the Artilleryman appear with a newspaper, and in place of saying:

But a courier is come,

let him say:

But the Prague gazette has come.

In this way we shall at all events have the newspaper introduced, in case we should want to mention it again.

You have lately also made me doubtful about the "wigs." In place of that passage, had we not better put:

No. 3.

SERGEANT.

And those mutterings and espionage,
And those secret doings and the many couriers—

TRUMPETER.

Yes, yes, there is certainly something in that.

SERGEANT.

And the stiff Spanish collars,
Which one, &c.

The messenger is in a hurry, I cannot add more to-day. Perhaps you could let me know by the message-girl which date is fixed upon for the performance; for naturally I

should like to have a couple of days leisure for the Capuchin's sermon. Farewell.

SCH.

P.S.—I also enclose the corrected proof of the Prologue, as it is to stand in the Almanack, for as the transcript I sent you was written from memory, I had to invent something at the moment, and there are differences in it which I have marked with *N.B.* Now if you could let me have your alterations to-morrow before two in the afternoon, I should have time to insert them for the press. If this cannot be managed, be so kind as to send the enclosed copy of the Prologue to Posselt—not the transcript—so that the two printed copies may be alike.

528.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 6, 1798.

By this evening's post I can merely tell you in a few words how about we stand.

Of the Prologue I am having two transcripts made the same as your printed one. The passage which I altered, and which you approved of, will be introduced.

For the recitation here I have made a different version and omitted the *Mimes* and *Eras*, and on the other hand mentioned *Wallenstein* once or twice, in order that some idea might be formed of our intention. How different that is which one works out by oneself and among friends in the tenderest and most special way, to that which one is expected to present in the most general manner to a number of outsiders. You will see the strangest things in regard to this, on this occasion.

For the rest, everything has as yet been going on as well as we could wish. The hall looks very pretty, and most persons are pleased and delighted with it, so that the opposition party are having a bad time of it.

The Prologue goes very well. To-day we had a rehearsal on the stage; but we must beware now of introducing the smallest alteration. Owing to the difficulty of learning so new and so unusual a task creditably, the

actors all cling tenaciously to their different parts, like shipwrecked men to a plank, and would be made unhappy were they to find them shaky.

I am now endeavouring merely to have all the several parts brought forward and get them linked to the whole.

The soldier's song which is to open the piece I enclose. The music will be put to rights to-morrow morning early, and I hope that soon everything will be in order.

I will not ask you to hurry over sooner than necessary, for it is even probable that the performance will be given on Wednesday. As soon, however, as the Prologue and the Introductory play have been sufficiently studied by the actors for you to listen to them with pleasure, I shall let you know by an express messenger. Therefore be prepared to come.

The Capuchin's sermon you will, of course, send me as soon as you have it ready. Otherwise everything has been attended to, and the transcripts of which I spoke at the beginning of this letter, will be sent off to Schröder and to Posselt to-morrow.

I have moreover drawn up a preliminary criticism both of the performance as well as of the effect produced by the play, and could finish it in a few hours' steady work. Having once entered the element of impudence, let us see who will outrival us in this.

Meanwhile remain quietly where you are till my messenger comes. Should it be evident to-morrow that we shall not give the performance on Wednesday, you shall have a message to this effect on Tuesday.

I can, however, assure you that the main object will be attained. Some few persons who have heard the Prologue, and the actors too, say, that they think they now know pretty well how things must have looked in those days.

Farewell, and be as industrious as you can.

With regard to the engraving, Meyer will do his part. Unfortunately, however, the curse of all these things is that they have always to be done in too great a hurry. My kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

529.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

* Weimar, October 7, 1798.

Here again comes a packet of printed copies; the next covers are to be highly coloured; they come somewhat more expensive, but look all the more pleasing.

It seems probable that the opening of our theatre will take place on Friday. I therefore beg you to come on Thursday, early in the day, so that we may talk everything over, and in the evening be present at the full rehearsal.

The principal characters do their parts admirably, and already know the whole excellently by heart; the others are still a little uncertain, but this will all be resolved into real harmony. Moreover, the softest, well-articulated word is audible in every corner of the house.

I have hitherto—as the new newspaper will soon prove—frequently had occasion to go over the task, and hope that people will now soon repeat my own words to me again.

Farewell; I am in the best of spirits, because everything has as yet gone so well.

Please send me a few printed copies of the Prologue by the message-woman, and the Capuchin's sermon the sooner the better.

G.

530.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Herewith you will receive my Capuchin's sermon such as the distractions of the last few days—I have literally been overrun with visitors—permitted it to become. As it is intended only for a few performances in Weimar, and I mean to take my time with the other which shall be worth something, I have not hesitated in many passages simply to give a translation of my worthy original,* and in others to imitate him. I think I have succeeded pretty well in catching his spirit.

* Abraham's work. See Letter 524 and note.

But now about an important piece of business. When you have read the sermon, you will yourself find that it must necessarily be introduced a few scenes later, when people have already formed some idea—through the huntsmen and others—of the soldiers by themselves. Were it to appear earlier, the scenes which come next would be weakened by it, and an error made as regards gradation. It would further be well that it were directly followed by an animated scene of *action*, therefore I propose that it should be introduced either immediately before the appearance of the Recruit, or what I would almost rather prefer, immediately before the capture of the Peasant and the uproar in the tent.

This would not in any way affect the economy of the rest, as you will find, and only one cue would require to be altered. The few words spoken by the soldiers could be learnt in a couple of minutes.

My having likewise had to introduce the *Spielmann* and dancing in order to make the scene where the Capuchin first enters, gay and lively, you will also perceive to be necessary.

Accept my thanks for the opening song; I find it most appropriate, and may add a couple of verses to it, for it is perhaps a little too short.

After to-morrow I shall be ready to start at a moment's notice. Farewell.

SCH.

531.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 9, 1798.

Thanks for the covers and frontispieces which you sent, and which we were very much in want of; and let me thank you especially for the good news you give me about the progress of our dramatic undertaking. The postponement of the play cannot but be welcome news to me. I hope to be with you in good time on Thursday. The active treatment of the matter stirs up all kinds of thoughts in my head which will yet prove useful to my *Wallenstein*. The Introductory play I propose making of

much greater service for the whole, and I already know of many important touches which it shall receive, and moreover to its advantage. The work will become more arduous to me, and yet at the same time facilitated.

Were it not that I thought the Capuchin's sermon would come too late by arriving to-morrow, it must have turned out better. In fact it would be a great pleasure to me to spend more time upon this caricature; for Abraham * is a splendid original, necessarily enforces respect, and then it is an interesting, yet by no means easy task to imitate or to out-do him in his eccentricity and cleverness. However, I shall do my utmost.

The Soldier's song I have lengthened by a couple of verses, which I enclose. It seems to me that it would be well to give the spectator, as well as those taking an inactive part in the performance, time to watch the group in action, and to make arrangements. You will, no doubt, so arrange matters that several voices join in singing the verses, and that a chorus always repeats the last lines. You have been very merciful with the alterations you have made in my text. In a few cases I do not see your reason very clearly, but we will talk this over. Such trifles often lead to the most fruitful remarks.

Farewell. I am only glad that inclination and spirit are not forsaking you in the midst of the mechanical worry.

My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

Should you have anything further to say to me to-morrow by the message-woman, be sure to impress it upon her to let me have your letter early. Otherwise I shall not get it till Thursday.

532.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

October 18, 1798.

After taking everything into consideration, and with the special sanction of our mental and bodily weariness,

* See Letter 524 and note.

we propose remaining at home this evening, and wish you a good and quiet night.

If it is possible for you to send me your copyist to-morrow morning early, he would be a great help to me.

G.

533.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

After such a busy day as this has been, rest is certainly the best thing. I am delighted that all has been so cheerfully and happily settled between us, and, to speak for myself, I have spent a most pleasant day.

I hope to see all the more of you to-morrow. I will send for my copyist as early as possible.

Sleep well. SCH.

534.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

October 19, 1798.

My *Opus* * has taken me longer than I thought; there is no more time to have it copied out; we will, therefore, despatch the clean draft this evening. For the convenience of the compositor, I have had those lines, which are to to be printed in a different type, underlined with red.

Please look over the essay carefully, and think whether there is anything else to be inserted or added. I will come over early to-day, and we will despatch the parcel from the garden-house. Farewell.

G.

535.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 23, 1798.

It is a pity that you did not wait and spend these last few lovely days in Jena. Here we are all well, although I do not progress as quickly with my work as I expected. Having to turn my text into a form of speech suitable for

* Goethe's notice of the performance of Schiller's *Lager*, for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. See Letters 528 and 529.

the stage, definite and easy of utterance, is very tedious work, and the worst of it is that the necessary and vivid idea of the reality of the individual actors, and of all the other conditions connected with these, blunts one's poetic spirit. God help me over these *besogna!* However, the definite dramatic object before me cannot fail to suggest to me some new and important additions and alterations for the good of the whole.

Since your departure I have not occupied myself with anything but my own work, and seen no one beyond my own family, and therefore cannot to-day tell you of anything new or interesting. If you hear anything, be sure to let me know about it.

Farewell. My wife sends kind remembrances. To Meyer my kind greetings.

The enclosed Almanack please forward to Herder.

SCH.

536.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 26, 1798.

Having had a visitor with me, who remained till late in the evening, I shall not be able to write much to-day. I must ask you to have a note made of the expenses in connection with the Almanack, and to send it to me as soon as possible, so that I may settle the matter with Cotta. Further I must also ask you whether the twenty-four louisd'ors, which we owe you for the Almanack, shall be paid to you here or settled by Cotta. If you do not come on Monday yourself, please let me have an answer to these questions.

We send you warmest greetings. I must conclude in Cotta's usual style.

In haste. SCH.

537.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 27, 1798.

At last the first redoute too is over, and its having given general satisfaction has settled the point that the house is also adapted for such purposes. I must still

devote a few days to different business matters, and on Tuesday be off to Rossla; hence I think I shall be able to come to you on Sunday, November 4th, and to spend the rest of the month with you. I am now very anxious to have a time of inward activity which unfortunately I have not enjoyed for a very long time. Our actors may meanwhile learn their parts and play some *nova*, which, honestly said, are of a horrible description. The bill of the expenses I enclose; Professor Meyer paid them and hopes soon to be refunded.

The payment for my contribution to the *Musen-Almanach*—for which I thank you in advance—I should like to be sent here, although it does not much matter either way, for Cotta has a remittance to send me sooner or later.

From Schröder I have received an answer which sounds very friendly and polite when one considers his usual style, which is inconceivably dry and antiquated. However, he decides the matter thus: that he is not coming this winter, and probably not next winter either, *etc.* I am only glad that at all events we are now certain about this, and can proceed on our own course. Hoping and waiting is not my way of doing things.

Farewell, and continue to be busy with your work. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and enjoy this beautiful weather, which is denied to me.

G.

538.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 30, 1798.

We are still in our garden-house where we are enjoying the unusually fine weather, and forgetting that it is about to take leave of us for a long time. It is with dread that I see November approaching, as I have so much to get through, and cannot but expect a very unfriendly sky. My work is progressing meanwhile, but not so rapidly as you would think. Still, I hope, by the time you come, to have the first two acts finished, and, a few days afterwards, to lay before you the two last likewise.

I have meanwhile been reading the *Propylæa* with great pleasure, and again been edified with the plainly and definitely expressed truths and art-oracles. It seems to me as if they had never come so home to me or struck me so clearly. You will, it is true, only benefit the few, yet it is well that you felt prompted to come forward with these. It will be curious to see how many of those, who fancied that they too were of your persuasion, will try and accommodate these grand ideas to their small notions.

That Schröder should pronounce his coming to be very uncertain, and something afar off, did not surprise me. I should like very much to see his letter, if you could let me have it. However, this circumstance shall make me somewhat more frank with him in regard to selling my *Wallenstein*, unless, indeed, I manage to get off having any transactions with him altogether, for, as far as I know, he has sold the directorship of the theatre to four or five actors.

From Iffland I have as yet had no answer.

The bills have been despatched to Cotta. He has also forwarded me a good copy of the *Propylæa*, so that you do not need to send me one.

Farewell. My head is not in the best state after working all day.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

539.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 31, 1798.

Herewith I enclose Schröder's letter as a proof that I did not read it wrongly. I never entertained any special hope of his coming, but we have now done our part.

The Duke is not well, hence I shall have to come somewhat later, for I must go over to Rossla again. I am most anxious to see how far you have advanced, and feel it now to be an actual necessity to come to an end with my studies on Colour. The *Propylæa* are a true benefit to me, inasmuch as I am, through them, at last forced to give expression to ideas and experiences which I have for long been dragging about with me. It would

delight me very much to hear that you found the first number pleasing and agreeable.

Farewell, and enjoy the fine weather. I am at present thinking only of my large rooms in the castle and of my new stove,* and have no other wish than to be delivered of my chromatics; yet, who can say what may be in store for us? My kind greetings to your dear wife, and abide steadfastly in the bond of earnestness, and of love; everything else is of a nature both vain and sad.

G.

540.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 2, 1798.

I herewith return Schröder's letter. We have, as I see, merely flattered his vanity without arousing his ambition, and our courtesy towards him, it seems, will be made use of simply to make his surliness towards the Hamburgers the more *piquant*. It is very small and paltry in him to bring local quarrels with persons, of which no notice is taken in Weimar, into concerns that are purely and independently artistic in character, and into a letter addressed to you.

N.B.—It is absolutely necessary that other 600 frontispieces and wrappers for the Almanack should be printed off as speedily as possible. Please, therefore, have the kindness to request Meyer to see to this with the utmost speed, and to let me have 400 of them by Wednesday at latest. I had intended to spare Cotta unnecessary expense in this matter, but, owing to the custom of sending out copies on sale, a great many more are sent off than are actually purchased. I forward paper for the frontispieces; Meyer can doubtless procure what is required for the wrappers in Weimar; light yellow seems to be the cheapest.

I have, as yet, heard but little about the Almanack. Körner will, I expect, send me his customary detailed letter upon it; meanwhile I have heard only about what pleased him best. This habit or bad habit of seeking one special thing out of works of a distinctly poetical

* The stove which he had to procure for the palace.

character, and of giving it the preference—as to an apple with a better flavour—always strikes me as out of place, although there is no doubt that among several works, the one can be and always is better than the rest. But feeling should be juster towards each individual work of a distinct species; and, after all, it is generally mere twaddlers that lurk behind such judgments.

I should not be at all disinclined—as soon as *Wallenstein* leaves me in peace—to work out a pendent to that part of your Introduction to the *Propylæa* and of the Discourse which treats of the non-æsthetic demands of the Actual in nature, and to take up the opposite demand; one, however, which is usually connected with it, that is, the demand of what is Moral and Possible in nature, or rather rationally possible; for even though the attack is made from this side, the enemy is hit right in the centre. *You* could not well say much on this subject, as this bad habit does not usually apply so much to plastic art and the opinions expressed concerning it, as to poetical works and writers of criticisms of these.

Farewell for to-day. It is disappointing to me that your coming is postponed. Report here says that *Wallenstein's Lager* is to be played again to-morrow, but I doubt it.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Please to remember the 600 frontispieces and the wrappers. SCH.

541.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 6, 1798.

I write from my fort in town; we returned to-day, and being wearied, I cannot say more than good-night. We have not heard anything of you for very long, I am quite unaccustomed to this, and have, moreover, no wish to accustom myself to it.

My work is progressing, and you will find something ready when you come.

I must again remind you of the wrappers and frontispieces; I am being so dunned for them.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

542.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 7, 1798.

Your letter, my dearest friend, I am sorry to say I did not receive till yesterday morning on my return from Rossla. Professor Meyer will do his utmost to let you have the prints speedily.

I congratulate you upon your return to town. Being among neighbours, especially in winter, makes intercourse both more lively and more easy.

Schröder's answer, it seems, appeared stranger to you than it did to me. Owing to my radical want of faith in mankind, I thought it quite natural.

In like manner, with regard to the reception of the Almanack, I should say: he who does not—like the senseless sower in the Gospel—care to scatter his seed without considering where it falls and where it will spring up, ought not to have any dealings with the public.

I wish you good progress with your *Wallenstein*. As regards myself, I am coming to you this time with the firm resolve of casting my Colour-studies from my shoulders, whatever the cost may be. I have, during the last days, again been thinking the subject well over, and it seems to me to be becoming more and more possible to give an exposition of my views.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I shall now not be long in coming.

G.

543.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 9, 1798.

Since yesterday I have entered upon what is, poetically speaking, the most important part of my *Wallenstein*, and which I have hitherto always kept in reserve, the part dedicated to Love, and which, in accordance with its purely human character, is entirely distinct from the busy nature of the other state affairs; nay, in regard to spirit, entirely opposed to it. Only now—after having

given the latter the only form which it was possible for me to give it—shall I be able to cast it from my mind and allow an entirely different mood to come over me; it will be some time before I really forget it. What I have now most to fear is that the predominance of the human interest in this great episode may easily displace something in the action which is already firmly fixed and partly worked out; for, in accordance with its nature, it deserves the precedence, and the more I may succeed in carrying it forward, the more the rest of the action may suffer in consequence. For it is far more difficult to give up an interest in feeling than one connected with the understanding.

Meanwhile my business is now to make myself master of all those motives to be found in the entire cycle of my piece connected with this episode; and thus, even though it should be a slow process, to allow the proper mood to become matured in me. I think I have already found what is actually the right way, and therefore hope not to make any useless expense.

This much, however, I must say beforehand, that I cannot and dare not allow the *Piccolomini* to leave my hands and to pass into those of the actors, till the third part, with the exception of receiving the last touches, has all been finished. Thus my only wish is that Apollo may be gracious to me, so that I may get through my work within the next six weeks.

In order to get rid of the sight of what I have been engaged with hitherto, I send it to you at once. There are really only two small gaps left, the one is connected with the mysterious, magical proceedings between Octavio and Wallenstein, the other with Questenberg's presentation to the generals, which appeared to me somewhat stiff at the first performance, and the right turn had not occurred to me. The first two and the last two acts are otherwise ready, as you will see, and the beginning of the third has likewise been copied out.

Perhaps I might have spared myself the trouble of sending the manuscript to Weimar, for, to judge from your last letter, I may expect you here any day.

I heartily wish you all success with your studies on

Colours, for very much will be gained when you have cast this burden off your mind; and as the winter does not, in any case, incline you to be productive, you could not make any better use of it than by devoting it to this work, and attending to the *Propylæa*.

Whatever there may be ready of wrappers and frontispieces, pray send over by the message-woman. Of frontispieces I shall require 115 less than were ordered, for as many as this were found here accidentally. Please ask Meyer to countermand them if there is still time.

Iffland's not having let me have an answer yet, strikes me as strange, for he was himself very pressing in his enquiry, and it must be to his interest to have the piece soon, if he really wishes to have it.

Farewell. My stay in town has as yet suited me perfectly well. Kind greetings from my wife.

Sch.

544.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 10, 1798.

Herewith I send you as many prints as are ready. I do not know myself how many there are.

To-morrow evening I shall be with you, and hope to remain for some time. I trust my wishes may not prove vain.

Accept my thanks for your *Wallenstein;* the first two acts I read this morning early with great pleasure. The first, which I now know so well, I consider very nearly appropriate for the stage; as it is, the domestic scenes are very happy, and of a kind that affect me. In the audience-scene, some of the historical points might be more clearly expressed, in the same way as in my version of the Prologue I have mentioned *Wallenstein's* name twice. One is apt to forget what reason there is for being clear. However, all this will soon be settled when we have a talk over it, and to this I am looking forward with pleasure.

Farewell; I shall not add more.

G.

545.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Jena) November 16, 1798.

In sending you the scheme for the physiological colours, I recommend it to your consideration as the basis of our investigations and discussions.

Knebel presents his compliments and sends a Propertius.

May I ask you to lend me Sulzer's Dictionary? It is now time that I should be looking at traditional ideas. I wish you may have had a good night.

Herewith also another copy of the *Propylæa*.

G.

546.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 24, 1798.

As I shall not see you again to-day, I wish you rich booty from to-day's exhibition of characters.* I myself, intend spending the evening by having a quiet philosophical discourse with Schelling.

This wintry day, interrupted as it is by the tinkling of the sledge-bells, I do not find disagreeable; and although my present work is not of that kind which gives good signs of progress, still I am not inactive.

Herewith come the *Atlanta*,† which will perhaps amuse you, as they are in some measure connected with the bold oratorical tone of Diderot's reflections on art,‡ the spirit always excepted.

Farewell. I hope to hear a good deal from you to-morrow.

Sch.

547.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 30, 1798.

Having lately been accustomed to your coming of an evening and winding up the clock of my thoughts, I feel

* Schiller here probably refers to a ball which was given on that evening.

† H. Düntzer, in his *Review* of this correspondence, confesses to be unable to explain this reference.

‡ Schiller is here thinking of Diderot's work, *Sur la Peinture*.

it quite strange now—after my day's work is finished—to find myself thrown upon my own resources. I very much wish that it had not so happened that we commenced our chromatic discussions on the very last day, for an occupation of this kind, consisting purely of facts, would have been to me a beneficial change and recreation from my present poetical work, and I should have endeavoured to have continued the subject in my own fashion, in your absence. This much, however, I observed, that one main object in the method will be to keep pure facts as well as what is polemical, most strictly apart from what is hypothetical, that the evidence of the case and of the Newtonian *falsum* shall not be confounded with what is problematical in the interpretation, and that it may not appear as if both the former and the latter demand a certain faith. It, indeed, lies in your nature to distinguish clearly between the fact and its representation; but, nevertheless, it is scarcely to be expected that one should not occasionally feel inclined to adopt a current mode of representation, and to make an actual case out of a mere instrument of thought.

Your long studies on Colour and the earnestness which you have devoted to the subject must be rewarded by no ordinary success. You ought, as you are able to do so, to set an example as to how enquiries in physics should be treated, and this work, by your treatment of it, would be as instructive as it would be gainful to science.

When one considers that the fate of poetical works is connected with the fate of language, which cannot well remain at its present point, an immortal name in science is a thing very much to be desired.

To-day, at last, I have sent my *Wallenstein* * on its first flight out into the world, and despatched it to Iffland. Will you kindly have the costumes sent to him soon, as he might be in want of them. I have written to him about them.

Please ask Meyer—to whom my kindest greetings—to let me have the receipted bill.

Farewell amid your present distractions! How I wish

* Although the title *Wallenstein* is here used in full, it refers only to *Lager* (The Camp).

that the Muse, whose services you do not require just now, could be handed over to me for my present work.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

548.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 1, 1798.

How very different is the remembrance of our peaceful discussions—which I find re-echoing in your letter—from the turmoil with which I have again been surrounded during the few days of my stay here. Yet they have not passed unprofitably; for Count Fries * has brought back with him, among other things, a dozen old engravings by Martin Schön which have enabled me, for the first time, to form an estimate of the merits and demerits of this artist. It appears to us exceedingly probable—although friend Lerse † entertains a contrary hypothesis—that the Germans, in earlier times, stood in some connection with Italy.

Martin Schön lived forty years after Masaccio's death; is it likely that not a breath crossed the Alps during that time? I have never devoted any thought to the subject, and left it just as it was, but it interests me more as regards the future.

The method you propose for the treatment of my chromatic studies, is indeed what I should particularly desire; yet I am almost afraid that, like every other idea, it will be unattainable. However, what is possible will be accomplished by your interest. Everyone considers it very difficult to distinguish between an hypothesis and a fact, but it is even more difficult than is generally imagined, inasmuch as every exposition, every method is itself hypothetical to begin with.

* Count Fries of Vienna, whom Goethe became acquainted with in Naples, and whom he hoped to accompany to Italy again at some future day.

† Goethe's old Strassburg friend Franz Lerse, whom he has immortalised in *Götz*; Lerse was on a visit to Weimar at this time. Goethe in writing to Hufeland, on December 6, says that he had been called from Jena sooner than he had wished, but that he could not complain very much about this, as it had given him the opportunity of enjoying the society of his old friend Lerse.

Owing to your being, so to say, a third person listening to my discourse bit by bit, you will now gradually make a better distinction between what is hypothetical and what actual, than I shall ever be able to do, as certain ideas have, of course, become fixed in my mind, and, as it were, become facts. Further, you are interested in that upon which I have been pondering till I am wearied and tired of it, and hence, you will be the first to discover the main points upon which most depends. But of this there is no time to speak just now. I am expecting friends to breakfast, and between that and the *Zauberflöte* things will not indeed be fairy-like, but nevertheless gay and bustling enough.

Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and think of me when eating the roast which I herewith send you.

G.

549.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 4, 1798.

I must to-day trouble you with an astrological question, and beg you to give me your æsthetico-critical thoughts upon a complicate matter.

Owing to the greater length of the *Piccolomini*, I shall now be obliged to decide upon the astrological motive that is to lead to *Wallenstein's* downfall, and to awaken in him a stronger faith in the success of his undertaking. According to my first sketch, this was to be brought about by the constellation being found to be favorable, and the *speculum astrologicum* was to be made in a specified room before the eyes of the audience. But this is devoid of dramatic interest, is dry and empty, and moreover obscure owing to the technical expressions. It would not have any effect upon the imagination, and simply be a ridiculous burlesque. I have, therefore, tried a different plan, and commenced to work this out, as you will see from the enclosed.*

The scene opened the fourth act of the *Piccolomini*,

* This has been preserved, and is communicated in Hoffmeister's *Nachlese*. Goethe advised Schiller to retain the astrological chamber.

according to the new division, and would have immediately preceded the one where Wallenstein receives intelligence of Sesin's imprisonment, and is followed by the great monologue; the question is, whether the astrological room might not be altogther dispensed with, as it is not wanted for any operation?

Now I want to know whether you consider that my object—namely, to give Wallenstein a momentary kind of sublimity by means of something marvellous—will be attained in the way I propose, and whether, therefore, the burlesque that is introduced possesses a certain tragical character and is not merely ridiculous. The case is a very difficult one, and handle it in whichever way one pleases, the mixture of folly and absurdity with what is serious and rational will always remain objectionable.

On the other hand I could not hold myself aloof from the astrological element, and had to keep close to the spirit of the age, which accords with the motive selected.

The reflection which Wallenstein makes upon this, I shall perhaps work out more in detail, and if only the case itself does not stand opposed to what is tragical, and is combinable with seriousness, I hope to be able to raise him by means of those reflections.

Be so kind as to give me your opinion about this.

The present wretched weather affects me very much, and I have again lost several days' work owing to spasms and sleeplessness.

My wife wishes to be most kindly remembered, and we both thank you very much for the roast. It was very welcome.

Farewell. I hope to hear that you have made progress with your *schemata*.

SCH.

550.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 5, 1798.

Your letter comes at a time of great confusion and work, which have nothing in common with æsthetic opinions of dramatic motives. I must, therefore, beg you to give me time till I can collect my thoughts in

regard to your question. At first sight your idea seems to me to be very well devised, and I should think one might agree to it. For, as you yourself observe, there will always be an irremediable breach between burlesque and tragic dignity, and the question may perhaps only be whether the result is in any way dignified, and this does seem to me to be achieved.

For the political substance itself is not much better than the astrological, and it seems to me that in judging of the astrological substance it ought not to be compared directly with the tragic element, but that when compared with the tragic element it should be connected with it as belonging to what is temporary in an historical, political and barbarous sense.

The five-fold letters *—although to my taste—I do not as yet know how to balance against the astrological chamber; both seem to me to have something distinct in themselves. However, I must end now as I began: I am to-day neither in a condition for feeling things clearly, nor for thinking properly.

Hence accept but a farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

551.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 7, 1798.

We are again living in the very opposite circumstances: you amid nothing but distractions which do not permit of a collected state of mind, and I in such seclusion and so monotonously that I pant for some distraction to refresh my spirit. However, I have not spent the late gloomy weather—which is only now beginning to clear up—altogether fruitlessly, and have filled up some important gaps in my action which has given it more roundness and solidity. Some entirely new scenes have sprung up, and these have a good effect upon the whole.

Further, the not altogether irremediable breach, of which you speak, between what is senseless and rational, I find somewhat lessened, inasmuch as all depends upon

* *F*, which Seni reads: *Fidat Fortunæ Friedlandus. Fata Favebunt.*

the above-mentioned strange combination of heterogeneous elements appearing of a permanent character, arising from the totality of the man and revealing itself everywhere. For if one but succeeds in making it thoroughly individual it will become true, inasmuch as what is individual speaks to the imagination, and we, therefore, have nothing to do with dry reason.

If you think that we should not give up the astrological room, it might still be put to some use, even in the case of our retaining the other burlesque. More or less of it here will do no harm, and one thing helps the other. What, in fact, I only want to know from you is, whether all that which was lately sent, is admissible in all cases; for it is not at all necessary for anything else to be excluded by it.

I have nothing of interest to tell you of to-day, for I have not stirred from my work, and have heard nothing from without.

Will you procure me the book on the Caucasus* which you have so often spoken to me about. I am, at present, in real need of some entertaining book.

Farewell. Many kind greetings to Meyer. My wife wishes to be kindly remembered.

SCH.

552.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 8, 1798.

How much I should like to discuss this very subject with you some evening; for, after all, it is very much more important than the question, where the armour† should first be worn. I shall be brief in what I have to say, and shall pass over all those points upon which we are agreed.

After much deliberation I consider the astrological motive better than the new one.

* *Reinegg's Allgemeine Historisch Topographische Beschreibung des Kaukasus*, published by Fr. E. Schröder, the second part of which also contains an attractive account of the strange adventures of Reinegg himself.

† Wallenstein's armour, in which he first appears in the third act of *Wallenstein's Tod*.

Astrological superstition is based upon the obscure feeling of an immense universe. Experience tells us that the nearest constellations have a decided influence upon the state of the weather, vegetation, &c.; one need only proceed upwards by stages to see how it can be said where this influence ceases. For does not the astronomist everywhere find disturbances in one constellation traceable to others; and is not the philosopher inclined, nay, forced to assume an effect upon what is farthest off; in the same way man, conscious of his own power, has but to proceed a little further and to extend this influence to morality, to fortune, and to misfortune. These and similar delusions I would not even call superstition, they are so much a part of our nature, and as much to be tolerated and as dispensable as any other belief.

And not only is it met with more frequently than one can well believe in certain centuries, but also in certain periods of life, nay, in certain natures. For did not the late King of Prussia hope much from your *Wallenstein* merely because he expected this character would be treated in a serious manner.

The *modern* belief in oracles has likewise many a poetic advantage, only that the very species you have chosen seems to me not to be the best, it belongs to the class of anagrams, chronodistichs, devil's verses, which can be read backwards as well as forwards, and is, therefore, related to an order that is tasteless and pedantic; of this one is reminded by its incurable dryness. The manner in which you have handled the scene took such hold of me at first that I did not notice these peculiarities, and was not aware of them till I had reflected over it. Moreover, think as much as I like, I cannot make this letter-business * at all presentable. The letters must either be interwoven like the *M* in Mathias.† The *F* would have to be placed in a circle which would nevertheless not be recognisable afar off, however large it were made.

These are my doubts, and I will not add anything further. I have talked them over with Meyer, and he agrees with me. You have now only to accept what you

* See Letter 550 and note.

† This sentence is evidently unfinished.

think best. My dearest wish is that your work may be furthered.

I intend to make the best use of the interrupted time between this and the New Year. The second part of the *Propylæa* has now all been sent off. Of manuscript for the third there is sufficient, and only about one half of it has still to be revised; I shall do my utmost to get through this in the course of three weeks.

I have a special idea for the fourth number which I shall tell you of, and, in fact, hope to arrange things in such a way as to be free, in the spring, for some larger work. The *Schemata* for my chromatics I also hope to push forward with your assistance.

And thus a foolishly wearisome life continues running on like the tales in the Arabian Nights, where one story is always encased in the other.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

553.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 11, 1798.

It is verily a God-send to have a wise and careful friend; this I have again experienced in the present case. Your remarks are perfectly correct, and your reasons convincing. I do not know what evil spirit has possessed me, and never allowed me to grasp the astrological motive in *Wallenstein* altogether seriously, for my nature is, after all, more inclined to look at things from a serious point of view than from a frivolous one. The peculiarities of the subject must have frightened me at the outset. However, I now see perfectly that I have still something important to do to the material, and I shall doubtless succeed, although the work will again be prolonged.

Unfortunately the urgent necessity of getting finished with it comes at a very unfavorable time. I can, at present, only get sleep every other night, and have to exert myself greatly to keep my mind in the requisite state of clearness and humour. Were it not that—by

force of will—I can accomplish somewhat more than other men in similar circumstances, I should be obliged to make an entire pause.

However, I hope to send you my *Piccolomini* as a Christmas gift.

I hope also that you may spend the next wretched weeks cheerfully and pleasantly, and then, in January return to us again and to your work here.

I am curious to hear what you have thought of for the fourth part of the *Propylæa*.

Farewell. My landlord has just come to pay me an evening call, and this will prevent my adding any more.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Give Meyer many kind greetings from me.

SCH.

554.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 12, 1798.

I am glad to have been able to give you back something of that for which I am so much indebted to you. I only wish that my good advice might have arrived at a more favorable time of the year, so that it might have enabled you to get more speedily finished; for I am truly sorry that the time for your finishing your work should have fallen in such days as these, which are not exactly friendly to either of us.

Fortunately I have discovered that something quite new, that is to say, something I have not yet thought about, may rouse me, and, to some extent, make me productive.

I herewith send you Grübel's poems, which I once spoke to you about. They will amuse you. I have sent a review * of them to Cotta for the new journal, and will let you have a transcript of it. I have taken this opportunity of saying something about this gay style of description, which cannot exactly, in all cases, be said to have a moral tail trailing after it.

* Reprinted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of December 23. The collected edition of Goethe's works contains a later criticism of Grübel's poem, the second review appeared in 1800.

For the rest, I occupy myself first with one thing and then with another, only so as not to allow the days to flit by altogether unprofitably.

The question as to whether or not your piece will be ready by Christmas, will decide where I shall spend the month of January; in the first case, I hope to have you here; in the second, I propose paying you a visit. For to-day farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

555.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 14, 1798.

To-day I can only send you a friendly greeting, for a cold has so affected my head that I feel quite confused upon rising from my work. Would that the next hard three weeks were over for you and me!

Accept my thanks for the Nürnberg poet; I have not been able to read many of the poems as yet. It would not be at all a bad thing for you to say a few words in commendation of him; for this is a case where no person would venture to give praise at the risk of his own taste, for he would not have any fashionable formulas to go upon.

As your coming here is to depend upon my *Piccolimini*, I shall probably see you in Weimar first, for I dare not drag this piece over into the new year in an unfinished state; that is to say, in so far as it is destined for the stage. I am also in hopes of being able to do what is still necessary within that time. As soon as I get part of the new scenes in order, and copied out, I will send them to you.

Farewell for to-day. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

556.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 15, 1798.

With me things are still progressing only tolerably, for I have a variety of subjects in hand, and can choose

that which suits the moment and my inclination. To receive your *Piccolomini* would indeed be a true Christmas gift to me.

I herewith send you what I have said about Grübel. It is meant to cause annoyance to a certain party. The subject must be broached again in the *Propylæa*, and renewed in every form; a couple of very mad ones have already occurred to me for it.

I also enclose Gädike's demand regarding the printing of the *Propylæa*. You, of course, have had experience about estimates of this kind, and could make a rough calculation what the cost of a whole number would be at this rate.

What time I have been able to devote to things beyond my usual routine of work, has been given to the preparation of the third number, for which I am doing my utmost to push things forward, so as to be quite free by the beginning of the year.

Thus, this wretched, depressing weather is, after all, being turned to account.

Farewell, and may you too endeavour to draw every possible advantage from the close of the year. My kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

557.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 18, 1798.

Little as I should object to subscribe to all the good you say, specially and generally, of our popular poet,* still, it always strikes me as somewhat unbecoming to draw all eyes upon him in so public a place as the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He cannot, in fact, be expected to be alive to the advantages of form, and hence what is little and common in his subjects meets with objection from refined gentlemen and ladies, and gives witlings an opportunity for airing their humour. This, at least, is my feeling when, upon reading your notice, I picture to myself the public for whom it is meant; and, it seems to

* Grübel. See last letter.

me, an acceptable and wise rule, that, where there are no convincing reasons, feeling should not be stifled to let the understanding carry off the victory. It would be a very different matter if the article were to appear in a literary paper; there one would be justified, and in duty bound to give everything due honour, and to enter into details. In a political paper, however, only that which is presumably of general interest should be admitted, not what *ought* to please, but, as Boufflers says, what does please.

I have been reading Boufflers * with great pleasure; his book is extremely well written, and contains charming observations which are as well thought out as they are well expressed. It does indeed show a certain amount of narrowness and meagreness. At times when, for the sake of *hospitalité*, he mentions us Germans, he makes himself very ridiculous; it is quite evident that it is a mere case of bribery, and that he has not thought much about the subject.

Garve, as I hear, is also dead. Again one less in the *golden* age of literature, Wieland would say.

Niethammer's journal † has been prohibited in the Electorate of Saxony.

The offer made by the printer Gädike I find very reasonable; I should think Cotta could not have it done more cheaply.

I should be very glad if you could let the Frankfurt people know soon, that the three *Wallenstein* plays can be had for 60 ducats; for I should like to know soon whether or not the edition for the Empire is still necessary, as Kotzebue has not yet sent any answer, and is, after all, probably under arrest.‡ My *Wallenstein* shall remain unprinted throughout the whole year of 1799, of this the Frankfurt people can likewise be informed.

* *Discours sur la litérature, prononcé à l'Académie des sciences et belles-lettres de Berlin le 9 d'Août*, 1798, par M. le Marquis ci-devant Chevalier (Stanislas) de Boufflers.

† The journal was prohibited on account of Fichte's essay *Ueber den Grund unseres Glaubens an eine göttliche Weltregierung*, and Forberg's *Entwicklung des Begriffs Religion*.

‡ Kotzebue had followed a call to Vienna as stage-poet. The report at this time was that he had been arrested in Vienna, on account of his disputes with the Court theatre.

Have you not yet heard whether you may be sure of having the theatrical mother * from Regensburg for next month?

My work has made but poor progress during the last few days. The damp weather, which is usually not very unfavorable to me, has affected me very much, and the gloomy appearance of the sky and earth alone are depressing to my spirits.

Fare as well as it is possible to do. We both send you hearty greetings.

Sch.

558.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 19, 1798.

Something of your views may have hovered before my mind, for, ere I sent off the little essay, I deliberated with myself whether I should not, *mutatis mutandis*, let it appear in the *Literary Gazette* or reserve it for the *Propylæa*. However, it may meanwhile go to the aforesaid picnic, which, after all, does not calculate upon the effect of its dishes.

Bouffler pleased me very much also, and in the same sense as he did you; on the other hand, the French and the nobility, as far as I can learn, do not entertain the best opinion of it, and yet it was in reality written for them. Upon what portion of the public can an author then calculate or depend?

Kant's Anthropology is a very valuable book to me, and will be still more so in future, when I have repeated the enjoyment in smaller doses; for, when taken as a whole, it is not refreshing. From this point of view man can see himself only in a pathological state, and as —according to the old man himself—one cannot become reasonable before one's sixtieth year, it is but a poor jest to declare oneself a fool during the other part of one's life. And yet, upon reading a couple of pages in it when in the proper frame of mind, one cannot but feel the charm

* Madame Teller. Goethe had written to Kirms on the 23rd of November: "At the representation of *Wallenstein*, we shall indeed require an important mother; it is, therefore, very desirable that it should be settled who is to fill the part."

of the ingenious manner in which the subject is treated. As for the rest, I hate everything that merely instructs me without increasing or indirectly rousing my activity.

My condition too, during these last few days, has been one not to be commended. Days like these should, in reality, be spent in a large town, where outward excitement would make one forget oneself.

Mechanical work cannot be got forward an inch, and mental work does not succeed. Even this letter is to me a proof that my thoughts are not as collected as they are wont to be.

Enquiries shall be made of the Frankfurters respecting your *Wallenstein*.

Our theatrical mother is to be here during the first half of next month. Farewell till better days come. I will try and get rid of several things, so that I may be able to set about some complete work after the new year.

G.

559.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 22, 1798.

I am very anxious to read Kant's Anthropology. The pathological side which, in man, he always turns outwards, and which is perhaps appropriate in an anthropological work, is traceable in almost everything he writes, and it is this which makes his practical philosophy present such a piteous appearance. It is surprising and to be regretted that such a cheerful and jovial spirit should not have been able wholly to free his wings from the dirt of life, nay, not even from certain morose impressions pertaining to youth, *etc.* There is always something in him, as in Luther's case, that reminds one of a monk, who has, it is true, thrown open his monastery, but could not destroy all traces of it.

That the aristocrats should not speak altogether well of a work like Bouffler's, I can quite believe. They would tolerate a greater amount of truths from the mouth and the pen of the burgher class. But it has ever been thus, for even in the Church the heresy of a Christian was

always looked upon as more hateful than the unbelief of an atheist or of a heathen.

Have you been doing anything to your scheme of Colours lately? I am looking forward to coming to you for its sake, in order that this subject may be brought further forward. Schelling I have seen but once a week —to the disgrace of philosophy be it said—generally to play at l'hombre * with him. This diversion has indeed become almost indispensable to me, as I have no other; but it is, of course, a sad thing that nothing more rational passes between us. However, as soon as I again get my head a little above water, I will set about something better with him. He is still as uncommunicative and problematical as ever.

From our absent friends I have again not heard anything for a long time. Humboldt, I trust, is not one of the foreigners who have been arrested in Paris.

I wanted to ask you to beg the Duke to let me have the rooms which Thouret occupied, when I come to Weimar. My sister-in-law cannot, at present, conveniently put up my wife and the children, and, in any case, I should not like to be so long separated from my family, nor should I care to be a burden to you for so long a time. It would indeed stand a little in the way of our meeting frequently, but even this might be managed if things are arranged properly. Please tell me what you think on the subject. I propose coming over in about twelve days.

I see scarcely any chance of even small progress with my work, for, in altering the last acts for the stage, I have met with greater difficulties than I anticipated; and this kind of work is astonishingly wearisome and time-consuming.

Let me meanwhile congratulate you upon having left the shortest day behind you; it is wont to form an epoch in your existence.

Farewell, with heartiest greetings from us both.

SCH.

* A game at cards.

560.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 22, 1798.

I am greatly delighted to hear that you intend coming soon, and it is to me the brightest hope which the returning sun is bringing with it. I have not been able to give even a moment's thought to my theory of Colours; I intend, during these next days, to draw up a scheme for various other kinds of work and to prepare them for next year, so that I may be quite free when you come.

It is so extremely rare an occurrence for persons to cultivate their minds with and through one another that I am not surprised when a hope like yours for closer communion with Schelling proves vain. However, we may, after all, be satisfied that he is as near us as he is, for we shall be able to watch what he is producing *taking form;* and perhaps things may go better in time.

I wish you all success at l'hombre. You will find an apology for play in the Anthropology itself; and although I myself cannot conceive how anyone can be diverted or take pleasure in such things, still, experience shows me that this is the case with very many people. I find relaxation at such times in various kinds of philosophical games, in mineralogy and such things. The evenings just now are indeed very long and unfruitful.

The apartments which Thouret occupied, as far as I know, are vacant, clean, and require only to be furnished, which I could have done. There are two rooms that can be heated, and a few smaller ones.

I do not like letting you be away from me, but then the only rooms I could offer you are not comfortable, especially in winter. We must, however, make some arrangements, otherwise we shall lose both time and opportunity.

Of Thouret's rooms you shall hear more on Wednesday.

If you could let me have the *rôle* for Wallenstein's wife at once, I would send it on to our new actress in Regensburg. She would thus have time to study the part on her journey here; and as she is to come on the 14th, she will be here in time for the play to be given on the 30th.

Farewell; having now the hope of seeing you here again soon, I shall work off various things that might hinder and disturb us.

G.

561.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 24, 1798.

I sit down with a mind much relieved to tell you that *The Piccolomini* has been sent off to Iffland. He urged and pressed me so much in his letter, to be quick with it, that I to-day gathered up all my energy, ordered three copyists, and (with the exception of the one scene in the astrological chamber, which I shall forward later) actually got the work finished. A very favorable state of mind and a night's good sleep aided me in this, and I think I may say that the hurry has not done the matter any harm. But I hardly think that anyone within a circuit of thirty miles has spent such a Christmas Eve, that is to say, been so driven and so worried in the anxiety of not getting finished. Iffland described what the misery of his case would be if—during the next two months of the actual theatrical season—he had nothing wherewith to counterbalance the operas which were to be given free; for, in having calculated upon the piece, he had not thought of anything else, and reckoned the loss, in case of a delay, at 4000 thalers (£600).

I shall make use of this week in having the transcript of the play for our Weimar theatre properly finished, and in thinking over the astrological scene; the week following, or perhaps not till the one after that, I shall then come over to you, if the weather and my health will permit me.

As I am not sure whether a sum of money, I expect, will come within this time, I shall decide not to wait for it, and shall pack up in the hope that, in case of necessity, I may borrow of you.

Thank you very much for your kindness in procuring me the apartments. Of furniture—wooden articles—my brother-in-law will be able to lend me some things, but

not beds; therefore, if you could let me have one or two for a time, I would not require to bring so many with me.

As regards our meeting, some arrangements could be made with a coach.

And now for to-day farewell. I had to ease my heart and to tell you of this latest proceeding in my house. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

562.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 25, 1798.

I congratulate you upon having been compelled to finish your work! for I will in no way deny, that I have latterly been beginning to despair of its getting finished.

Considering the way in which you have treated your *Wallenstein* during these last years, it was impossible to think of any inner cause that would lead to its being completed, just as little as wax would become hardened as long as it was left in front of a fire. You will yourself not be aware of how much you have gained till you have left the subject behind you. I look upon the gain as infinite.

Your rooms in the palace shall be put into perfect order, and I hope you will not find anything wanting; whatever else you may require in the way of first or last wants shall be ready for you. Do not let anything detain you, but determine straightway to come on the 2nd, for we have an enormous deal to see to if we are to have things ready by the 30th; the worst part of the matter being that this limit cannot be extended.

Farewell; my kind greetings to your dear wife, and be assured beforehand of receiving a hearty welcome.

G.

562*a*.—

Weimar, December 27, 1798.

The bearer of this represents a detachment of hussars which has orders to arrest the Piccolomini, both father and son, in what ever manner it can; and, should it not succeed in getting complete possession of them, at all events to deliver them up piecemeal. Your Excellency is entreated to give all possible assistance to this laudable undertaking, and may command of us any service in return.

By gracious appointment, the Melpomenean Commission of Enquiry into the Mischief created by the Wallensteins.

Goethe and *Kirms*.

563.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 29, 1798.

If, dear friend, you had asked for advice when deciding upon your scenery, we should certainly have had a few suggestions to offer. For it is assuredly a difficult task to give the thing in place of the symbol; however, all that can be done to enhance the theatrical effect shall be done with pleasure. Friend Meyer intends drawing the cartoon himself, and has already made a small sketch of it.

Now, however, you must pardon me if I too, like Iffland, play the part of a Director, upon whom in the end all the difficulties of the performance accumulate.

To-morrow morning a messenger will call upon you, and, I trust, towards evening bring back with him a portion of the play, and, in any case, the Duchess' part.

Do not become impatient! for should you not come soon, messengers will appear pretty frequently. It will, whatever happens, be a troublesome January to us, as people expect the play at the end of the month, and yet will not willingly miss any of the other gaieties meanwhile. On Monday the four most important military costumes for the Introductory play are to be sent to Iffland. I hope you may have a day like this for your journey, and accept my kind greetings for yourself and your wife.

G.

564.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 31, 1798.

The Duchess' role I sent you yesterday by Wolzogen. Herewith you will receive *The Piccolomini* complete, but, as you see, with a most terrible amount of passages struck out. I thought I had cut out sufficient already, but the day before yesterday—after having read the whole straight through aloud from the already curtailed version, and found a third hour had gone with the third act—I became so terrified, that yesterday I again sat down and struck out somewhere about 400 iambics. It will still take a long time to play, but I hope not beyond four hours; and if it is commenced punctually at half-past five, the public can be at home again by 10 o'clock.

Be kind enough to read the second act *—of which I send two versions—in both forms. It contains the new scenes with Thekla, and it would disturb you—in scenes you are now reading for the first time—to be reminded, even by the eye, of the curtailings, and to have laboriously to seek out the text on the paper.

By to-day's post I am going to send Iffland the latest abridgments, for the great length of the play will cause him no little embarrassment.

Wallenstein's important statement about Buttler † (act iv., scene 3), which is here struck out, I have placed in a more appropriate part in the third play.

In the arrangement of the characters, I have calculated upon Thekla's part being played by Jagemann, and have given her a song to sing.‡ The Countess' part thus falls to Slanzovsky,§ it is true, and the question is

* Now the third and fourth of *The Piccolomini*. The third contains the scenes with Thekla here referred to (4–9).

† Now in *Wallenstein's Tod*, iii. 4. At that time the third scene of the fourth act of *The Piccolomini* must have formed part of the third scene of the first act of *Wallenstein's Tod*.

‡ Thekla's song (iii., 7) Schiller had composed independently of *Wallenstein*, and appeared in the *Musen-Almanach* under the title of *Des Mädchen's Klage*. See Letter 495.

§ The actress did not play in this character; Countess Terzky's

whether you may not find the expected mother * more suited for the role; for a great deal does depend upon the Countess, and she has, as you will see, important things to say in the new scenes of the third act also. As she may be assumed to be older even than the Duchess (having helped to make the King of Bohemia, sixteen years previously) the other lady can have nothing to complain of.

I reckoned upon having Hunnius for Wrangel.

And with this I give the piece up into your hands. I am now positively unable to judge of it any longer, nay, many a time feel inclined altogether to doubt its suitability for the stage. I trust you may not find it so, and that you may be able to give me courage and hope, for I am in need of both.

Farewell. The messenger is to be despatched at 3 o'clock.

SCH.

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part was played by Madame Teller, and the Duchess by quite a young actress, Mademoiselle Malkolmi, who in this part first exhibited her talent for tragedy, having previously played only in subordinate characters.

* Madame Teller, who played the part of the Duchess in Wallenstein. See end of Letter 557 and note.

1799.

565.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 1, 1799.

Here, for your amusement, are a few pages from Körner for the Almanack.

My *opus* is now in your hands, and while I am writing, you will have set its horoscope. I have meanwhile commenced to turn my thoughts to the third play, in order to be able to take it in hand as soon as I get to Weimar. There is, indeed, a great deal still to be done to it, but it will be quicker work than the last, as the action is a settled point and there is a predominance of lively effects.

I shall have to be bled to morrow, a thing I have had done regularly since the two violent attacks of inflammation of the lungs I had in '91 and '92. This operation will keep me here to-morrow, and, it may be, the day after also. Otherwise I am very well mentally, but in order not to be quite free from troubles, I lately pricked my finger below the nail which has become very painful, and being the middle finger of the right hand, it is very inconvenient when writing.

You were kind enough to obtain through the *Hofkammerrath* * a list of the things I might require in Weimar. This I lately sent to my brother-in-law, and, presuming that such was your wish, added tc it all that I myself should require.

* Kirms.

I hope to hear from you to-morrow whether I may come to you on the day following.

Farewell. We are both looking forward to seeing you again.

Sch.

566.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 2, 1799.

As the main point is right, and I am convinced that you could not have come to an end sooner, the rest must adapt itself to it.

The tender scenes are very successful, and the way that astrology* is there introduced is extremely happy.

Of all the rest I shall say nothing, because time presses, and because I hope to see you soon. Do not be long in coming, for there are a hundred things to discuss. I hope you will find everything right in your rooms. My kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

567.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 5, 1799.

It is with great pleasure that I hear you have arrived, and now wish to know what you have arranged to do to-day. If you can come and dine with me, you will be most heartily welcomed.

I do not feel quite well to-day and do not, therefore, care to go out, as we shall need health and good spirits during these coming days.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, whom I shall be very glad to see again.

G.

568.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I have just received your note with great pleasure, for it gives me permission to call upon you at one o'clock, and I am free till five for you to do with me as you please.

We have had a good night's rest in the pretty and

* In *The Piccolomini*, ii. 4.

comfortable apartments you prepared and arranged for us.

All else by word of mouth. My wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

569.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 10, 1799.

I wish and hope to hear that you have slept well and feel better to-day. I was surprised yesterday that, in spite of a bad night and clouds of tobacco-smoke, you kept quite well and in good spirits.

To-day at 4 o'clock I shall be with you. After the rehearsal we shall probably meet at Geheimrath Voigt's.

My work continues to progress a little nevertheless. *Nulla dies sine linea.*

Would you let me have last week's number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung?* Mine is lying in Jena.

SCH.

570.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I herewith pack up and send you two very different species of novelties.* They may be welcome to you as dessert.

Iffland's speaking so warmly in praise of the play makes me augur much good for its theatrical success.

As he finds it posssible to wait for my advice as to which part he should play, it seems they are not in any very great hurry there about the performance ; and hence the Berlin critics will not be so very much beforehand with us. SCH.

571.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 17, 1799.

As I am uncertain whether you will be here to dinner, and the Duke has invited me to his rooms—a thing I

* One of these was a letter from Iffland, who still hesitated whether he should play Octavio or Wallenstein; Fleck undertook the latter part.

must not refuse—I shall go, but shall expect you, dearest friend, this evening at 4 o'clock, as the theatrical people are to meet again at my house.

The second number of the *Propylæa* has come, but the satisfaction one might feel in seeing a thing of this kind finished, is destroyed by the wretched misprints which again occur on the last sheet. We must now be hopeful of the third, and correct the matter ourselves.

For the rest, I cannot even look at the number without wishing soon to behold something from your pen in the publication.

But what I urgently entreat of you at a moment of full activity, is to procure for me the *precis* of *The Piccolomini*, so as to enable me as soon as possible to publish something in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. We must make all the more haste, as the Berliners will let forth a flood of criticisms as soon as the piece is played. Farewell. G.

572.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 25, 1799.

Please let me have a few words, dearest friend, to say how you have slept and how you are. You may perhaps still be unable to decide whether you can come to the rehearsal; in any case, if you fear that you may become worse, keep at home both to-day and to-morrow. I will meanwhile act in your place as well as I can, and report to you to-morrow how things go off.

Madame Teller read her part yesterday in so far well as she did not read wrong; but she was tame and ill at ease. She maintains that everything will be quite different on the stage. This being almost invariably the excuse with actors I cannot blame her specially for it, although the folly of the idea is the principal reason why no important role is ever thoroughly studied, and that so much is left to chance. I hope to hear the best news of you.

G.

573.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 27, 1799.

If you have spent the present day in any way tolerably, and can think somewhat of our object, I may already congratulate you, and shall send you word to-morrow morning what our weekly manager (*Wöchner*) * considers it most advisable to do. One cannot—in spite of the best of wills—always agree with an actor's performance, and matters are only made worse by our trying to render things easier for them.

I have not spent the day altogether uselessly, and that is saying something in praise of it, considering my present circumstances.

Farewell, and I hope that by this time to-morrow we shall have got a good step forwards.

G.

574.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

January, 28, 1799.

There is to be a rehearsal this morning of the audience-scene and of the banquet.

At five in the afternoon we are to meet again, and to begin the play from the beginning. If we only rehearse three acts we shall have time enough to repeat what may be necessary.

I want you to come and dine with me in order that we may feel that we are near each other again. Send me word whether you can come or not.

G.

575.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 30, 1799.

So here at last is the dawn of the great day, the evening of which I am awaiting with interest and anxiety. Herewith a few more suggestions:

* The actors who undertook to manage affairs week by week, in turn, went under the name of *Wöchner*.

(1.) Would you not let Vohs appear in a cuirass in the first scenes? He really looks too unimportant in the cape.

(2.) The cap for Wallenstein, too, must not be forgotten; there must be something in the shape of heron's feathers among the wardrobe.

(3.) Would you not give Wallenstein a different kind of red mantle? When looked at from behind he is too much like the others.

By dinner-time I hope to see you here. G.

576.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 3, 1799.

I should be very glad to hear that yesterday's performance was very much better than the first; we have now time to consider what has to be done to carry the third further still, after a pause.

Let me have the pleasure of seeing you here at dinner to-day, for to-morrow you have an invitation to join his Excellency the Duke in his rooms. Farewell.

G.

577.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, February 17, 1799.

I herewith send you the first budget with the request that the political possibility,* of making himself King of Bohemia, be done briefly. This, and whatever else it might be necessary to insert, could be written out and entered on separate pages, without there being any need of having the whole copied out again. By 1 o'clock I hope to have got pretty far on, and to see you here again, when we shall have many a remark to make about Iffland's letter.

G.

* The possibility of Wallenstein's making himself King of Bohemia, Goethe wished to be mentioned in the first scenes.

578.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 1, 1799.

After an interval of eight weeks the traffic with the message-woman is now about to recommence. I feel as if I were looking back upon a much longer period of time than it actually is. The doings at the theatre, my having been constantly in society, and our having been so much together, has changed my state of mind a good deal; and when I but once get quite rid of the *Wallenstein* burden, I shall feel quite a different being.

Körner has written; I enclose his letter.

Humboldt's work does not seem to have found any favour with him either; an appropriate extract from it ought really to be laid before the public, so that what is good and estimable in his ideas should come into circulation.

I to-day received a letter from Frau Schimmelmann * which offers me a very suitable opportunity for leading on to a discussion of the said affair. From it I also learnt, not a little to my astonishment, that *Wallenstein's Camp* has reached Copenhagen, for it was read aloud there at Schimmelmann's house, and even a performance of it given by some of his friends, on the occasion of his birthday. I know of no other way of their having got it, except from Weimar, and am afraid that *Ubique* † has again had a hand in the matter. Have the kindness to inquire into this, and I beg you more especially to keep *The Piccolomini* in your own possession, for it would be fatal work were the plays to be found roaming about the world. Of Iffland I cannot entertain any suspicion. *Ubique* has lately been raising disputes in Copenhagen, and anything may be expected from his indiscretion.

I cannot add more to-day, it is close upon post-time, and I have *Ubique* also to settle.

Farewell. To Meyer many kind greetings. My wife

* The wife of Count Ernst von Schimmelmann, the Danish Minister of Finance.

† Böttiger.

wishes to be kindly remembered; she was yesterday present at the comedy given at the Loders,* and enjoyed it very much. Sch.

579.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, March 3, 1799.

Your letter came very late yesterday, and I answer it today in order to start our communication with one another again.

I am very glad that this winter has been favorable to you, for it has done very badly by me. There is no doubt that we have in many respects both made progress, and I trust that when the good time of the year comes, it may put us in the proper mood for giving practical proof of this.

Körner's letter strikes me as strange, as indeed does everything that is individual. No one can find himself in himself or in others; in fact, he has himself to spin his web from the centre of which he exercises his influence. All this throws me constantly more and more back upon my poetic nature. In writing poetry, one more especially satisfies oneself, and is, besides this, brought into the best connection with others.

I will have a strict inquiry made about *Wallenstein's Camp.* Your supposition appears to me only too well founded. In these glorious times, when reason is extending her sublime rule, one daily comes across some sort of infamy or absurdity in the worthiest of men.

I am now carrying on my work and duties here, so as to be free in a short time. For the rest, I am in the worst of moods, which moreover will not improve till I have again been successful with some sort of important work.

Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife and be industrious. As regards myself, I foresee that I shall not spend one hour that could be called satisfactory till I am again near you, and thus enabled to be active in a desirable manner. When the summer comes I must think of something, let it be what it will, to give me back some of the light-heartedness which I have missed altogether during the worst months of the year. G.

* There had been some theatrical entertainment at Dr. Loder's to celebrate his birthday.

580.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 5, 1799.

It has often grieved me, during the winter, not to see you as cheerful and hopeful as you are wont to be, and for this very reason wish that I possessed more freedom of spirit to be better able to help you. Nature, in fact, intended you to be productive; every other condition of mind, if continued for any length of time, will be at strife with your character. So long a pause as that which you have made since last engaged with poetry, ought not to occur again; you must utter a mighty word and will it seriously. On this very account, to hear of your idea of writing a didactic poem is very welcome news to me; such an undertaking connects scientific works with poetical powers, and will facilitate the transition which alone seems wanting at present.

As for the rest, when I think of the quantity of ideas and forms which you possess for working out into the proposed poems, and which, as it were, are already alive in your imagination, so that a single talk would call them forth, I cannot at all conceive how your activity could for one moment be at a stand-still. A single one of these plans would occupy half the lifetime of any other man. But here again your realism manifests itself; we others may burden ourselves with ideas, and even fancy this to be a state of activity, but you are not at rest till your ideas show an existence.

The spring and summer will have a good effect upon everything. After the long interval you will have but a richer stock to unload, especially if you at once begin with the cantos from your *Achilleid*, for this will set a whole world in motion. I have not yet forgotten that short talk I had with you, when you told me the argument of the first canto, and, as little, the expression of cheerful fire and awakening life which, on that occasion, manifested itself in your whole being.

Here again is a letter from *Ubique*. The man cannot desist from meddling with other people's affairs. And then his horrible twaddle about *Wallenstein* and the

women in the play! I shall not give my play to cool Schröder's small show of courage towards the Hamburg actors.

Opitz * wants the plays for the Leipzig stage. Be so good as to send me, by the message-girl *The Piccolomini*, which the theatre is not in need of just now. I must have it copied out.

From Iffland I have not yet heard anything, but have heard from another quarter that Iffland had given the *first* representation of *The Piccolomini* from the unabridged version, that it lasted till half-past ten, and that, at the second performance, he was forced to give the abridged play, and announced this on the play-bill. This is very annoying to me, and his doing so was most stupid, for he might very well have judged of the length of the piece from the rehearsals. He played Octavio himself, so Böttiger writes; Thekla's part being played by Mad. Fleck. Of its success I have not heard anything as yet; the report which came to me through Gries probably proceeded from the Schlegels' house.

On Friday I shall send you the first two acts of *Wallenstein*. Iffland shall not have anything till he writes.

Farewell, and be of good cheer in spite of the return of the wintry weather, which looks very melancholy here. We both send you hearty greetings.

SCH.

581.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 6, 1799.

I need—according to your advise—only to consider myself an onion in the ground beneath the snow, and hope for leaves and blossoms with the coming weeks!

The printing of the *Propylæa* is in progress, and—in accordance with my usual custom—I am setting various matters in order, if possible, to have a few weeks' freedom, which I intend putting to the best use possible. It is very strange that my position, which, taken as a whole, could not well be more advantageous, should stand so much

* Chr. W. Opitz, the actor, who in the year 1798 undertook the directorship of a company of actors in Leipzig.

in contradiction with my nature. Let us see how far we can get by *willing* things.

Herewith you will receive *The Piccolomini* and the letter.* It is, of course, the hand of our ever-present friend that you will come across in the papers on the false statements of *Wallenstein's Camp*. His whole being seems centred upon fault-finding, and you will do well to keep aloof from him. He who meddles with pitch will find some sticking to his own hands. Nothing is more paralyzing than to have to do with persons who could presume to call Octavio a knave.

Palmira † is a very acceptable gift in the wintry weather which has come upon us again. I can scarcely wait till the opera is played again, and many other people feel the same.

Farewell, and pardon the renewed unfruitfulness of this letter, in compensation for which I send you a bunch of turnips.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, and continue, both in good and in bad hours, to support me with your strength of mind and heart.

G.

582.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 7, 1799.

In accordance with my promise, I herewith send you the first two acts of *Wallenstein*, which I hope may meet with a good reception. Let me, if possible, have a few words about them to-morrow at once, and send me back the manuscript by the Sunday evening's post, for I have not got a readable copy of it, and cannot allow my copyist to leave his other work.

I likewise enclose Iffland's report of the performance of *The Piccolomini*, together with the play-bill. All went off just as I expected, and we may meanwhile be satisfied. The third piece will, I hope, have made its way.

* From Böttiger. See last letters.

† *Palmira, Prinzessin von Persien*, an opera by Salieri, which Goethe had heard in Frankfurt in 1797. It was performed in Weimar on the 9th of March.

I have, fortunately, at last, been able so to arrange things that it has five acts also, and have given the preparations for the murder of Wallenstein greater breadth as well as dramatic importance. Two resolute captains, by whom the deed is accomplished, are brought into the action and dialogue; by this means Buttler too comes to rank higher, and the preparations for the scene of the murder are rendered more fearful. My work, it is true, is somewhat increased by this.

Farewell for to-day. My wife, who has not been very well, but is now better again, sends kind greetings. We both thank you for the turnips.

SCH.

583.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 9, 1799.

The two acts of *Wallenstein* are admirable, and made upon me such a vivid impression on first reading them that there can be no doubt of their success.

If the spectator cannot at once find his way out of a certain artificial and seemingly arbitrary complication, and cannot feel at one with himself or with others, these new acts will pass as something naturally necessary. The world in which all this happens is a given one; laws are established according to which judgments are formed, and the stream of interest, of passion, finds a ready-made bed into which it can flow. I am now very anxious to have the remainder, which will be quite new to me, on account of your plan being new.

After having this morning read your two acts with true interest and deep emotion, I received the third number of the *Athenæum*,* which I have been looking into, and this has run away with my time. It is now the hour for the messenger to call, therefore let me but add the good piece of news, that, encouraged by your words, I have during the last days been keeping my thoughts in the Trojan field. A great portion of the poem which is still wanting in inward form has been organised in its smallest details, and, inasmuch as it is only the infinitely finite

* The periodical edited by the brothers Schlegel. See Letters 471, 491.

that can interest me, I fancy that I could get it finished by the end of September by applying myself to it with all my energy. I will try and keep myself in this delusion as long as possible.

Wallenstein shall be sent back to you to-morrow.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, who, I hope, is in better health; and I trust you may continue to advance happily nearer and nearer to the close of your tragedy.

G.

584.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, March 10, 1799.

This consignment can be accompanied only by a few words from me, and a hearty greeting from Meyer. It was the same with him as with me, he could not stop while reading it. Of the dramatic effect we can be certain. During the last few days I have kept my attention fixed on the plain of Troy. If I succeed with the preliminary work, the good time of the year may see much accomplished. Forgive me, therefore, if I keep quiet till I have something to show.

Farewell, and bring your work successfully to an end.

G.

585.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 12, 1799.

I am very pleased to hear that my first two acts should have met with so good a reception; the last three—even though I should not have time to work them out quite as carefully—shall not be inferior to the first, at all events not in respect to the effect of the whole. The work is now progressing with increased speed, and if every day is put to as much good use as the last few, it is not unlikely that I shall send you the whole of the remaining portion of *Wallenstein* on Monday next by an express messenger, so as to be able to despatch the manuscript to Iffland by the evening post on Monday, unless you have any alterations to suggest.

Do not, therefore, expect to hear much from me this week.

It gave me sincere pleasure to hear that the Trojan field was beginning to open itself up to you.

Keep in good spirits, and would that the cheerful weather might support you in this.

Farewell. My wife, who is quite well again, sends kindest greetings. The groats have arrived from Dresden; it is a heavy box, and if you are not in want of it at once, we will wait for an opportunity of sending it. The quantity sent only costs three thalers and a few groschen. There was no more in stock; the mill was at a stand-still owing to the frost. Farewell.

SCH.

586.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 13, 1799.

It would be very delightful if I could summon up courage to undertake some new work while you are finishing your *Wallenstein*. I hope that Monday will bring me the last three acts. I have been allowing the first two to occupy my thoughts, and still find that they will do very well for representation. When going over and taking an interest in *The Piccolomini*, one feels irresistibly carried away by them.

If I can at all make it possible, I shall spend my holidays with you, especially if the weather continues fine.

Please let the box of groats remain where it is till I fetch it, send for it, or find an opportunity for having it brought here.

Be so good as to let me have the receipted bill of the medallion, and I will then settle everything together.

Farewell; I shall not add more, for I should have to talk about my gods and heroes, and I do not care to be in too great a hurry. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and let me have but a line on Saturday to say how your work is progressing.

G.

587.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 15, 1799.

Only a line to confirm what I lately promised. On Monday you will receive *Wallenstein* complete. He is dead already and the funeral proceedings over. I have now only to touch up and to file things.

Be sure to come here for your holidays. This would be truly refreshing to me after this last troublesome week.

Kind greetings from my wife. Farewell.

Sch.

588.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, March 16, 1799.

Most heartily do I congratulate you upon the death of your dramatic hero! Would that I too could blow the life's light out of my epic hero before the coming autumn. I am anxiously awaiting Monday's parcel, and shall arrange to be with you on the Thursday before Easter. Even though we should not be able to spend more than a week together, still we shall be sure to get a good step forwards. We shall have to calculate upon the performance of *Wallenstein* and the coming of Madam Unzelmann taking place in April. It would be well, therefore, to make the utmost haste with *Wallenstein*, so that, with the help of the tragedy and of this nice little woman, we may give a series of interesting performances, and keep hold of such strangers as are sure to be here at the time.

Farewell. Of my *Achilleid* five cantos are already planned and 180 hexameters of the first written. I accomplished this by a peculiar species of resolution and form of diet; and as the beginning has succeeded, I need not be afraid of the continuation. If only you could assist us with the *Propylæa*, this year would not be wanting in a variety of good things.

G.

589.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Sunday evening, Jena, March 17, 1799.

Here then is the work, in so far as it could be managed under the present circumstances. There may perhaps still be a want of definiteness in some parts, but for a theatrical and tragic purpose it seems to me to be sufficiently detailed. If you should now consider it to be a genuine tragedy, that the chief demands of sentiment are fulfilled, that the chief questions connected with the understanding and the interest are settled, that the destinies of the different characters are unravelled, and that the unity of the chief sentiment is preserved, I shall be quite content.

I will leave it to you to determine whether the fourth act shall close with Thekla's monologue—this is what I should like best—or whether it is necessary for the complete unravelling of the episode to give the two following little scenes as well. Have the kindness to send back the manuscript in time for me to have it to-morrow, Monday, by seven in the evening at latest, and write on the wrapper at what time the messenger was despatched.

Everything else by word of mouth. I congratulate you heartily upon the progress your *Achilleid* has made; this is doubly advantageous, for, while at work with it, you will, at the same time, experience how much power your determination possesses over your humour for work.

My wife sends kindest greetings. We are looking forward eagerly to your coming to us during the holidays.

Sch.

590.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(March 18, 1799.)

I congratulate you with all my heart upon having finished your work; it has given me particular satisfaction, although I have, so to say, but tasted the outside of it, and that on a most disturbed morning. For stage purposes it is quite sufficiently developed; the new motives, which I did not know of, are very good and to the point.

If, at some future time, you could cut off a little from *The Piccolomini*, both pieces would be a priceless gift to the German stage, and they would have to be given throughout many a long year.

The last piece has, it is true, this great merit, that everything ceases to be political and becomes of purely human interest: nay, the historical element itself is but a light veil through which we have the purely human element shining forth. The effect upon the mind is neither interfered with nor disturbed.

I would certainly close with the monologue by the Princess.* For it is, in any case, left to the imagination as to what becomes of her. It might perhaps be well eventually to have the Equerry introduced in the first piece.

The close of the whole with the address of the letter is, in reality, frightening, especially considering the tender state of one's feelings at the moment. It is doubtless an exceptional case to conclude with what is terrible after having exhausted all that was capable of rousing fear and pity.

I shall not add more, and can but say that I am delighted at the prospect of enjoying this work with you. I hope still to be able to start on Thursday. You shall know for certain on Wednesday; we will then read the play together, and I intend then to enjoy it in a thoroughly composed state of mind.

Farewell; take a rest now and let us both begin a new life during the vacation. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and think of me.

I do not intend to boast of the work extorted from the Muses just yet; it is still a great question whether it is worth anything; in any case, however, it may be regarded as preparatory.

G.

* Schiller did not follow Goethe's advice in this, but retained the two following scenes.

591.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 19, 1799.

I have for long dreaded the moment when I should be rid of my work, much as I wished for it to come; and in fact I do feel my present freedom to be worse than the state of bondage I have been in hitherto. The mass which has hitherto drawn and held me to it, has now gone, and I feel as if I were hanging indefinitely in empty space. At the same time I feel also as if it were absolutely impossible for me ever to produce anything again; I shall not be at rest till I again have my thoughts turned to some definite subject, with hope and inclination in view. When I again have some definite object before me I shall be rid of the feeling of restlessness which at present is also drawing me off from smaller things I have in hand. When you come I mean to lay before you some tragic materials of my own invention, in order that I may not, in the first instance, make a mistake as regards subject. Inclination and necessity draw me towards subjects of pure fancy, not to historical ones, and towards such where the interest is of a purely sentimental and human character; for of soldiers, heroes, and commanders, I am now heartily tired.

I envy you your present and latest state of activity! You are standing on the purest and sublimest poetic ground, in the most beautiful world of definite figures, where everything is ready-made and can be re-made. You are, so to say, living in the home of poetry and being waited upon by the gods. During these last days I have again been looking into Homer, and read of the visit of Thetis to Vulcan* with immense pleasure. There is, in the graceful description of a domestic visit, such as we might receive any day and in an account of any kind of handicraft, an infinity of material and form, and the Naïve shows the full nature of the Divine.

Your hope of being able to finish the *Achilleid* by August, or, at least, your believing it to be possible to do so, is to me inconceivable, notwithstanding all the proofs I have myself had of the rapidity with which you get

* In the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad*.

through things, especially as you do not even reckon upon having April for work. I sincerely regret that you will lose this month; perhaps, however, you will be able to preserve your epic mood; if so, be sure not to allow theatrical cares to disturb you. I will gladly relieve you of whatever trouble I can in connection with *Wallenstein*.

A few days ago Imhof sent me the two last cantos of her poem,* which have given me very great pleasure. The development is extremely refined and pure, and is accomplished by simple means and unusual elegance. When you come we will talk it over together.

I herewith return *The Piccolomini*, and beg you to let me have *Wallenstein's Camp*, which I wish likewise to have copied out, and shall then, at last, be able to send the three plays to Körner.

The box of groats has been called for and delivered up in your name to a Herr Meyer. You have, no doubt, already received it.

Farewell My wife sends kindest greetings. To-morrow I hope to hear that we may expect you on Thursday.

SCH.

592.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 20, 1799.

During these last days *Wallenstein* has again very often been the subject of our conversations. Professor Meyer too has read it and been very much delighted with it.

If you undertake anything new, and feel inclined for a subject of your own invention, I have nothing to say against it; in fact, I know from experience that you will feel incomparably better when engaged with some freely-chosen subject. I am very anxious to hear in what direction your inclination is at present turned.

Meyer has spoken very favorably of Imhof's poem. I should be very glad were our lady-friends, who show such decided talent, really to make some progress.

I shall start to-morrow morning early, and be with you by dinner-time, and intend to gather together all my

* *Die Schwestern von Lesbos*, which appeared in the *Musenalmanach* for 1800.

dietetic energies to prove something to you this time. If you too can determine upon commencing some new work, that is to come forth wholly out of yourself, and, therefore, suited to your inclination as well as to your talents, we shall be safe for the summer.

The little box came safely. My kind greetings to your dear wife. I feel particularly happy at the thought that I shall soon again be looking out upon the mill-stream running along its course.

G.

593.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 26, 1799.

This morning I got as far as Minerva's speech, and as, in reality, it opens the next part, I feel inclined to lay before you to-day what I have hitherto been doing. I will come at half-past twelve, read it to you before dinner, and after dinner again take my departure on account of the messenger having to be despatched, and wish to know whether this arrangement will suit you?

Farewell. *Au revoir* on the shores of the Hellespont!

G.

594.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, April 2, 1799.

I herewith send the first canto, as I intend making a little pause in order to become quite sure about the motives which have to be worked out next. I send you the manuscript that you may read it yourself and look into it carefully. I feel in the best of spirits about the work, and entreat you to give me your continued support.

G.

Wallenstein's Camp I should like to send to Weimar to-day.

595.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Your budget was a very pleasant surprise; I shall read and examine the canto with the greatest care.

Wallenstein's Camp shall be sent off this evening. I hope to see you soon and to tell you my thoughts upon what I have read.

Sch.

596.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, April 26, 1799.

The gay time I spent in Weimar is still re-echoing in me to-day, and I cannot yet settle down in any calm state of mind. I have, meanwhile, taken up the History of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, and begun to study the proceedings in connection with the trial of Mary Stuart. A few tragic motives presented themselves at once, and have given me great faith in the subject, which unquestionably possesses a great many points which it would be worth while to work out. It seems more especially adapted for the Euripidean style, which consists in giving the fullest representation of the state of affairs, for I see a possibility of setting aside all the legal proceedings as well as political concerns, and of beginning the tragedy with the condemnation. But more of this by word of mouth, and when my ideas have become more definite.

We did not find the spring any further advanced here than in Weimar, only the gooseberry hedges, that bid us welcome to the mill-valley, were green.

Will you have the kindness—with the enclosed ticket—to procure for me from the Library the specified works, and to send them to me by the message-girl? Camden * I brought with me, but forgot to leave the ticket. I should be very glad if you could also get me, from the Duke's collection, Genz's *Historical Calendar*† containing the life of Mary Stuart.

* William Camden's *Vita Elisabethæ*, the book which Schiller, at the beginning of this letter, refers to as *the History of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

† Vieweg's *Taschenbuch* for 1799, the first part of which is formed by Genz's essay on Mary Stuart.

Pray excuse the trouble I am giving you.

Again accept my heartfelt thanks for all the pleasant things I enjoyed with and through you in Weimar. Be sure not to fail to be here on the 1st of May. I have told Cotta of your coming.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

Farewell. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

597.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 27, 1799.

I am at present at work only in trying to get free so as to start on Wednesday.

The next number of the *Propylæa* is already being printed, and I am sending the first half of the *Sammler* * to the press, whereas the second is still *in limbo patrum*.

I hope that this one too will soon see day-light, when once we are together again. I have thought of a plan which will be the easiest and surest way of our getting out of the scrape. I rejoice to hear of the faith you have in Mary Stuart. It is only as a whole that this subject seems to contain a good deal that might produce a tragic effect. The books will accompany this; I shall be curious to hear of its further development from you.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I am looking forward to our next meeting at a time when, surely, spring must at last be on its way to us.

G.

598.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

May 11, 1799.

I congratulate you upon having this lovely day after the damp one of your removal, and shall give you my good wishes for your summer sojourn this evening by word of mouth.

The sixth letter, which is enclosed, I send just as I could get it done. It may pass as a sketch; it would take

* The first four Letters—in the *Propylæa*.

more time to make it worthy of being worked out than I can, at present, devote to it. Look at it, therefore, in this light, and see whether it contains anything that is inconsistent with our project, since it cannot altogether fulfil its object.

G.

599.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Your manuscript will be a pleasant and welcome occupation to me this afternoon, during the first quiet hours I shall have had since the confusion of our removal. We were not favored by the weather, it is true, and to-day again is but little cheerful, but I am nevertheless glad that we shall be able to enjoy the first moments of fine weather in the open air.

Come a little earlier this evening, if you do not feel inclined to stay for the philosophers.

SCH.

600.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

May 12, 1799.

Herr Leiszring has taken the role of the 1st Huntsman away with him; please let me have the manuscript so that I may be able to replace it again.

The festivities of to-day did not pass without leaving their effect upon my spirit; the eighth letter is written, so this trouble is now a thing of the past.

Write and tell me how you and your dear wife are to-day, and how I shall find you this evening.

G.

601.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I congratulate you upon the good effect produced on your spirits. You will have gained much by having left this too behind you. The spirit has not shown itself to me to-day as yet, although I have sought it in all the avenues of my garden, and went out in the hope of finding it.

My wife is pretty well to-day, and sends you many

friendly greetings. We have arranged nothing for to-day and shall expect you. Here is something philosophical for you for dessert.

SCH.

602.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 29, 1799.

During the two days since you left, I have been busily proceeding with the work I had begun, and hope that settled weather will favour my exertions. In thinking over our last stay together, I find that, although we have not produced anything, we have not spent our time unprofitably. More particularly the idea of the necessary separation of nature from art, will become more and more significant and fruitful to me the oftener I come back upon the subject, and I would suggest that the essay on Dilettanteism should enter very fully into it.

The sketch of this essay I shall now expect back copied out and enriched with new observations, and hope that the presence of *Aurora* * and of *Hesperus* † may throw a good deal of light upon the subject for you.

I yesterday came accidentally upon a life of *Christian Thomasius*,‡ which has interested me very much. It gives one an account of the interesting process of a man of intellect and power, disentangling himself from the pedantries of the age; and although the way he does this is pedantic enough, still, when compared with his contemporaries, he may be said to have possessed a philosophical, nay, even a beautiful mind. He chose the same means, which you too consider the most effectual: to disconcert one's opponents by continued thrusts in rapid succession; he gave his first journal the title of *Monthly Discourses*, in which, in a satirical manner and with a

* Herder, who, on the 1st of May, had announced the publication of a journal under the name of *Aurora*, in which Jean Paul was to take part.

† Jean Paul, the author of *Hesperus*, who was still residing in Weimar.

‡ In the fifth volume of Schröckh's *Allgemeine Biographie*. The first German work of this well-known writer, published in 1687, bears the title of *Discours, welcher Gestalt man denen Franzosen im gemeinen Leben und Wandel nachahmen soll*.

satirical engraving in front of every article, he bravely attacks his opponents, the theologians and Aristotelian philosophers. He ventured also, at first, to write academical treatises in the German language; one of these, which discusses polite behaviour, and in what things the Germans ought to imitate the French, I should like very much to see, and shall look out for it here.

Have you heard anything about Fräulein Imhof and her work, and do you intend giving her any hints in regard to what you lately said to me?

My wife sends kindest greetings. We miss you very much, and I can scarcely accustom myself any longer to spend the evenings without our usual talks. To Meyer many kind greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

603.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 29, 1799.

When I think of our separation—which always strikes me too as very trying—I find reason to envy you, for you remain in your own circle and on your own path, and, therefore, move forwards the more securely, whereas any advance from my position is a very problematical affair. Of an evening I do, no doubt, feel that something has been done, but something that would probably have been accomplished without me, and perhaps in a totally different manner.

I can but try to do my duty generally as best I may here, and take care also that my stay may not pass uselessly in regard to the special objects we have in view.

The first canto of the poem I did receive from our lady-friend; however, unfortunately all the *gravamina*, of which I have already told you, are most conspicuous in it. There is no epic retardation whatever, owing to which one thing is hurried on to, and over the other, and while reading it one finds absolutely no calmness or clearness in the poem. There is not one single indication of any division in the whole canto, and it would, in fact, be difficult to make divisions. The great length of the

sentences rather entangles the matter than adds grace to the descriptions, by showing a certain amount of finish. It gives rise to many obscure parentheses and allusions, the words are misplaced without epic purpose, and the use of the participles is not always happy. I will try and do as much as I can—the more so as I do not calculate that the hours I shall be here will amount to very many.

In truth however, our works on Dilettanteism will, as I foresee, place us in a very peculiar position; for it is not possible to get a clear insight into its mischievous effects without becoming impatient and unfriendly. It is still a very doubtful question whether I shall be able to send or to bring you the scheme very much furthered.

What I have heard of Christian Thomasius has always been of interest to me. His cheerful and intelligent nature is very attractive. I will make enquiries about the essays you wish to have.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. Meyer is going to enclose something in this.

G.

604.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 31, 1799.

I can very well understand that your pleasure in the poem by our dilettante lady-friend should become less and less, the more you look into it. For dilettanteism manifests itself in this also, that by starting from a false principle it cannot produce anything that is not false as a whole, and one cannot, therefore, render it any essential aid. My consolation is that, in the case of this work, we can of course at once proclaim its dilettante origin, and that, in being tolerant we merely show ourselves merciful without compromising our judgment. The worst of the matter is the trouble and dissatisfaction it gives you; however, you must look upon the work as a *sectio cadaveris* in behalf of philosophy, for this practical instance does not come altogether inopportunely at a time when we are engaged with theoretical work.

I have not found much more pleasure, during the last few days, in an entirely different kind of production by a master in art; but I may keep calm about this, for I am not called upon to respond to it. I have been reading Corneille's *Rodogune*, *Pompée*, and *Polyeucte*, and have been astounded at the truly immense defects in these works which I have heard praised for the last twenty years. The action, the dramatic organisation, characters, customs, language, *etc.*, everything, in fact, even the versification, present a great many weak points; and the barbarism of a style of art which is only just forming itself, will not nearly suffice to excuse them. For it is not the false taste which one so frequently meets with even in the most intellectual works—if the compositions of rude times—it is not this alone, and not even specially this, that I find objectionable in them. It is the poverty of invention, the meagreness and dryness in the treatment of the characters, the coldness of the passions and the almost invariable want of interest. The female characters are piteous caricatures, and I have as yet found nothing successfully handled except what is actually heroic; and yet even this ingredient, which is not very rich in substance of itself, is treated without variety.

Racine, without comparison, comes much nearer to what is excellent, although he has all the bad habits of the French style, and is, upon the whole, somewhat weak. I am now, in fact, very anxious to see Voltaire's tragedy, for, to judge from the criticisms which he has written on Corneille, he was quite aware of the latter's faults.

It is indeed easier to find fault than to write things oneself. This reminds me of my own task, which is still lying in a very shapeless state. If only ever-ready critics and all-too-ready dilettanti knew what it costs to produce a proper work.

Be so good as to send me by the message-woman *The Piccolomini* and *Wallenstein*. Kotzebue has begged me for them, and I have promised to let him have them, for this act of amiability will cost me less than to visit or to sup with him.

To Meyer many kind greetings. His letter I have forwarded to Böttiger.

My wife sends kind greetings. Farewell, and be of good cheer during this refreshing rainy weather.

Sch.

605.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 1, 1799.

Things are already beginning to go better with the poem* since I have set to work in earnest with the first canto, and thought out in detail how the matter can be furthered. A conference, too, was held yesterday evening respecting it at Frau von Wolzogen's, and our lady-friends did not seem at all horrified with my rigoristical demands, so that I hope the thing may yet yield to our wishes.

Yesterday the Duke left for Eisenach and Cassel, and I am, therefore, pretty well thrown back upon my own quiet abode. I am now waiting to see what the next week may bring, and if I but succeed in getting some preliminary work done, I shall be content. Would that something from the deep wells of production would flow towards you also.

Herewith you will receive the three *Wallensteins*. Of myself I can only say that I have, in fact, to plan, to revise, to arrange and to settle matters. Otherwise things are progressing pretty well, and—if one be not over-scrupulous—to some purpose as well.

Farewell; my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

606.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 4, 1799.

Here is Körner's article on *Wallenstein*. It cannot, however, be used as it is, for he has taken the easy way of allowing the poet to speak in place of speaking himself, and thus brought the work before the public torn, as it were, to rags. If the play had been printed this might have been allowed to pass, but as things are it is not satisfactory. There is, fortunately, no urgent necessity to send it off, for you will agree with me in

* Fräulein Imhof's *Schwestern von Lesbos*.

thinking that, after having waited so long already the notice need not be sent off till after the fourth performance of *Wallenstein*. I shall meanwhile take Körner's work in hand, and allow the narrative tone to prevail over what is dramatic, and also weave into it a few more explanations regarding the whole.

As the sketch for the first acts of my *Mary* was made, and there was but one point unsettled in the last, and also in order not to lose time, I could not desist from at once beginning to work them out. Before I come to the second act, I must be clear about everything in the last acts. Hence to-day, on the 4th of June, I have commenced the *opus* with inclination and joy, and hope during the month to get a pretty considerable part of the exposition finished.

What you write about *The Sisters of Lesbos* has consoled me greatly. My sister-in-law wrote to me of this meeting, and could not say enough of how much she had learnt on that occasion.

I am, at present—during those hours which we were in the habit of spending together—reading Lessing's *Dramaturgie*, which does indeed afford one very intellectual and inspiriting entertainment. There can be no doubt that Lessing—of all the Germans of his day—was clearest in his mind about all pertaining to Art, that his thoughts upon it were the acutest and at the same time the most liberal, and that he most steadily kept in view the Essential in Art. When reading him, one would verily believe that the good days of German taste were already past, for how few of the criticisms that are now made on Art can be placed by the side of this?

Is it true that the Queen of Prussia did not wish to see *Wallenstein* performed in Berlin, in order that she might see it in Weimar for the first time?

Write and tell me whether Frau La Roche has arrived in Osmannstedt? My wife too is interested in this news.

I also beg you to get Vulpius to let me have the list of books I have to send in, together with a catalogue of the sale, if there is one to be got.

Farewell, and enjoy the present pleasant weather.

SCH.

607.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 5, 1799.

I congratulate you upon having set to work with your new piece. Good as it may be thoroughly to think out the plan as a whole, still, it is so great an advantage to be able to work it out while you are also inventing, that you ought not to neglect this.

Körner has indeed taken the matter very easily; in place of sending a review he has sent a paper of extracts. Perhaps you will think it over a little, and the essay could be despatched after the fourth performance.

It is true that the King and Queen have not seen *Wallenstein* in Berlin, and, in reality, as it seems, out of compliment to the Duke, who had consulted them about the choice of the plays, and received their consent to this tragedy.

As regards myself, it is only by means of perfect resignation that I have been able to save myself from despair, for to do any coherent work is out of the question. However, as there are various things to be done, the time passes, and I am looking forward to more favorable hours in July.

The Sisters of Lesbos are meanwhile making tolerable progress. I am very glad that the first conference has ended satisfactorily for both parties; it is not only of advantage in the present case, but it will be so in subsequent ones.

Frau von la Roche has not come yet, and, according to report, intends deferring her journey. Perhaps the thunder-storm will pass over without our being obliged to fly to the Lobedean conductors * for refuge.

From the latest number of the *Mercury* you wil lsee with amazement, and not without annoyance, what inconceivable infatuation old Wieland exhibits by joining

* Goethe here alludes to the poetess of Nature, the wife of the burgomaster Bohl, in the village of Lobeda, near Jena, to whom they wished to introduce Madame de la Roche, so that they themselves would require to devote less time to her. Frau Bohl had shortly before met with an accident, probably by fire, so that they could the more readily find an excuse of introducing the sympathetic lady to her. See also Letters 629 and 630.

in the all too-premature, meta-critical triumph. Do not Christians maintain* that, during the night when Christ was born, all the oracles were suddenly struck dumb? In the same way the apostles and disciples of the new philosophical gospel now assure us that, when meta-criticism first saw light, the old man in Königsberg, seated on his tripod, not only became paralysed, but that, like Dagon, he even fell down on his nose; that not a single one of the idols, raised in his honour, were any longer to be found standing in their places, and that it would not take much to make people believe it to be necessary and natural, to massacre the whole Kantian set, as in the case of the refractory priests of Baal.

It is to me no good sign for the matter itself, it being thought to require such violent and yet by no means adequate recommendation.

Humboldt's letter I herewith return.

Will you grant Herr von Fritsch the request he makes in the enclosed note?

Here is the printed catalogue. Your books are enclosed between the red strokes.

Please see that the parcel is sent to Hufeland.

I wish you could be present at the performance of *The Theatrical Adventure*† this evening, it is sure to be exceedingly good, as it is to serve as the chief rehearsal, to prepare things for the performance before the King. Yesterday and the day before I was present during the rehearsals and the preliminary rehearsals, which I enjoyed very much, and there made the observation how necessary it is to remain in connection with, in training for and at work with Art, in order to be a proper judge of it. I have frequently remarked that after any long interval I have again to accustom myself to music and to plastic art, in order to be able to gain anything from them at the time of the performance.

Farewell, and prepare me a good reception by being industrious.

G.

* The story is given in the apocryphal gospels.

† *Das theatralische Abenteuer*, by Cimarosa and Mozart, from an adaptation by Vulpius. Goethe speaks of the performance given in Weimar on the 5th in a letter to Kirms.

608.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 7, 1799.

Only a few words to-day, as I hope to see you to-morrow. If nothing intervenes, I have promised Loder to be one of the party he has invited to Belvedere.

Dohm * has left me his authentic account of the affair at Rastadt which has led me to make many an observation. Among other things you must have remarked the most strange contradiction which occurs in it respecting the death of Robertjot, where two entirely opposite reports are founded upon the statement of the same valet. When solemnly declared to be an accurate account, such an error is indeed strange, and I do not, in fact, know how to explain it.

For the last two days I have made no progress with my work; yesterday I had visitors the whole day, and to-day an immense number of letters had to be attended to.

The cry which Wieland is raising about Herder's book will, I fear, have quite a different effect from what he intends. We can await it with all composure and, like peaceful spectators, take our seats quietly at the play which will become gay and noisy enough. Amusement it is sure to give us. Whatever it be that Wieland may have said, I wish that Cotta would put it into the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or that Böttiger would send it there, for it cannot become too widely known.

Let Herr von Fritsch copy out the passage from the Count's role, which he doubtless wishes for some album or other. I have no objections to his doing so.

Farewell. I am looking forward to having you here for a few hours.

SCH.

* Dohm was the Prussian ambassador at the Congress which met at Rastadt, and was dissolved on April 4. The attack upon and the assassination of the French ambassador took place on the evening of April 28. Dohm gave a full report of the murder in the name of all the ambassadors.

609.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 11, 1799.

We got home quite safely the other day, but I nevertheless found that an eight hours' jolting in a carriage and the excitement of company, when the two things are crowded into the space of three parts of a day, is too violent a change for me; two days passed before I had quite recovered from the effects.

However, for the last two days, during the fine weather, I have been enjoying such a good and pleasant state of mind in my little garden-residence, that I should be heartily glad to be able to share it with you. My work is progressing, it is true, but only slowly, as I am laying the foundation for the whole, and it is of the utmost importance not to spoil anything at the beginning; however, I am in good hopes of being upon the right track.

If it were not that I should be losing too much time, it would be a temptation to me to come and see the play * that is to be given to-morrow in Weimar. While engaged with my present work it might prove useful to me to witness the representation of a new historical piece on the stage, whatever kind it might be. To dramatise this subject does not strike me as a bad idea. It has, to begin with, the one essential merit that the action is concentrated upon one eventful incident, and that it must hurry on rapidly to a close between fear and hope. It also contains excellent dramatic characters taken direct from history. The play may, however, not be anything very special, as you have not said anything to me about it.

Mellish has proposed to come to us to-morrow at noon with his company, and you are sure to be often spoken of. Do try and come over for a day.

Farewell for to-day. I have nothing more to write about, for I have heard nothing during the last days, having lived wholly in my work.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

* *Der Friede am Pruth*, a play in five acts, by Franz Kratter, was given on the 12th of June.

610.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 14, 1799.

You were, I hear, in Rossla a few days ago, and have again returned to Weimar, which you will have no occasion to repent owing to the bad weather of yesterday. The Mellishes were very fortunate and spent a very pleasant day in Jena. He brought a stranger with him from the canton Vaux who seemed to be not unacquainted with learned matters in Germany, and even spoke somewhat reasonably about the new system of philosophy; that is to say, as far as we could discuss the subject in French.

I heard the other day that Fichte had addressed a request to the Prince of Rudolstadt, to grant him a residence in one of the royal residences in Rudolstadt, but that the petition had been politely refused. It is really inconceivable how this friend can go on committing one piece of folly after the other, and how incorrigible he is in his acts of indiscretion! To imagine that the Prince of Rudolstadt—who does not care a fig for him—should grant him public protection by giving him a residence, and thus, for no reason or purpose, compromise himself with all other courts that hold different opinions! And what could any such free residence be to him in a place where he would be utterly out of his element?

I hope that you may have been more industrious than I have been able to be during these last days. On Wednesday Mellish was with us, and on Thursday Frau von Kalb, hence but little has been done meanwhile. I am still sitting at the first three scenes of my exposition, and am trying to lay a sure foundation for the coming ones.

It really seems as if I might be able to do something with my plays in England. Within the last eight weeks I have received two applications from London to send over plays in manuscript. These came only from publishers and translators it is true, and, as yet, unaccompanied by any definite promise of remuneration, but the inquiries are so urgent that I feel I may entertain some hopes of them.

Have the kindness to let me have *Æschylus*, I am longing very much for some diversion from Greek tragedy.

Farewell, and be sure to come over for a day soon. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

611.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Rossla, June 15, 1799.

Your second dear letter finds me still in Rossla, where various business matters will detain me for the next few days. These I feel I had better devote to the affair now that I have once undertaken it, and shall then not let it occupy my thoughts for a long time to come. It is pleasant to me to get a clearer insight into the state of the village and its agrarian circumstances, and to think of what is old while the new concerns myself.

I am longing to see you again soon. On Wednesday I hope to write from Weimar. I have many a thing to report that has meanwhile been running through my mind.

Were my *Spiritus** not engaged in copying out inventories, I should quickly dictate something to him; but it is too long a story for me even to think of beginning to write it myself, for I should have to go a long way back. There are some things also that cannot well be told in writing.

Farewell in your semi-solitude, move carefully forwards with your work, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. G.

We have had our rooms heated to-day!

612.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 18, 1799.

It was very pleasant to me to see your handwriting after so unusually long an interval. We were told here that you had returned to Weimar in order to meet the Minister von Haugwitz whom the Duke brought with

* A humorous epithet given to his servant whose name was *Geist* (mind or spirit).

him. It is all the better for you that you have been able to spend your time more usefully. I could, indeed, have wished you better weather, for even here it has been so bad that we had to return to heated stoves.

Many things are conspiring against my work this summer. In about a week I expect my sister and my brother-in-law, the Librarian Reinwald, from Meiningen.

I would gladly have granted my sister this relaxation. were it not that I cannot get on with my brother-in-law, and he will probably hang on to me like a clog for a week.

Under these circumstances I shall not, as I had hoped, be able to get to the end of my first act before you come. However, it has, as yet, always been progressing, and *nulla dies sine linea*. Now that I am working it out, I am beginning to feel more and more convinced of the truly *tragic* quality of my subject; one of the principal points being that the catastrophe is evident in the very first scenes, and that, while the action of the play appears to be moving away from it, it is being brought closer and closer to it. Hence the fear demanded by Aristotle is not wanting, and pity too will be sure to be met with as well.

My *Mary* will not excite any tender feelings, and I did not intend that she should; I mean in all cases to regard her as a physical character, and the pathos must be more a general, deep emotion than a personal or individual feeling of sympathy. She feels and excites no affection, her fate in life being only to experience and kindle violent passions herself. It is only her nurse that feels any affection for her.

However, it will be wiser for me to be doing and working than to tell you much in advance of what I propose doing.

It is said here that Vohs has received a call to St. Petersburg, and that he is inclined to accept it. Surely it would be a pity to lose him, although his health is such that we could not count upon him for long. It would be difficult to fill his place immediately.

Farewell, and let me hear to-morrow when you get back to Weimar. My wife sends kindest greetings.

To Meyer, please, my kind greetings, and tell him that he shall have an answer together with the pictures on Saturday. Farewell.

SCH.

613.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 19, 1799.

Loss of time, I frankly confess, is becoming a more and more serious matter to me, and I have wonderful projects in my mind wherewith, at all events, to save a few months of the year for poetry; probably, however, nothing will come of these plans. Our relation to things outside of ourselves forms, and, at the same time, robs us of our existence, and yet we have to do our best to adapt ourselves to circumstances; for to isolate oneself, as Wieland has done, is also not advisable.

I hope that you may get on as well as possible with your work. During the first stage, when the idea itself is still new to us, things invariably go quicker and better.

Whether I shall be able to come before the end of the month, I cannot yet say. The Prince has come to stay in my house, and, besides this, things are in pretty unsettled state, for we are prepared for anything rather than for the reception of a King.

In order not to have been quite idle, I have been putting my dark room into order, and intend to make some new experiments, and to repeat others, and wish especially to see whether I can obtain anything from so-called inflexion. I made a very pretty experiment yesterday in Meyer's presence. You know, perhaps, that it has been said that in summer, towards evening, certain flowers as it were give off lightning or momentarily give out light. The phenomenon I had never seen myself; yesterday evening we observed it very distinctly in an oriental poppy, more yellowish-red in colour than any other flower. Upon closer examination this proved to be a physiological phenomenon and the apparent lightning the reflex of the flower with the requisite very light-green colour. No flower when looked at straight will produce this appearance, but when looked at slantwise, out of the corner of

one's eyes, we have the momentary double effect. It must, moreover, be done at twilight, when the eye is completely at rest and sensitive, but yet there must be sufficient light for the red colour to preserve its full force. I think the experiment might very well be made with coloured paper. I intend carefully to note the conditions. However, the effect is really very deceptive.

I enclose the *Sammler*,* and hope that the joke, now that it is finished, may again amuse you. When looking into it, think of the happy hours when we first thought of it.

Vohs does talk of going away; I shall, however, appeal to the contract by which he is bound to remain two years longer.

Farewell, and make as much use as possible of the next fortnight till we meet again. I shall be content if only I accomplish something. Meanwhile I have commenced to drink Pyrmont water. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and commend my Julia to her remembrance.

G.

614.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 20, 1799.

The Frenchman who called upon me the other day with Mellish, and came again to-day, has robbed me of the time and inclination I had for telling you what I had to say about the *Propylæa*.

The form it has now assumed seems to me much richer and more vigorous than it ever appeared to me before when I read it singly; and owing to its being the cheerful and artlessly poured-forth result of experience and reflection, its influence upon every receptive mind must prove wonderful. Its substance must not escape notice, for the very reason that a great deal of what is important is but delicately touched upon in passing.

The introduction of the characters and of the representatives of art has gained very much by the fact that none of the caricature visits fit into the framework which is afterwards set up. Not to mention that the little romance thereby gains—poetically—in wealth and truth, the whole

* A series of Letters which formed part of the *Propylæa*.

circle, which is contained within the three classes of what is false, imperfect and perfect, is thereby also made complete philosophically.

The last developments which I did not as yet know of, are very successful, and sustain the feeling of intellectual cheerfulness to the end.

I have no doubt that this number of the *Propylæa* will make a goodly stir, and remind people again of the *Xenia*.

My wife, who sends kindest greetings, has also been very much delighted with the gay humour and animation that prevails in it, and was specially pleased with the visit of the strangers.

Farewell for to-day, and enjoy the beautiful weather, to which I am indebted for my present good and productive state of mind.

SCH.

615.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 22, 1799.

I am glad to find that you can say so much in favour of the *Sammler*. How greatly you contributed to its contents and to its form you yourself know. I, unfortunately, had neither the necessary time nor the quiet for working it out properly, so that I was afraid that, as a whole, it might not present a sufficiently attractive appearance. With a little more leisure, the spicy ingredients might have been mixed with more syrup. However, the sketchy style is perhaps more appropriate to the work as a whole. We ourselves have gained a good deal by it, we have instructed ourselves, amused ourselves, are now creating a stir, and the present number of the *Propylæa* will certainly be twice as much read as the last ones. Its true use, however, is in reality still a matter to come. The principle is good, and I beg of you to think it over very carefully. Meyer took up the idea with interest, and we may look for very important results. I shall, meanwhile, say only this much about it.

All modern artists belong to the class of the *Imperfect*, and hence fall more or less under different rubrics. Thus Meyer only yesterday, to his greatest satisfaction, discovered that Giulio Romano belongs to the class of *Sketchers*.

Meyer, in spite of his deep studies, had not been able to define the character of this artist; he believes the problem is now solved by the above declaration. If Michel Angelo is a *phantasmist*, Correggio an *undulist*, Raphael a *characteriser*, these rubrics acquire immense significance, for these extraordinary men are here looked at in their limitation, and are nevertheless set up as kings or high representatives of whole species. *Imitators* the Germans will probably ever be, and of *nebulists* there were none in the earlier days of art; Oeser,* however, will doubtless be regarded as one. Who can hinder us—when we have once thought this subject thoroughly over—from working out a continuation of the *Sammler?* This production will always be attractive to us as it so honestly combines the artistic demands of earnestness and play.

But, however this may be, and whatever it may effect, the work on *Dilettanteism* will surely extend over a much wider range. It is of the greatest importance, and it will depend upon circumstances and upon chance in what shape it will finally appear. I should like, only too well, to give it a poetic form, partly to make its influence more general, partly more pleasing. For as we have thought the matter over so carefully, and given the child its name, I now see for the first time, and with dismay, how deeply submerged in dilettanteism are artists, dabblers, dealers in, purchasers of, and lovers of all the different arts. Let us once more work out our schemes with the utmost care, so that we may make ourselves sure about its whole substance, and then wait and see whether good luck will point out to us a form in which it can be set up. When at some future day we open the flood-gates, we shall cause the most dire mischief, for we shall straightway deluge the whole of the dear valley where bungling has so comfortably settled itself. Now as the main characteristic of bunglers is *incorrigibility*, and, in our own day especially they are affected with a species of conceit of the lowest order, their cry will be that the plans they have laid out are being destroyed and—when the flood has passed—they will set to work, like ants after a downpour of rain,

* The Director of the Drawing Academy in Leipzig, under whose guidance Goethe studied for a time.

in putting things into their old places. However, that cannot alter matters, judgment must be pronounced upon them. Let us only get our reservoirs pretty full, and then open the locks upon them all at once. There shall be a mighty flood.

We yesterday had a look at the new papers of the Chalcographical Society.* It is inconceivable how much it too is beginning to bungle, and the conceit of those connected with it is on a par with the inconceivableness of the thing. The choice of the work of art of which they give on copperplate is unfortunate to begin with, and the manner in which it is now to be transferred, wrongly chosen. They are not, it is true, aware of either of these points, but in cases where they cannot shut their eyes to it, they try to improve matters by rejoicing at their economical procedure, inasmuch as the bad originals cost them nothing.

The other day I had a visit from a poetical dilettante, who would have driven me to despair, were it not that I happened to be in the humour for regarding him from a physical point of view, in order, for once, to form some intuitive idea of the brood.

Let this be enough for to-day. There is nothing for us to do but to proceed upon the path we have entered; and we ought, moreover, faithfully to abide in it. I am making as good use of my time as I can, and am, at all events, continuing to move the pieces forwards on the board. May this be the same with you till the happy day when we shall see each other again. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and thank her from me for the interest she is taking in my last work. I am now advancing towards the fate of the one remaining day.

G.

616.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 25, 1799.

I am afraid you will notice from these few lines in what wretched circumstances I am in just now.

* The Chalcographical Society in Dessau; the proceedings of the Society had been discussed in the third number of the *Propylæa*.

My brother-in-law is here with my sister; he is an industrious, and not altogether awkward philistine, sixty years of age, and comes from a small country town, oppressed and limited by circumstances, and still more bowed down by some hypochondriacal affliction; otherwise, however, he is not unacquainted with the modern languages, and German linguistic research, as well as with certain other branches of literature. You may imagine how few points of conversation there are between us, and in what an uncomfortable state of mind I must be in, when these few are broached; the worst of it is, I find him to represent a class of readers and reviewers which is not a very small one, nor even one to be despised, for he may even be considered something above the common run in Meiningen, where he holds the post of Librarian. This imperfect and narrow style of reviewing things could put me into a state of despair, if one were to expect anything from it.

This visit, moreover, which is to last till Thursday, is robbing me of a large portion of my time, as well as of all the good spirit I was in; this week will have to be wholly struck out from my life.

I am truly anxious to see what sort of effect the *Sammler* will produce. As we cannot hope to build or to plant much, there is some satisfaction in being able to flood and to destroy things. The one circumstance, with regard to the public, which one cannot regret, is the warfare, and I very much wish that dilettanteism too could be attacked with every weapon. An æsthetic disguise, something in the form of the *Sammler*, would indeed ensure the largest circulation for the article with an intelligent public, but the Germans must be told the truth as plainly as possible; hence, I think that one ought, at all events, to allow earnestness to predominate, even in the outward disguise. There might perhaps be some forms to be found among Swift's satires that would be appropriate here, or shall we follow Herder's footsteps and write in the spirit of the *Pantagruel*.*

I shall probably accompany my guests to the station nearest Weimar, on Sunday, and may perhaps afterwards remain for a day or two there myself, where I hope to see

* By Rabelais.

you for a few hours in spite of the bustle you are in. I am also rejoicing heartily at the prospect of our being together again here.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Fare well in the mean time.

SCH.

617.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 26, 1799.

I have not received a letter from you to-day, and could, therefore, scarcely believe that it was Wednesday. I only hope the delay has not arisen from any unpleasant cause. As regards myself, I am at least stirring, as I cannot be on the move.

I am having my small poems collected; these will form a strange collection.

While thus engaged I have been re-reading your *Diver*, and have again been extremely delighted with it, and, as it seems, even more so than I ever was before.

The phenomena of so-called inflexion,* by bright sunshine, were to-day again part of my day's work.

It is easily said: observations ought to be carefully made! But I should never find fault with any one for quickly setting aside phenomena with an hypothetical declaration. I intend in the present case to collect and to make use of everything I possibly can, and it will be very necessary. However, I see very well that it is perhaps the last knot which keeps me tied; and yet, to solve it would probably be to require the most perfect freedom over the whole.

Farewell, and be industrious.

G.

* To which Grimaldi was the first to draw attention. Goethe treats these phenomena as a third species of physical colours, as paroptic colours, but leaves it undecided as to whether or not, in explaining them, one has to take refuge in certain intrinsic peculiarities of light. (See Düntzer's *Erläuterungen*).

618.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 26, 1799.

The carelessness of my message-woman, who forgot my letter yesterday, is the cause of your not receiving anything from me to-day. Just as I received your letter mine was brought back to me.

Unger wrote to me to-day, but without giving any answer to the suggestion which I made to him lately regarding your collected poems. Perhaps he has written to you direct. However, my proposal to him about a collection of German dramas, and, moreover, that ten plays should appear annually, with a notice on each, he is very willing to accept, and agrees to pay a hundred carolins by way of honorarium for the ten plays and the notices prefixed to them, provided that we edit the work. We could earn this very easily if we settled the criticism part of the business between us by talking the matter over; the thing could be done in ten or fifteen evenings, and we should earn 300 thalers (about £45) for every one of them.

At last, after long waiting, I too have heard something from Berlin about my *Wallenstein*. It was played for the first time on May 17, hence four weeks later than in Weimar. Unger writes in high praise of the performance as well as of the reception given to the piece by the public. Also that some scribbler in Berlin has been expatiating upon it in the Annals of the Prussian Monarchy, speaking very highly of the play, but picking out passages very much in the style of Böttiger, and interlarding his essay with them.

Farewell. To-morrow we pay Mellish a visit; what a pity that you cannot be one of the party. I wish you all success with your optical studies. As long as you can do anything to further this subject your time in Weimar will be well spent.

SCH.

619.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 28, 1799.

To-day I can only send you a friendly greeting. I shall have friends with me this evening, and on Sunday I may perhaps see you myself. Not much has been accomplished this week, although the days have not passed altogether fruitlessly. The next three months shall be made use of all the more seriously, and I hope that you may be helped forwards likewise. As soon as you but once get away from Weimar again, the good spirit will come over you, even though you had to retire to the depths of the Thuringian forest or to some other Wartburg.

Farewell; my wife bids me send you kindest greetings.

Sch.

620.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 29, 1799.

As I am in hopes of seeing you here to-morrow, this note need only bring you a greeting in return for yours. Should you decide upon remaining with us, a bed could easily be put up for you, if you come to me and care to remain over the two days of the royal visit. I hope that July may satisfy our wishes and aims more fully than the departing month has done. I also want very much to talk over various matters with you.

May you both fare well. G.

621.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 5, 1799.

On my arrival in Jena I found a letter from Cotta in which he tells me of his anxiety about a letter which he had written to you regarding the *Propylæa*. What he writes of the sale of the periodical * is astounding, and

* Only 300 copies had been sold.

shows us that portion of the German public, interested in and devoted to art, from a still more wretched point of view than one could have conceived possible, however small one's expectations had been. As there is no reason for doubting Cotta's honesty, there cannot be any question about continuing it, for the sale would have to be three times as large if Cotta is to come off without loss. True, we may hope that the last number will draw more purchasers, but, considering the coldness of the public for the previous one, and the utterly unprecedented wretchedness that was manifested at the time, we cannot expect that even this number will save the whole; however, we must wait and see. I dare not think of the matter, unless I wish to put my blood in a state of fury, for nothing has ever given me such a despicable idea of the German public. One should, however, no longer be surprised at anything; and if one but thought things over quietly and drew comparisons, everything, unfortunately, would be intelligible.

I cannot and do not wish to write of anything else to-day, nor have I, in fact, much to report. The heat here is unbearable, and affects me so much that I feel unfit for any good thoughts; I have, moreover, not had any sleep for the last two nights.

I forgot to ask you to whom I should send the note about the prices of the books, and beg you to have it sent to the proper quarter together with the two volumes of *Montesquieu* which were left recently. The prices which I have marked on the note are the lowest at which I should give up the books; however, if the agent should ask a higher price for any one of the previous books than I have mentioned, he might have one of the others somewhat cheaper, provided the sum total remains the same.

To-morrow I hope to hear when we may expect you to come. I long very much to spend some time in your society again. To Meyer many kind greetings. My wife wishes to be most kindly remembered.

Farewell, and keep in good spirits.

SCH.

622.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 6, 1799.

I cannot indeed yet say when I shall be able to come, but I have already got through a good deal, and hope I may not have to delay much longer.

I did not wish to spoil the short time of our last meeting with telling of what has now made its unpleasant impression upon you also. However, the proceeding is such a natural one that we ought not to be surprised at it. For surely one ought not to judge the whole—which one knows—by the many integral parts which one does not know. When we meet we can think over what had best be done.

The books and the lists shall be attended to. Will you send your *Wallenstein* and *The Piccolomini* to Kirms as soon as possible? *Wallenstein* I have received back from the Prince. We would like to give a few performances of the plays in Lauchstedt. The prompter is ready—in a written document—to stake all his possessions as a guarantee for the success of the plays.

At this time of the year your garden-house is indeed very much exposed to the sun's rays and to the hot atmosphere. I hope we may soon have rain and pleasant cool weather, but I wish nothing so much as soon to be with you again.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

623.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 9, 1799.

The *Hofkammerrath* has no doubt been complaining to you of the difficulties he has had to contend with, and of the conditions on which I agree to let him give a performance of my plays in Lauchstedt. He will hardly care to do so now, but I was obliged to keep to this arrangement as the facility with which the people of Halle and Leipzig would have thus been able to see the plays in Lauchstedt might have interfered with my negotiations with Opitz.* The

* The director of a company of actors in Leipzig. See Letter 580 and note.

curiosity of the public is the one thing upon which we can rely, and if this is tampered with, we should not be able to reckon upon anything. Moreover, I do not exactly insist upon the proceeds of the performance, I should be content with any measures that would satisfy the theatre as well as myself. I have expressed another wish in regard to the filling up of Thekla's part, which you will no doubt approve of, and I think I shall thereby have done away with the claims which any other might have been inclined to raise.

Otherwise I have not made much progress since my return from Weimar; the great heat has acted injuriously both upon my state of mind and upon my health. Numerous as have been the signs in the sky of approaching thunder-storms, no rain has as yet come to refresh us; the grass in my garden has quite the appearance of having been burnt.

I am curious to hear what you will decide regarding the *Propylæa*. After weighing everything well, and bearing in mind the money contributed by Cotta, I should, after all, perhaps consider it wiser to try and see whether the journal might not be pushed, and the first numbers be thus, at the same time, set afloat. If proper regard were paid to what the public chiefly wishes and looks for, it seems to me that the undertaking ought not to fall through. Let the editions be smaller, at first, so as to lessen the expense, you might also perhaps consent to lower the price, and then let it be endeavoured to bring the periodical more before the public through the medium of newspapers and other publications of this kind. At the first appearance of things I lost heart too soon; we must, however, not give in too hurriedly. If you were to insert something from your *Faust*, there would be many a good result. The fifth number might appear towards the end of the year—not earlier; to that one also I might perhaps contribute something from my *Mary*, and thus the dramatic part—which always finds most admirers—would predominate. Let us consider this well; stedfast perseverance will, perhaps, after all, gain the day.

Farewell; kindest greetings from my wife.

SCH.

624.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 9, 1799.

Unfortunately I must tell you, with these few lines, that I cannot come yet. His Excellency the Duke believes that my presence at the building operations at the palace may be of use, and I am obliged to respect this belief, even without my having any faith in it myself. In addition to this there is so much else to do and to attend to, that any time I may have unemployed is at all events put to some use. I am drinking my portion of Pyrmont water, and am otherwise doing what, in fact, turns up to be done. May the Muse be all the more gracious to you, so that when I come, be it sooner or later, I may find you have progressed bravely with your work. Let me hear soon from you, so that I may at least be encouraged to converse with you by letter, for which to-day I am neither composed enough nor in the humour.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

625.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 10, 1799.

You did very well to make your conditions, which our otherwise economical friend and I will attend to them with pleasure. People are so apt to look upon the offerings of the Muses as gifts from heaven, that they fancy that the poet ought to act towards the public as the gods do towards him. Moreover, I have reason to believe that you will on this occasion hear something else agreeable from another quarter.

With regard to the *Propylæa*, I am entirely of your opinion; authors, editors, and publishers seem to me to be all interested in the work not falling through. A lesser number of copies, reduction of remuneration, delay with the next number, appear to be the first things that we should have to decide upon doing, and there would be time to consider what our future proceedings should be. It is

the case of a lost arrow, and shooting another after it; only, of course, one cannot expect the publisher to take the sole risk.

I only wish that I may soon be with you again, in the same way as I wish for rain here, so that my inward as well as my outward being may thrive.

Farewell meanwhile, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

626.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 12, 1799.

The advantages which you so kindly concede to me, are as refreshing and as much desired by my small household, as the rain which has since yesterday cheered and refreshed our valley. The *Hofkammerrath's* willingness to agree to my conditions also pleased me, in so far as it proves to me that he is not dissatisfied with my dramatic offering. That a beautiful gift, worked in silver, was on its way to us from the reigning Duchess, we had already heard. Poets should always be rewarded with gifts and not paid in money; there is a connection between the happy thought and the gifts of fortune: both drop from heaven.

I have now attentively read the essays * on Academies and Schools for Drawing, and enjoyed them greatly; nay, I could not leave them till I had read them through. In addition to being so correctly thought out, and so practically convincing, they are also written in an extremely attractive style; and unless the public are altogether refractory, these essays alone ought to bring the *Propylæa* into notice. At present we must first of all think only of how to bring the *Propylæa* into the widest circulation and reputation possible, and for this purpose it would be no bad thing to make a presentation of several dozen copies in proper quarters. We will also, when you come, draw up some half-dozen advertisements of the journal for the public papers; Cotta will know where to have them inserted.

* The fourth number of the *Propylæa* contained the beginning of Meyer's essay on *Lehranstalten zu Gunsten der bildenden Künste.*

My work has not been progressing very rapidly, it is true, but yet it has not, for some time past, been quite at a stand-still. The necessary exposition of the legal proceedings and of the form of trials, in addition to being subjects with which I am not very well acquainted, have a tendency to be dry, which, indeed, I hope to have overcome, but not without having lost a good deal of time over the subject; still, it could not have been avoided. The history of England by Rapin Thoyras, which I have been reading meanwhile, has had the good effect of keeping English localities and life vividly before my imagination.

I only wish that you might be able to come over here soon. My garden, where the roses and lilies are in bloom, would alone be sufficient to attract you.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to Meyer.

From my wife many kind remembrances.

SCH.

627.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 13, 1799.

Only a few words to-day, as, in fact, things here are turning only upon diversion. Owing to the new conditions * which will devolve upon us, it will be necessary to hasten the building operations at the palace. It will take me a week or a fortnight yet to give things their first start, and to arrange matters in accordance with the new and somewhat more hurried measures, and I shall, therefore, probably not see you before the beginning of August. To-day I can but bid you a hurried farewell, for the parcel must be despatched.

G.

* The closer relation between the Court of Weimar and that of Prussia. On the occasion of the King's visit it had become evident that it was a matter of necessity to complete the building of the palace.

628.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 15, 1799.

It is some unkind spirit that has, this summer, been ruling your good projects and hopes, after having begun by promising well, especially after your having successfully got rid of the *Musenalmanach;* in addition to this, certain persons cannot even be made to understand what a sacrifice it is you are making. If only you are certain of being free in a fortnight and for some length of time, there is still hope that something essential may yet be accomplished.

Your long absence is the cause also of my not receiving any encouragement from without, and of my living merely for my work. With the philosopher,* as you know, one can now only play at cards, and with the poet, as I hear, only at *bowls*. For it is said that Kotzebue, who, however, is at present away, went in for this one social amusement while he was here.

Be sure to send a copy of the *Propylæa* to Berlin very soon, so that it may create a stir there before it gets there through the publishers. We must really try to get some things written against it, if none appear of themselves, for people are most surely entrapped by love of mischief. For this reason it would not be bad to describe the *Kunst-Sammler* at the very outset—even in the advertisement—as somewhat polemical.

Have you meanwhile been thinking further on the subject of Dilettanteism? I am longing for some such incentive, and would gladly add my thoughts to it, provided I had the actual condition of the collected material before me. If it has been copied out and you do not require it, please let me have it.

You have probably heard that our postmaster here, Becker, intends putting a stop to the message-women having anything to do with postal affairs, and that they are no longer to be allowed to take parcels, merely letters

* Schelling. See Letter 559.

which can be concealed. If only we could restore them their old business!

This Becker is a wretched fellow, and even in addition to his pettifoggery as postmaster, is a mischievous member of the community here, as he encourages all kinds of mischief among the officials and other irregularities.

Farewell, and let us, if possible, during the next two weeks of July settle some more points on Dilettanteism.

My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

629.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 17, 1799.

Considering the state I am in at present, the best thing for me just now would be the conviction that what must be done just now, is furthered by my presence; and even though it were a mere delusion that I am necessary here, still, there would be sufficient gained by it. I have no thoughts for anything else, either poetical or literary, scientific or philosophical; my expectations are set upon the beginning of August, when I hope to see you again. By that time probably my Rossla business also will be put to rights, for I have still to receive the rents and some other things of the same kind.

Madame de la Roche has really arrived in Osmannstedt, and as I am at present in a state of humiliation, I am in no want of the support of the unfortunate lady burgomaster * to meet this visit properly.

Otherwise, as already said, nothing new, agreeable, or refreshing to the spirit has occurred, and I am again forced to close this letter even before it contains anything.

Farewell; keep to your work and thus prepare me a good reception. To your dear wife many kind greetings.

G.

* See Letter 607 and note.

630.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 19, 1799.

A few hours ago, after reading Schlegel's *Lucinda*, my head felt so giddy, that I still feel the effects of it. You must read the work if only for the sake of the astonishment you will feel. It characterises the man, as does everything descriptive in it, better than anything else he has published, only that it makes him even more of a caricature. Here also we have things everlastingly formless and fragmentary, and an extremely rare combination of the *Nebulistic* and the *Characteristic* which you would never have considered possible. Feeling how little successful he was with the Poetical, he has compounded an ideal for himself out of *love* and *wit*. He fancies that he has united an ardent and infinite capacity for loving, with a horrible species of wit; and after having taken up this standpoint, considers everything allowable, and even declares impudence to be his divinity.

The work, otherwise, is beyond reading through, for the empty chattering goes too much against the grain. After the rhodomontades about the Greeks and the time which Schlegel has spent upon these, I should have hoped to have been, at all events, a little reminded of the simplicity and naïvete of the ancients; but this production is the climax of modern formlessness and unnaturalness, one feels as if one were reading a conglomeration of *Woldemar*,* of *Sternbald*,† and of some shameless French romance.

The essay on Dilettanteism has, as I hear, received new subject-matter from the ladies and gentlemen of Weimar, on the occasion of the opening of the private theatre there. We shall, therefore, have but few friends among them, however, the Jena people may console themselves with the thought that equal justice has been done them.

Of my *Mary Stuart* you will not find more than one act finished. This act has cost me a good deal of time, and indeed will take me another week, as in it I have had to

* A romance by F. Jacobi.

† A romance by Tieck. See Letter 508.

maintain the poetic struggle against the historical subject-matter, and, with difficulty, obtained freedom for the fancy over the historical matter, because I endeavoured at the same time to take possession of all that the latter contained and that could be put to use. The following acts, I hope, will go more quickly, they are moreover considerably shorter.

So you do not require the misfortune from Lobeda?* The more the pity, I was about to say. I feel ill at ease, when near this old lady-friend, for I am just at present very sensitive to everything that depresses and confines me.

The enclosed page please forward to Vulpius.

Farewell. My wife sends greetings. Augustus† was with us yesterday.

SCH.

631.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 20, 1799.

Accept my thanks for having given me some definite idea of Schlegel's wonderful production; I had already heard a good deal about it. Everybody is reading it, and everybody is finding fault with it, and yet one never hears what is actually wrong about it. If it comes into my hands, I too will have a look into it.

We have again, during the last days, had new proofs of the horrors of dilettanteism, which are the more frightful because people at times bungle pretty neatly, that is to say, when it is once admitted that they may bungle. But it is inconceivable that through this one attempt, all social entertainment which, moreover, has nothing about it that can be destroyed, should assume a hollow, flat and egotistical turn, and that all real interest in artistic work should be annulled by so frivolous a reproduction.

As for the rest, this case, as well as others in different provinces, has confirmed me in my conviction, that we others ought not to do anything but dwell within ourselves, so that one proper work after another may be given forth. All the rest is bad.

For this reason I congratulate you upon your first act,

* See Letter 607 and note.

† Goethe's son, then nine years of age.

trust soon to be with you again, and cannot give up the hope that the end of the summer may yet prove fruitful to me.

Farewell. Augustus was greatly delighted to see Karl and Ernst again, of whom he had a great deal to relate.

G.

632.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 24, 1799.

I hear that you are in Rossla, from which I conclude, to my great delight, that the day of your coming is now not very far distant. My existence too will receive quite a different swing when we are once more together, for you always manage to drive me towards the outer world, and into wider latitudes; when I am alone I sink down into myself again.

Tieck, of Berlin, has been to see you; I am curious to hear how you liked him now that you have had some talk with him. I was not at all ill-pleased with him; his manner of expressing himself, although not showing any great power, is refined, intelligent and significant, and there is also nothing capricious or awkward about him. On one occasion, when he broached the subject of *Don Quixote*, I strongly recommended him to turn his attention to Spanish literature, which would bring him into contact with rich, intellectual subject-matter, and would, it seems to me, suit his taste very well, owing to his fondness for what is fantastic and romantic. His pleasing talent would in this way work fruitfully and agreeably and be in its element.

Mellish has sent me from his citadel * a few fragments of *The Piccolomini*, which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, translated into iambics which, if they are quite in accordance with the English language, express the ideas very well, and are also a good imitation of the peculiarity of the diction. He would like to undertake the translation of the whole play, provided that there were some substantial

* Mellish was residing in the Duke's palace at Dornburg, where so many happy, social gatherings had been held. See Goethe's Works. vi. 96. (German edition.)

advantages to be gained for himself as well as for me, and has, accordingly, written to Sheridan on the subject.

The first act of my *Mary* I hope to get finished by the end of this week. I ought, indeed, to have got further forwards, but this month has not been as favorable to me as the last; I shall be content if I succeed in bringing the third act back to town with me.

The thunder-storm over Osmannstedt seems to be dispersing. At least, I hear that relatives of Frau de la Roche, who reside here, have been called there to see her.

When you return to Weimar, please be so kind as to let Gädike have what is ready of Fräulein Imhof's poem, and to give him the Almanack of 1797-1798 as a model, with this difference, that he is to place only nine hexameters on every page, and to leave an empty page before each of the songs, upon which page nothing is to be printed except the number of the song.

Farewell; my wife sends you most kind greetings.

SCH.

633.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 24, 1799.

I can now hope soon to be able to come over to you again; possibly I may start on Saturday or Sunday. Frau de la Roche I have seen twice, first in Tieffurth and then in Osmannstedt, and found her precisely what she was twenty years ago. She is one of the levelling natures, she exalts what is common and lowers what is exalted, and then dishes up the whole with her own sauce for any one to enjoy; one might, moreover, say that her conversation presents points of interest.

Tieck * came with Hardenberg and Schlegel to dinner; to judge from a first appearance, he seems very pleasant.

* Tieck had been introduced to Goethe by A. W. Schlegel and Hardenberg (Novalis). It was he who drew Goethe's attention to Ben Jonson, and persuaded him to read his *Volpone*. In his *Annalen* Goethe writes: "Having returned to town (in September) I studied some of the earlier English plays, for the above-mentioned theatrical purposes, more especially Ben Jonson, as well as others that are ascribed to Shakespeare."

He spoke little, but well, and has, in fact, made a very good impression here.

To-morrow I have a large dinner party, and after that shall prepare to start.

Gädike shall have the first two cantos before I leave; I am going over them again, but it is and remains a difficult task. The work is like a bronze statue that has been well thought out and well modelled, but which failed in the casting. The further one gets into the details the more there is to do. There is, of course, no help for it now, and I must get through with it.

Farewell; I hope now that I shall not need to write to you again, and rejoice with all my heart at the prospect of seeing you and your dear wife once more.

G.

634.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 27, 1799.

I have not received any letter from you to-day, probably because you thought I should be coming; however, I must again begin my old litany, and tell you that I cannot get away from here yet. Business affairs are like polypuses; if they are cut into a hundred pieces, every single piece will again show signs of life. I have resigned myself to circumstances, meanwhile, and try to put what time I have of my own to as much good use as possible. But every observation confirms me in my former resolution: to turn my mind to works—of whatever species they may be—and to their production, and to give up all theoretical communications. My latest experiences have again convinced me that people, in place of caring for any species of real theoretical knowledge, prefer phrases by which their proceedings may acquire some importance. I have had terrible instances of this from a few foreigners who came to see our collection, from the presence of our old lady-friend, and, above all, from the newly established amateur theatre; hence the wall which I had already built round my existence, I now intend raising a few shoe-lengths higher.

Inwardly things are, however, not looking at all so bad. I have advanced a little in all the different branches of my studies and my projects, whereby, at all events the inward and ever-active life has manifested itself, and you will find me in good spirits and in the mood for work.

I thought of coming over to you for a day, but this would not do us much good; for it will take some time for us both to communicate our experiences to each other and to accomplish something.

To-day, as I hear, you are threatened with a visit from Frau de la Roche's descendants. I shall be curious to hear how it goes off. As regards myself, I have, during these last days, been in a pretty settled state of mind; you will, however, be amused at the infinite misery Meyer has been in on this occasion, for these unusual and—one might doubtless say—unnatural phenomena * produced an altogether new and fresh effect upon his pure mind.

That I may not appear quite empty-handed I enclose a couple of curious productions, one of which will probably divert you more than the other.

Farewell; think of me, and let me hear how you are, and what you are about.

G.

635.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 30, 1799.

I did confidently expect you to come on Saturday, and for that reason put off our philosopher gathering in order to be able to spend the evening with you undisturbed. All the more grieved was I, after reading your letter, to see my hopes melting away and losing themselves in uncertainty.

There is now nothing for it but, as long as I can, to throw myself into production, as there is no other way of opening up my mind. I have, moreover, got thoroughly into the second act of my royal hypocrite; the first has been copied out, and is awaiting your arrival.

You are probably right in thinking that one ought to

* Sophia and Adelgunde Bretano, the latter of whom resided with her brother Clemens in Jena. See Schiller's remark on this piece of news in the following letter.

withhold theoretical communications and rather to produce. The theoretical pre-supposes the existence of the practical, and is, even on this account, a higher link in the chain. It seems also as if it required a more independent imagination than for appreciating the actual presence of a work of art, where the poet and artist come to the aid of the lazier or weaker imagination in the listener or spectator, and present him with the material object.

It also cannot be denied that feeling, in most people, is more correct than their judgment. It is only with reflection that error steps in. I could very well name several friends whom I should not be ashamed of pleasing by some work, and yet would be very chary about asking them to give me an account of their feelings.

Even if this were not the case, what person would care to exhibit a work with which he was satisfied? And yet the artist and poet cannot overcome this desire.

The two ladies* did come to pay me a visit lately and found me at home to them. The little one has a very agreeable presence, which is not altogether destroyed in spite of the defect in her eye. They gave me consolation by telling me that the dread of the Snail (*Schnecke*†) would probably deter their old grandmother from coming here. They had a great deal to relate about the sumptuous dinner at your house. I shall be anxious to have the account which Meyer will give of them.

My wife sends kindest greetings. She is too at a crisis in her way, but will be out of it some months before I shall.

Farewell, and may some good spirit soon allow us to meet.

I have forgotten to write about the things sent lately. Jakobi's‡ work I have not yet looked at; however, the poem § is merry enough, and has some capital ideas.

SCH.

* See note to last Letter.

† *Der Schnecke* is a hilly part of the country between Weimar and Jena, somewhat dangerous for carriage-driving.

‡ His *Sendschreiber an Fichte.*

§ Viscount de Parny's comic epos entitled: *La guerre des dieux anciens et modernes.*

636.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 31, 1799.

It is very pleasant that at the moment when I am exclusively praising and recommending productiveness I can congratulate you upon it in a double way. May things, in both cases, go off happily.

I knew beforehand that *Parny* * would give you pleasure He has drawn a number of very good and ingenious motives from his subject, and also describes things very vividly and well. Only, it seems to me, he is not successful in his disposition and gradation of these motives, on which account the whole lacks unity. It also seems to me that its outward and final purpose of casting the Roman Catholic religion into the mire is more apparent than it is appropriate in a poet. It seemed to me as if this little book might have been written expressly by an order from theo-philanthropists.

It is true that these and similar subjects are more suitable for comic than for serious poems. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I have accidentally taken in hand lately, has led me to make some strange observations. In the case of this poem, as with all modern works of art, it is, in reality, the individual that manifests itself, that awakens the interest. The subject is detestable, outwardly plausible and inwardly worm-eaten and hollow. With the exception of the few natural and vigorous motives, there are a number which are lame and false, and which offend one. However, it is assuredly an interesting man that is expressing himself; it cannot be denied that he possesses character, feeling, intellect, knowledge, poetic and oratorical talents, and many other good qualities. Nay, the rare and unique case of his being able to act the unfortunate revolutionist better in the character of the devil than of the angel, has a great influence upon the plan and composition of the poem, just as the circumstance of the author being blind affects its character and colouring. The work will, therefore, ever remain unique and,

* See note to last Letter.

as already said, the more defective it is as a work of art the more will nature be triumphant in it.

Among other observations made in connection with this work, I was also led to reflect upon *free-will*, a thing with which I am otherwise not very ready to puzzle my brains; it plays but a poor part in the poem, as, in fact does the Christian religion generally. For as soon as man is assumed to have been good from the first, then free-will is the stupid capacity of deviating from what is good by choice, in order to become *guilty* by so doing; on the other hand, if man is assumed to be sinful by nature, or, to speak more correctly, to be unconditionally liable to be carried away by his inclinations—in the animal sense of the word—then free-will is certainly an important factor which presumes by virtue of its own nature to act contrary to nature. We see from this also how it was that Kant was forced to assume radical evil, and how it was that those philosophers who find man so charming by nature, are so little able to justify themselves in regard to his freedom, and why they defend themselves so vigorously when objections are raised against too high an estimate being formed of his goodness from inclination. However, let us reserve this for discussion by word of mouth, as also Reinhold's disquisitions on Fichte's atheism.

The letter to Lavater* on this same subject I have commenced to read. Reinhold's remarks appear to me, in fact, to be very instructive physiologically, and, it seems to me, come back in the end upon the old saying, that everyone forms his own idea of God, and that we neither can nor ought to deprive any one of this idea.

In order to escape from the noise around me on all sides, I have determined to move to my garden-house and to await there the arrival of the Duke and of Voigt the Privy Councillor, which, I hope, will set me free from my present post.

Whether the solitude of the Ilm valley will contribute the one thing needful, time must show.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. The more our next meeting is delayed the more

* Reinhold's *Sendschreiben an Lavater und an Fichte über den Glauben an Gott.*

delightful will it be when the time actually comes, for we shall both have meanwhile again learned many a thing, to communicate which will of itself be sufficiently interesting.

G.

637.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 2, 1799.

I congratulate you upon your removal to your garden, from which I expect good results for your productive activity. After the long pause you have made, solitude and a composed state of mind are the only things required to set your spirit free.

While you have been looking into Milton's poem, I have had an opportunity of glancing at the period in which it was written, and which in reality gave rise to its composition. Terrible as the times were, they must have had the power of awakening poetic genius, for the historian has not omitted mentioning among the prominent persons, several names famous in English poetry. Herein this revolution is more fruitful than the French one, which otherwise reminds one so strongly of it. The Puritans play pretty much the same part as the Jacobins, the expedients are often the same as is also the issue of the struggle. Such a period is quite calculated to destroy poetry and art, for it stirs up and inflames the mind without giving it an object. It then receives its object from within, and the result is abortions of allegorical, subtle and mystic representations.

I do not remember how Milton settles the question of free-will, but Kant's explanation is decidedly too monkish for me; I could never become reconciled to it. All his arguments are based upon this: that man possesses a *positive* impulse for what is good as well as for a state of sensual well-being; hence, that when he chooses what is evil he is also in need of a *positive inward reason* for evil, inasmuch as what is *positive* cannot be annulled by anything that is merely *negative*. Here, however, we have two things infinitely heterogeneous, the impulse for what is good and the impulse for sensual well-being, treated as entirely equal powers and quantities, because the free

individual is regarded as quite equally *opposed to* and *between* the two impulses.

Thank God that we are not called upon to comfort the human race in regard to this question, and that we may keep in the realm of appearances. However, these obscure points in nature are not without their value to the poet, and more especially to the tragic poet, and not less so to the orator, and are no small item in the representation of the passions.

Please tell me in your next letter about what time the Duke is expected back in Weimar, and when, therefore, we may count upon your coming to Jena. I wish to know this, as a short journey which I propose making with my wife for a day or two, might depend upon this, and I should not like to lose a day of your stay here.

My wife begs me to thank you heartily for your good wishes.

Farewell, and let me soon have the pleasure of hearing that the poetic hour has struck.

Sch.

638.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 3, 1799.

The solitude of my garden I am making use of, above all things, in having my small poems—which Unger is now in want of for the seventh volume—still more carefully arranged and copied out. While preparing such an edition one requires to be in a composed and collected state of mind, and in a good humour generally. If I could add a few dozen new poems, so as to fill up certain gaps and to enrich certain rubrics which are poorly represented, I might make out a very interesting volume. However, if I do not find time to consider the public, I will, at least, act honestly towards myself and determine what I ought to do even though I may not be able to accomplish it just now. These will be leading hints for the future.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I was reading this afternoon, has furnished me with material for a variety of observations which I hope soon to communicate to you. The chief error he has committed—after having once chosen the subject—is that, to a certain extent, he ha-

introduced all his personages—gods, angels, devils and men—unconditionally, and then—in order to allow them to act—has, from time to time, in several instances to limit them, for which he then tries to excuse himself, cleverly it is true, yet generally in a somewhat humourous way. Otherwise there can be no doubt that the poet is an excellent and, in every sense, an interesting man, whose mind is capable of appreciating the sublime, and it is observable that the absurd subject aids rather than that it impedes him in this tendency; nay, that in the case of such readers as credulously swallow the subject-matter, it must prove a great advantage to the poem.

There is much else that I must leave unnoticed, as this letter must be despatched to town. As to when I shall be able to come, I would rather not say anything, as I cannot say definitely as yet. Do not, therefore, let this interfere with your little excursion.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

639.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 6, 1799.

I have been rather late with my work to-day, and have only time to send you a friendly greeting. I am glad to hear that you are at work with your poems, and that the collection is now being printed. The class of Epistles and of Ballads is the only one, so far as I know, in which you have as yet no great quantity, unless you perhaps intend adding to the Idylls. The Elegies, Epigrams and Songs, however, are the more fully represented. It is to be hoped that you intend keeping to your proposal of introducing every one of your songs into the collection, even those occurring in your larger works. It will be a rich and a delightful collection, even though it is not carried out in accordance with your own higher demands; and what you may not accomplish just now can be done at a future time, for such a work will be sure to be sold out within three or four years.

I should have been glad to have contributed some trifles to this new Almanack, but do not feel at all in the proper

humour for it, as my dramatic work draws me away from everything else. This latter has been progressing regularly as yet, and if the little excursion to Rudolstadt, which I contemplate making, does not prove too much of a diversion for me, I shall still be able to conclude my second act this month.

Farewell in your solitude. It was a very great pleasure to my little boy to have Augustus here the day before yesterday. My wife sends kindest greetings. Parny * I herewith return with many thanks.

Sch.

640.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 7, 1799.

I am going on busily with my work in the solitude of my garden-house, and the clean transcript has also made progress. I still cannot say how it may be with the collection, one thing helps another. My present work reminds me of simpler and darker days,† and the poems themselves of a variety of circumstances and states of mind. I will but quietly do the next thing that has to be done, and allow one thing to follow upon the other.

The Epigrams—as regards metre—are the most carelessly worked out and fortunately also the easiest to correct, and the expression and meaning will often gain something by this as well. Many a fault in prosody has been struck out of the Roman Elegies, and, as I hope, successfully. In some of the impassioned works, for instance, in *Alexis und Dora*, this will be difficult; however, I must see what can be done, and the decision will in the end rest with you, dear friend. Even though such improvements can be only partially effected, still, in trying to accomplish them one shows one's perfectibility as well as one's respect for the advances in prosody which, it cannot be denied, Voss and his school have made.

In fact, this collection, if successful, ought in many respects to appear a step in advance.

* See Letter 635 and note.

† The years of his first coming to Weimar, which were troubled by passion.

Meyer will provide half-a-dozen drawings for it, perhaps but a couple immediately referring to the subject, or, as might be said, historical in character; for instance, the catastrophe in the *Bride of Corinth*. Others would require to have a more remote symbolical reference.

While I am thus working my way out of what is old into what is new, it is a very pleasant thought to me that you have something quite new awaiting me, of which I may be said to know next to nothing. Be industrious, if circumstances will permit, and accomplish your trip to Rudolstadt happily. Give Augustus occasionally a kindly welcome at your house. As I could not run over to Jena myself, those about me had to go; for this much is certain, that, without absolute solitude, I cannot produce the smallest thing. The quiet of my garden-house is, therefore, immensely valuable to me.

Again farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

641.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 9, 1799.

I congratulate you upon the prosodical corrections you have made in your poems. The last article in our scheme, the completion, is also unquestionably in need of this virtue, and the artist has herein something to learn of the punctuator (*Punctirer*). There is this peculiar use of the purity of the metre, that it serves as a sensuous representation of the inner necessity of the thought, in the same way as, conversely, any license taken with the metre makes it appear very evident that there has been some arbitrary proceeding. Looked at from this point of view it is a matter of great importance, and touches upon the most essential of the rules of Art.

With regard to the present time, every one interested in good taste must rejoice that poems which possess decided artistic value, are still subject to this standard. Mediocrity is best combated in this way, for it silences him who has no other talent but for writing correct verses, and him who considers himself too original to turn his attention to metre with befitting diligence.

The idea of adding some engravings to the work is a very good one. They can be well paid for, and hence also well executed; but I would suggest that you should give in to the general taste in so far as not to choose any individual illustrations. The catastrophe in *The Bride* is very appropriate, and there are also subjects in *Alexis und Dora*, the *Roman Elegies*, and in the *Venetian Epigrams*, which friend Meyer would be particularly well able to execute.

I shall be very anxious to see how far you have got with the editing business by the time you come here. A few doubtful points concerning the metre would be pleasant and instructive occupation to us.

No less anxious shall I be to lay before you the papers which I have meanwhile been at work upon, and in regard to which I have myself not formed any adequate opinion. I have, however, each day vividly felt the want of witnessing theatrical representations, and shall have straightway to decide upon spending the coming winter months in Weimar. The question about the finanical means for carrying this matter into effect shall be my next thought.

Fare well in your solitude. Whether and when I may be able to set out upon my little journey, I still cannot decide to-day. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

642.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 10, 1799.

After having spent this last week almost entirely in the solitude of my garden-house, I have again been to town for a day, and first of all visited the palace, where things are in a pretty lively state. A hundred and sixty workmen are busy there; I wish you could see the many different kinds of mechanics at work in this small space. To any thoughtful on-looker it is most interesting to watch the work of the different degrees of skill, from the rudest to the most refined. Each one does his own work according to principles and from practice. If but the plan

upon which all are at work were the best! for, unfortunately, a tasteful work as well as a barbarous freak is accomplished in the same manner.

The poems are still being gone on with and copied out.

Through Stein's reflecting telescope I have paid a visit to the moon. It is incredible with what distinctness one can see its different parts; one must watch it both while on the increase and while decreasing, and then the outlines become very clear. I have also read and done all kinds of other things. For it is only when in a state of such absolute solitude—where one is altogether undisturbed and left to oneself—that one really feels and learns to understand what the length of a day is.

There is no doubt that you would gain an immense deal if you could be in the neighbourhood of a theatre for some length of time. When living in solitude one is apt to cast these objects too far from one. We would gladly do what we could to further your wishes. The greatest difficulty would be to find lodgings. As Thouret will probably not come till the end of September, he will, no doubt, be kept here the whole winter. Count Werther's haunted house, which is very conveniently situated for any one who wishes to visit the theatre often, is to be had, as far as I know; it would be worth while to disenchant the building.

Let us think the matter over further. Meanwhile farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

643.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 12, 1799.

The description you gave me of the animated scene at the building operations very nearly tempted me to run over for a day and thus to break the monotony of my present mode of life by seeing something altogether different. But great as might be the necessity of my having some diversion, I am at present too deeply engaged with my work, and must make double efforts to get forwards with it, as I do not know how much time and inclination for work I may not lose by the domestic event

expected in the autumn. The journey to Rudolstadt, which I contemplated making for the sake of giving my wife and myself a little change, is still deferred for a week or two, as it so happens that bird-shooting is going on there just now, and my mother-in-law has left with the Court. If, therefore, you can and would care to come to us just now, you would find us ready to receive you. We have been enjoying and making use of the fine weather.

That I shall, in future, spend the winter months in Weimar, is now a settled point in my own mind. The living presence of the theatre must keep me from making any *faux frais* which, at present, I find unavoidable, because I cannot picture to myself the living mass, and the subject-matter also will then flow towards me in a richer stream. This winter I shall be late in coming—perhaps not till the end of January—on account of my wife and the little one. Meanwhile I hope to be able to come to some agreement with Charlotte about her rooms, but shall certainly also inquire about Werther's house, as its position is rather convenient for the theatre. What I should like best would be to live in the market-place, in which case I should be equally near you and my brother-in-law.

The Duke, last spring, gave me to understand that he would like me to come and live in Weimar more frequently, and to stay longer when I came. Now, as he could very easily be made to see how much better I myself should feel under these circumstances, I mean to address myself to him with full confidence, and to beg him to contribute something towards the increase of the expenses I should incur by so doing. In fact, five years ago I received from the Duke the promise of an increase of salary, and he has been generous to me before this. If my presence in Weimar could in any way benefit the theatre—and I should devote myself to it with my whole heart—the matter could be the more easily arranged.

Let me have but a few words to say how the printing of the Almanack is going on, for the time between this and Michaelmas is already getting somewhat short. Meyer will perhaps be kind enough to count the hexameters of the whole poem, so that I may know for certain how

many sheets there are. I shall probably have to contribute something to the Almanack, in order to keep my promise with Cotta, even though *The Bell* should have to be given for it.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings, and is looking forward as anxiously as I am to your coming.

SCH.

644.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 14, 1799.

The first sheet of the Almanack is now in the press; the type looks very well. The third canto I have now in hand, and will do my utmost with it. It is true that, being at present engaged in carefully revising my own poems, the feminine peculiarities of our dear lady friend strike me as being somewhat more loose and unconnected than they did before, and we must see in what way we can remedy this. The whole of it shall be gone over, and it will then become clear that we shall, in any case, have to add something to it. At any rate do not regret *The Bell*, and I too will do my utmost to contribute something, although I do not as yet know what or how.

As impending circumstances make it very doubtful whether you will be able to spend this winter in Weimar, and there is, in any case, no chance of your being here during the first part of it, it would be best to let the matter drop in the meantime; for should it so happen that you could be here in October, you should not in any way want the necessary means to facilitate your coming to reside here.

My stay in my garden-house I am putting to as much good use as possible in a variety of ways, and am glad to see that I have advanced in many respects, and, at some future day, shall heartily enjoy telling you of all this.

Be sure not to fail to concentrate your mind upon the work you have commenced. There is, in truth, nothing better to be wished for than to have a large quantity of material to arrange.

As I have to go to the palace directly, and do not know

whether I shall be back in time, I will conclude my letter now, and hope that you may both fare well. G.

645.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 16, 1799.

The Schlegels, as I found to-day, have added some more stings to their *Athenæum*, and are endeavouring by this means—which is not ill-chosen—to keep their bark afloat. The *Xenia* have proved a favourite pattern. There are some good ideas in this literary *Reichsanzeiger*, and also a great many that are merely impertinent. In the article on Böttiger it is clear that its bitter seriousness has not allowed humour to put in an appearance. The attack on Humboldt is ill-mannered and ungracious, considering that he has always been upon good terms with the Schegels, and hence it is clear that they are not worth anything.

However, the Elegy addressed to you is good—except for its great length—and contains much that is beautiful. I also think that it shows greater warmth than one is accustomed to find in the Schlegels' works, and several points are admirably put. I have not read anything else in this number. I do not doubt that it will find readers enough in the path which it has struck out, but the editors will not exactly gain any friends by it; and, I fear, there will also soon be a dearth of subject-matter, inasmuch as they have once and for all issued all their coin in aphorisms.

If it were possible for you to manage to give something for the Almanack, and I too could offer a contribution, I should accept the articles by Matthisson, Steigentesch and others, and give the Almanack its wonted shape. I should be glad were Cotta not to meet with any ill-luck in this; however, I have the best hopes of the copper-plates.

While thinking of your collection of poems it occurred to me whether you might not enrich the class of didactic poems—of which the *Metamorphosis of Plants* forms one; perhaps the mood for this species of poetry could be found

the quickest, as the incitement comes from the intellect. When you come here and we talk the subject over, perhaps something will speedily suggest itself, for the poem on the *Metamorphosis* was quick in making its appearance. It would, at the same time, be a contribution for the Almanack.

My dramatic work is still making active progress, and if nothing comes in the way, I may get the second act finished before the end of August. It already exists in rough. I hope that everything in this tragedy will be suitable for the stage, although I shall draw things more closely together still for the actual representation. As it is a rich subject from an *historical* point of view, I have treated it somewhat fully in an historical respect, and employed motives which may please a thoughtful and studious reader, but which are unnecessary in the representation where the object is actually present, and devoid of interest on account of the ignorance of the general public in matters historical. Otherwise, in the work itself, I have calculated upon everything that will have to be omitted for stage purposes, and these will in no way give me as much trouble as those in *Wallenstein*.

Farewell, and let us soon have the hope of seeing you here. My wife sends kind greetings. She is in hopes that our removal to Weimar may not be deferred later than the middle of January. Perhaps I shall be able to come earlier.

Farewell. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

646.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 17, 1799.

If, in future, I determine to send you somewhat longer letters, I shall have to write beforehand, for when, as happens to-day, I am obliged to start for town early, I cannot readily collect my thoughts again.

I must beg you to be sure to provide something more for the Almanack; I will do my part, and promise this as certainly as such things can be promised. Further, get all you possibly can from Steigentesch and Matthisson,

so that the Almanack may assume more of its old appearance. The poem, the more one looks at it, makes one fear that it will not produce much effect in the main, pleasing as it may be to persons possessing a certain degree of culture. A barbarous custom as a subject, tender sentiments as substance, and an undulistic style of treatment, give to the whole a peculiar character and special charm, which one must either be naturally constituted to appreciate, or, in the first place, get oneself so constituted. The worst of it is that I am afraid about the engravings. The man is a mere punctuator, and an aggregate of such points does not produce any form. You shall ere long hear how much the whole amounts to; the first two cantos print three sheets.

I am quite of your opinion with regard to the warfare waged by the Schlegels. The Elegy ought to have been divided into several, in order to facilitate the reader's interest in and survey of it.

The other jests will attract readers enough, and there will also be no want of effect. Unfortunately both brothers lack a certain inner basis of character which would keep and hold them well together. A youthful failing is not to be admired except in so far as one may hope that it will not be the failing of old age. It is really a pity that the page devoted to Böttiger is not merrier. Some of the ideas in the other rubrics are very good. As for the rest it could in no way be expected —personal relations even considered—that one should escape from them unscathed. However, I could sooner pardon them for saying anything amiss, than I could the detestable style of these masters in journalism.

Böttiger has committed the *canaillerie* of having twice mentioned the *Propylæa* on the blue cover of the *Mercury*, for which reason it would serve him right to have his ears cut off, and it seems as if this were likely to be done to him a second time, were it found that they were growing again.

The disrespect they show towards Wieland they ought to have left alone. But what can one say to it when they themselves have been badly treated by his firm ?

Farewell, I feel unsettled and not in the humour for

anything. My kind greetings to your dear wife. I hope, for both our sakes, that we may soon spend a long day together in each other's company, and wish you every "blessing" for your work, to use Madame la Roche's* favorite mode of expression.

G.

647.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 20, 1799.

I have during these last days come upon the track of a new possible tragedy† which, it is true, has in the first place still to be wholly invented; but, as it seems to me, can be invented out of the said subject-matter.

In the reign of Henry VII. of England, there arose a Pretender, Warbeck by name, who gave himself out to be Edward V., one of the princes whom Richard III. had caused to be murdered in the Tower. He managed to give plausible reasons as to how he had been saved, found a party who acknowledged him, and wished to set him upon the throne. One of the princesses of the House of York, of which Edward was a descendant, and who was anxious to raise disturbances against Henry VII., knew of the plot, and supported it; in fact, it was mainly her contrivances that had brought Warbeck upon the scenes. After he had lived at her court in Burgundy as a prince, and had acted the part for some length of time, the undertaking failed, he was overthrown, unmasked and executed.

There is, indeed, next to nothing in the story itself that could be made use of; but the situation, taken as a whole, is very suggestive, and the two figures of the Pretender and the Duchess of York might serve as the foundation of a tragic action that might be very freely invented. In fact, I think it would be well to take from history merely the general situation of the times and the personages, and to invent everything else with full poetic licence; this would give rise to an intermediate species

* To Wieland's annoyance, Madame de la Roche perpetually used the word *segnen* (to bless) instead of *danken* (to thank).

† The plan of *Warbeck* occupied Schiller frequently even at a later day, until his *Demetrius* was thought of, when it was set aside for the latter, but nevertheless often again cropped up.

of subject which would combine the advantages of the historical drama, and that of pure invention.

With regard to the treatment of the subject in question, one would need, it seems to me, to act quite differently to what a comic poet would do. The latter would have to make something ludicrous out of the contrast between the important part to be played by the Pretender and his inability to play it. In tragedy he would have to appear born for the part he has to play, and he would have to make it so completely his own, that interesting struggles would break out between him and those who wished to make use of him as their tool and to treat him as their puppet. The state of affairs would have to look exactly as if the deception had merely pointed out to him the position which nature itself had intended him to occupy. The catastrophe would have to be brought about by his adherents and supporters, not by his enemies; also by love intrigues, by jealousy and such things.

Should you find anything good in this subject as a whole, and think that it can be used as the foundation of a tragic story, I would now and then occupy myself with it; for when I am in the middle of any work, I feel, occasionally, the necessity of thinking of a new one.

You do not give me any comforting news about the Almanack. As regards the illustrations, I did not set my hopes upon the excellence of the engravings, for people are not at all spoilt in this respect; and as this style of things is popular upon the whole, and the drawings made with intelligence to boot, we need not be afraid of presenting ourselves. The remark you make about the poem itself is to me a more serious matter, especially as I myself had similar misgivings about it. I do not yet know what will have to be done to it, for I cannot manage to turn my thoughts to anything lyrical.

Further, it is an unfortunate circumstance that we have reserved a very small space for the small poems that were to have been appended, and which, therefore, will now have to be filled up with important things. As soon as I get my second act finished I will think the matter over seriously.

Farewell; my wife sends kindest greetings. SCH.

648.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 21, 1799.

My quiet life in my garden still continues bearing good fruits, although these may not be numerous.

I have been busily engaged with Winckelmann's life and works. I must try to become clear about the services rendered by this sterling man, and the influence he exercised.

My smaller poems have likewise been further arranged and corrected. Here, also, it becomes evident that everything depends upon the principle upon which one acts. Now that I recognise the necessity of stricter metrical rules, they are more of a help than a hindrance to me. There are, indeed, still many points which it will be necessary to understand more fully. Voss would, even ten years ago, have done a great service had he written somewhat less mysteriously on this subject in his Introduction to the Georgics.

This week, contrary to my usual custom, I have generally remained up till midnight to await the appearance of the moon, which I have been watching with Auch's telescope, and have been greatly interested. It is very delightful to become so intimately acquainted with so important an object of which but a short time ago next to nothing was known. Schröter's admirable work on selenotopography is, indeed, a guide which shortens the way very much. The great stillness at night, out here in my garden, has likewise a great charm, especially as I am not awakened in the morning by any noise, and thus with a little practice I might one day deserve being admitted among the company of the worthy *lucifugae*.

Your letter has just been brought in to me. The new tragic subject which you propose, seems at first sight to possess many good points, and I will think it over. There is no doubt that when history furnishes the simple fact, the bare object, and the poet the substance and the treatment, that things are better and more convenient than when we have to make use of the details and minutiæ

given by history; for in the latter case we are always obliged to take up the particulars of the given state of affairs, we get away from what is of purely human interest and poetry suffers in consequence.

Of prize-drawings * only one has come in that claims consideration and shows praiseworthy points; a few others are below all criticism, and one is reminded of the German populace excited by the said puzzle.

With regard to the Almanack we shall have now to make up our minds to devote each succeeding day to it and to do our utmost. The third canto, which I have gone over with the ladies, is now in the press, and we must now try and do what we can with the fourth. There is still no question that the poem shows a good deal of talent, and that it possesses much that is good; but with regard to the way it is worked out, it is greatly inferior to what it ought to be, although a good deal has been done to it since you saw it.

Frau von Kalb is really having her things removed, and the lodgings will, therefore, be vacant. Of course they would not be let to any one except at a whole year's lease. However, some decision ought to be come to, and for the sake of the theatre there is every reason for us to aid you in this move.

Bergrath Scherer, who is thinking of getting married, is, I hear, speculating upon getting them; if this were to come about, the upper floor at Wolzogen's would become vacant, and your family might reside there. We could give you Thouret's rooms, and—if you approved of the arrangement—we might contrive to find other quarters for him. All this will have to be thought over and discussed, till some decision is come to.

Herewith farewell for to-day, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. G.

* In an *Advertisement to Artists* printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 3rd of July, and also in the third number of the *Propylæa*, the subject for the prize theme was Aphrodite leading Helen to Paris, according to the close of the third Book of the *Iliad*; and more importance was to be attached to the artistic idea than to the manner in which it was executed, as the drawings were to be sent to Weimar by the 25th of August. Two prizes of twenty and ten ducats had been fixed.

649.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 24, 1799.

All things considered, I have now begun to believe that we can scarcely hope to have you here before autumn has appeared. Thus the summer will have passed quite differently from what I anticipated. And although I am keeping diligently to my work, and am making progress with it, still, I feel that this privation affects my whole inward state of mind, and in no small degree increases my desire to spend the winter in Weimar. I do not, indeed, shut my eyes to the fact that I cannot expect anything very beneficial from the influence of society there, but personal intercourse with you, occasionally meeting Meyer, sitting in the theatre, and a certain reality of life which the rest of the many people must necessarily bring before into my view, will have a good effect upon me and my work. My existence here is absolute solitude, and that is a little too much.

I am every day expecting an answer from Frau von Kalb about the lodgings which—if they are to be had—I shall without hesitation take a lease of for a year from Michaelmas. If I can arrange things so as to live comfortably with my family, I should prefer doing so; but if this cannot be managed, I would gladly accept the offer of Thouret's rooms. If my wife gets safely over her confinement, I should be inclined to come over towards the end of November, at first by myself, till my family could follow. This I should very much like to accomplish, so as to be able to work out the two last acts of my play under the direct influence of the stage.

If, within ten days, you cannot come here at least for a day or two I shall feel greatly inclined to run over to you for a day, and to bring my two acts with me. For I am anxious to have your opinion of them now, in order to convince myself that I am on the right track.

I should like to be able to take part in your observations of the moon. The object has always forced me to pay it a certain amount of respect, and I have never

watched it without it having put me into a very serious state of mind. When looked at through a good telescope the outlines of the surface become very distinct, and the thought of our being able to see this distant stranger with any other sense than with the eye, has always struck me as something fearful. A few distichs on it have already been penned; these may perhaps help in settling the requirements of the Almanack.

When you have time I should like to know whether many of the books which I sent to the auction have remained unsold; for some one in Weimar is reported to have lately said that I had myself bid for a number of books, and this would not be any good sign.

Farewell in your busy solitude. Your strictness regarding metre will not a little edify gentlemen who go in for the strict observance of rules.

My wife sends kind greetings, and is, like me, most anxious to see you again.

Many kind greetings to Meyer. Sch.

650.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 24, 1799.

As things have not gone in accordance with our wishes during the summer, we must hope that the winter will bring us better luck. As soon as you have made up your mind about your lodgings, we will see that wood is ordered, for this is an article that has to be thought of in good time.

Not a day passes without some gain, even though it be but a small one, and thus one thing leads to another, and in the end becomes something, for, of course, I am always at work with noteworthy subjects.

Let us consider things a week longer, it will then be decided whether I can come, and how soon.

Unfortunately, a good many of the books you sent to auction have remained unsold. The amount realised was not very large upon the whole, although several works were sold at a sufficiently high price. The extracts are now being made out and the money cashed.

From time to time conferences are being held respecting *The Sisters of Lesbos* * which—as usually happens on such occasions—at times lessen one's hopes and then again revive them.

I am looking forward to seeing your work and to spending a few quiet days near you. To-day, however, I shall not add more, for a visit to the Palace this morning has distracted my thoughts, and I do not feel able to concentrate my mind upon any one object.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

651.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 27, 1799.

After weighing and considering the various circumstances, I find myself obliged to tell you that I shall not be able to come to you for the next few days, but that I am all the more anxious for you to come here, more especially on account of the lodgings.

The state of matters is this: Frau von Kalb appears to have made some agreement with *Bergrath* Scherer, to let him have a lease of her rooms; at all events, circumstances lead one to suppose this. However, the landlord, Müller, the wigmaker, need not consent to this sub-letting of apartments, unless he feels so inclined, and would give you the rooms if I asked him; however, he would like you to take them for a few years, which you might very well do, for you would always find people ready to take them off your hands again. The main thing now, therefore, is for you to see the rooms yourself, so that you may talk the matter over and come to some decision. You could bring your play with you, and I, on my part, should doubtless also have something to communicate to you. I am still living in my garden-house, and you could drive straight here; Meyer would arrange about your remaining over night. By this means all the

* Amalia von Imhof's poem, which has been discussed in several of the preceding Letters.

necessary points could be settled, and other things would follow as a matter of course.

I send this letter by post, and will not add more to-day. Farewell.

G.

652.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 27, 1799.

Upon getting up this morning I was very agreeably surprised by the arrival of a weighty parcel from the *Hofkammerrath*,* and again send you my very best thanks for having led this stream of money into my coffers. The spirit of the old general † is acting like a true ghost, he is helping to raise treasures. In Rudolstadt also, as I hear through letters, there has been a great run after *Wallenstein*. I should like to know how that pretty little woman Vohs ‡ managed to get out of the business.

My second act I finished yesterday, and after a well-meant, and yet vain, endeavour to persuade a lyrical mood to come over me for the sake of the Almanack, have to-day commenced the third. The only means now of drawing myself away from *Mary*, and of inducing me to set about my lyrical work, would be to have some outward diversion. The week's journey to Rudolstadt would be a good thing for this. As soon as I hear from you, whether and when I can see you here or in Weimar, I shall make my arrangements. But I shall not leave before the 8th of September, as the foreign visitors will not have left before that.

During my many reflections as to what new form of contribution we might make use of for the Almanack, a new species of *Xenia*—for friends and contemporaries—suggested itself to my mind. The turn of the century would not be an inappropriate occasion for raising a

* On the 21st of the same month Goethe had written to Kirms: "As the performances in Lauchstedt are now concluded, I wish you would send *Hofrath* Schiller what is owing to him. Please let me know to what it amounts."

† The reference is to the play of *Wallenstein*, performances of which had been given at Lauchstedt.

‡ The actress who played the part of Thekla.

monument to all such as have wandered with us through life, and by whom we have felt ourselves improved, and also to those with whom we are not personally acquainted, but whose influence we have felt to have been of use to us. Of course *vestigia terrent.* Fault-finding is always a more grateful subject than praising; *Paradise Regained* is not as successful as *Paradise Lost*, and Dante's Heaven is likewise much more wearisome than his Hell. Moreover the time is too short for so praiseworthy a scheme.

Farewell for to-day. I have been rather too long over my other occupations. My wife sends kindest greetings. We are all expecting you, the children too.

SCH.

653.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 28, 1799.

My letter of yesterday has, I hope, made you decide to come over for a few days, and I am dictating these lines only so as to strengthen you in your decision. You shall hear a good many things about the performances of *Wallenstein*, and of everything in connection with them.

You shall also see the prize-drawings,* and admire Helen in many a different form. There are, after all, only nine of them.

The Almanack, and many another subject, we will discuss by word of mouth.

Farewell, and give kind greetings to your dear wife, whom, I hope, you will bring with you.

G.

654.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 28, 1799.

Charlotte Kalb has written, and tells me that the lodgings are at our disposal, if we will agree to her conditions. She has not made any arrangement with Scherer as yet.

Unfortunately, on account of toothache and a swollen cheek, I cannot come over immediately; this, however,

* See Letter 648 and note.

need not affect our negotiations about the lodgings. My wife, on one occasion, was shown all over them, and the front rooms belonging to the gentleman and lady, I know also. The arrangement quite meets our wishes, and I shall not hesitate to agree to them at once. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to get Müller to draw up the contract? I would prefer it to be made out for two years rather than for any longer period of time; but one year more or less would not matter much, we should always find persons who would be glad to take the rooms. As for the rest, I presume the rent is the same as what Frau von Kalb paid, namely, 122 Reichsthalers (about £19), the Laubthaler * at one Reichsthaler fourteen Groschen.

When I come I should like, if you will allow me, to lay before you my wishes and estimates regarding this new arrangement.

My toothache should not keep me from coming to you to-morrow at once, were it not that, unfortunately, the pain increases when I talk or read; otherwise I can bear it pretty well.

I am anxious to see what you have to show and to tell me, and, in fact, am longing heartily for the intercourse which has so long been denied to us.

My wife will not fail to come with me. With great pleasure do I accept the permission to stay with you, and, if at all possible, I shall come on Saturday. Farewell.

SCH.

655.—SCHILLER *to* DUKE AUGUST OF WEIMAR.

Jena, September 1, 1799.

Most Illustrious Duke,

Most Gracious Prince and Master!

The few weeks of my stay in Weimar near Your Highness during last winter and in the spring, exercised so inspiriting an influence upon my state of mind, that I have doubly felt the dearth and the utter want of artistic enjoyment and intercourse which is my lot here in Jena. As long as I was engaged with philosophy I

* A *Laubthaler*, which was an older coin than the *Reichsthaler* (rix-dollar), was about the value of six livres.

felt myself perfectly in my sphere here; but now that inclination and the improved state of my health have led me back to poetry with renewed zeal, I feel as if I were turned out into a desert waste. A place where only learning, and metaphysics in particular, are the order of the day, is not a favorable one for poets; they have at all times prospered only under the influence of art and of genial intercourse. In addition to this, my dramatic labours render it of the utmost importance that I should be enabled to witness theatrical representations, and I feel perfectly convinced of their happy influence upon my works. All these considerations have awakened in me an intense desire to spend the winter months in Weimar.

But, upon comparing this desire with my financial means, I find that it is beyond my power to defray the expenses of a double establishment and the higher prices of most of the necessaries of life in Weimar. In this dilemma I venture to appeal directly to your Highness's generosity, and do so all the more confidently on account of the reasons which induce me to make this change of residence, which I venture to hope will meet with your Highness's gracious approval. The desire which urges me to make this change, gracious Sir, is to be nearer yourself and the illustrious Lady Duchesses, and, by my active endeavour to obtain your approval, to become myself more perfect in my profession, nay, perhaps even by this means to contribute some few things for your special enjoyment.

As, in the main, I can rely upon the fruits of my own industry, and it is in no way my intention to be less industrious than formerly, but rather to be doubly active, I venture to address this most humble petition to Your Highness, graciously to render less irksome the increase of the expenses which will yearly become greater upon my removal to Weimar and the keeping up of two establishments, by granting me an increase of salary.

I remain, with the deepest devotion,

Most Illustrious Duke and Gracious Master,

Your most obedient Servant

Fr. Schiller.*

* The Duke's answer to this letter, dated September 11, may be quoted here: "The plan which you propose, of spending this winter

656.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 3, 1799.

I have not received any further news from you about the lodgings, and now fully calculate upon your having taken a lease of them for me. Circumstances oblige me to take the trip to Rudolstadt a week earlier than I proposed. We start to-morrow, and I hope to be able to be in Weimar by Tuesday or Wednesday. Your letter would, therefore, not find me here to-morrow. Hence, unfortunately, I shall not hear anything of you during the coming week unless the theatrical despatches between Weimar and Rudolstadt bring me a few lines.

I shall now have to make a pause in my dramatic work for a time, if anything is to be done for the Almanack. The break, moreover, is an appropriate one, as I have brought the action up to the scene where the two queens meet. The situation is, in itself, morally impossible; I am very curious to see how far I have succeeded in making it possible. The question applies to poetry generally, and hence I am doubly anxious to discuss it with you.

I am beginning, in *Mary Stuart*, to use the metre with more licence, or rather variety, where the occasion justifies me in so doing. An alternation of this kind is met with

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and perhaps the following ones here, is so agreeable to me and so much in accordance with what I myself would wish, that I very gladly consent to contribute something towards rendering your stay here less burdensome to you, and therefore 200 Rthlrs. (£30) shall be added to your salary from Michaelmas of this year. Your presence will be of great use to our social relations, and your work might perhaps be rendered easier to you, if you would show the frequenters of the theatre here some confidence, and honour them by giving them those plays upon which you are still engaged. That which is intended to influence society, certainly becomes better developed when one meets a variety of people than when one lives in a state of isolation. It is to me in particular an especially precious hope that I shall be able to see you frequently, and repeatedly to assure you, in person, of the great esteem and friendship I feel for you, and herewith I remain, Herr *Hofrath*, your friend and well-wisher

Karl August, H. z. S. W.

in Greek pieces, and the public must get accustomed to everything.

Most glad I am to be coming to you again, although the way will be a very roundabout one, for I shall go direct from Rudolstadt to Weimar.

Farewell during the coming week. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

657.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 4, 1799.

As theatrical despatches are just about to leave for Rudolstadt, I will not let the messenger off without a few lines to you.

I have settled matters with Müller about the house; Charlotte intends leaving some things in it, which is very friendly on her part.

I hope you may get safely over your journey here. The road to Rudolstadt has not been a very fortunate one this time for the Weimarians.*

It will be a pleasure to me to discuss your *Mary* with you. With regard to the situation, it belongs, if I am not mistaken, to the romantic class. As we modern writers cannot, in fact, escape from the tendency, we shall have to let it pass, if only the probability of the case is in some measure saved. Certain it is, however, that you will have done even more than this. I am extremely curious to see how you have treated the case.

Our prize-drawings are now arranged; the hall is not open yet, and only a few persons have seen them, but it seems to me that the circle of opinions has already been pretty well exhausted.

The *Absurd* is being cried down by every one, and people are delighted to see something so far beneath them. *Mediocrity* they rise above with complacency. *Plausibility* is praised unhesitatingly and unconditionally, for plausibility is, in reality, that which has a general value in practical experience. The *Good*, which, however, is not perfect, is passed over in silence; for, that which is found

* The Weimar theatrical company.

to be genuine in what is good commands respect, while that which is felt to be imperfect awakes doubt; and he who cannot himself do away with the doubt does not care to compromise himself, and herein acts very wisely. That which is *Perfect*—where it is to be met with—gives thorough satisfaction, in *plausibility* it is superficial, and thus both together produce a similar effect.

We shall see whether the public shows itself in even greater variety. Try and see whether you cannot complete the sketch on the journey you are about to make. It would be nice to bring things to a point where we should know what opinion people would be obliged to pronounce.

Farewell and enjoy yourself. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and come safely to us. I am longing as much to see you again, as I am wishing for a new period to enter into the present state of my affairs, for things are beginning to stagnate in me a little.

G.

658.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

The parcel * surprised me not a little; and although it reminds me again of my old indecision (for I had to-day firmly resolved to give up contributing anything to the Almanack, and accordingly again set to work at my *Mary*) still, it gives me courage also; perhaps it had the same effect upon you.

Farewell. I hope to see you early to-day, even though the weather interferes with the proposed garden-party.

SCH.

* A parcel from Zelter, the composer, on September 21, who sent both Goethe and Schiller a new edition of his songs. This collection now contained his music to Goethe's *Zauberlehrling* and his *Erinnerung*, to Amalia von Imhof's *Sonett*, and to Schiller's *Mädchens Klage*, all of which poems had been published in the *Musenalmanach* of 1798 and 1799.

659.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 15, 1799.

Our little Caroline was baptized this forenoon, and I am beginning to get a little peace again. My wife is feeling pretty well, considering the circumstances, and the child too has been doing very well during the last two days.

I have now also begun to look over *Mahomet*, and to make some notes upon it, which I will send you on Friday. This much is certain, if any attempt is to be made with a French piece, especially with one of Voltaire's, his *Mahomet* is the best one to choose for the purpose. Its very subject saves the piece from being received with indifference, and its treatment shows much less of the French style than the rest of the pieces that occur to me just now. You have yourself done a great deal for it, and will, without any great amount of trouble, be able to do something more important to it still. Accordingly I do not doubt that the result will prove that the experiment was worth the trouble. However, notwithstanding this, I should hesitate making any similar attempt with other French pieces, for it is not likely that there is a second fit for the purpose. If the style is destroyed in the translation, there remains too little of what is poetically human, and if the style is retained and its excellences are held forth in the translation, the public would be scared.

The nature of the Alexandrine to divide into two equal halves, and the peculiarity of the rhythm to form a couplet out of two Alexandrines, not merely determine the whole language, but also determine the whole inner spirit of the pieces. The characters, the sentiments, the actions of the personages, everything is thus classed under the rule of contrast; and precisely as the musician's fiddle directs the movements of the dancers, so the double nature of the Alexandrine affects the movements of the mind and thought. Demands are perpetually made upon

the understanding, and every feeling, every thought forced into this form as into the bed of Procrustes.

Now, in a translation, by destroying the Alexandrine rhythm, the whole foundation upon which these pieces have been built, is undermined, hence there cannot be anything left but the ruins. The effect is no longer intelligible for the cause has been lost.

I fear, therefore, that we shall not be able to obtain much that is new from this source for our German stage, unless it be the bare subject-matter.

During the two days since your departure I have not worked at all, but hope to set to work again to-morrow.

Please have the kindness to send me the sheets of the Almanack by the message-woman, or—if one is to be had—a copy with the sheets sewn together.

To Meyer my kind greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

660.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 16, 1799.

I am heartily glad that your wife and the baby are as well as circumstances permit. I trust they will both continue to improve.

I am again in the midst of the distractions of my Weimar life, so that not even a trace of an iambus is left in my head. I had intended to examine the first scene a little yesterday, but I could not even read it. Be sure to tell me something about the piece soon, and to send me my translation so that I may at least think it over, and thus work the whole together as soon as possible. In order to do this, however, it will be necessary for me again to decide upon a stay in Jena.

Herewith I send your dear wife a flask of Eau de Cologne to refresh her; it is rolled in those sheets of the Almanack which you want to have.

Farewell; the Almanacks will follow with the next messenger, and things may then unravel themselves one out of the other for the winter.

G.

661.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 18, 1799.

My wife is now beginning to recover from her great weakness and is pretty well, considering all things,—the baby very well. She bids me thank you heartily for your kind thought, and for the refreshment you have sent her.

Here is *Mahomet*, together with a few observations which I made while reading it. They apply, for the most part, to the original itself, and not to the translation; but I think that the original ought of necessity to be improved in this.

With regard to the arrangement of the whole, it seems to be absolutely imperative that Ammon should be introduced actively engaged, keeping the audience in a state of suspense as to whether he will disclose the secret about the children to Sopir. He must try several times to get hold of the latter, must throw out hints and so forth, so that the matter is never allowed to be forgotten by the spectator, and that the *fear* upon which all depends is nourished and kept alive. People must be made to wish that they were able to drag this Ammon and his revelation to the front by the ears, and to set all their hopes upon his timely appearance, *etc.*

The scene in which Seide tells Ammon of the proposed murder, and which is merely narrated in the piece, ought to be actually represented upon the stage. It is too important to the whole, and would, in addition, be a gain for the theatrical effect. Hence Ammon would not require to disclose his secret at once; there are other means by which he could prevent the deed without putting himself in danger. Mahomet would only need to hear from Omar that he had surprised Seide and Ammon in passionate conversation, and found the latter in great consternation. He might also hear of an attempt on Ammon's part to speak privately with Sopir. This would suffice to induce him to get rid of Ammon; the latter, in dying, would disclose everything to Phanor, and the end might be what it already is in the piece.

My idea would be somewhat to this effect: When Mahomet (in ii. 4) has told Omar of his love for Palmira, Ammon should appear; Omar should manage to move off, and Ammon might then bring forward the proposal that Mahomet should give the children back to their father, thus making peace with Sopir and with Mecca. The loves of the two being discovered, and the fear of incest might be made a new inducement for him to do so. Mahomet ought not to refuse him straightway, and merely demand of him the strictest silence.

I would have Ammon appear a second time at the beginning of the third act, between the two children. They would have to show him their love for one another, and he would have to show a certain amount of horror at it. Besides this, Seide might here make the disclosure that Mahomet had called upon him to do a bloody deed. Ammon would be filled with terror, Mahomet's entrance would have to frighten him away.

Upon his third appearance I would bring Ammon face to face with father and son; but, before he declared himself, Omar should enter and take Seide away. Ammon should remain with Sopir; part of the discovery, which would now be made from the Arab's letter, would be brought about by himself; Sopir would hear that his children were still alive, but not who they were, as Ammon should be interrupted while making his disclosure. He should merely have time to propose a meeting at night.

Mahomet should meanwhile be led to suspect Ammon's infidelity, and everything would then proceed as in the piece.

I must break off, as I am interrupted.

Farewell; I wish very much that, within the coming week, you could make up your mind about the alterations which it would be necessary to make in *Mahomet*, in order that you might set to work with them at once when you come here.

I miss the sixth and seventh sheets of *The Sisters of Lesbos*. You perhaps forgot to send them. Farewell.

SCH.

662.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, October 19, 1799.

Many thanks for your remarks about my translation. I shall keep them before me while studying the piece, and this I shall now consider it my duty to do. The idea of making Ammon appear three times is a very good one, and I will try and find a somewhat important disguise for him. Besides, as the matter has been brought so far, it will not be difficult to keep up the interest to the end.

This next week will again be taken up with a variety of affairs, but after that I shall probably have to decide upon paying you a visit again.

The Duke has sent me Martinuzzi's history; * I enclose his note from which you will see that he abandons the idea itself, and hopes soon to see you draw up a sketch for your *Maltese Knights.*

I enclose Voss's Almanack, in case you may not have seen it.

This will also be accompanied by eight good and six inferior copies of the Almanack.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I am glad that, in one way or another, I may hope soon to see you again.

G.

663.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 22, 1799.

The recovery of my little wife is proceeding somewhat slowly, but she has been spared all bad after-effects, and the little one is growing daily, and proves herself a good peaceful inmate of the house. Under these circumstances I have not been able to collect my thoughts properly, for

* Probably *Bechet, Histoire du ministère du Cardinal Martinusius.* A certain outward resemblance between the history of this Hungarian prelate—who was murdered on the 16th of December, 1551, in his palace at Alvintz, by the command of the Emperor—and that of *Wallenstein,* seems to have drawn the Duke's attention to it.

I cannot isolate myself, and am moreover called off too frequently.

However, in order to be doing something, I have been thinking over the arrangement of my *Maltese Knights* tragedy, so that I may have something important to lay before the Duke immediately on my arrival. The subject will do very well, the *punctum saliens* has been found, and the whole is very well adapted for a simple grand and affecting action. It will not be the fault of the subject if it does not become a good tragedy, and one such as you would wish. I shall not, indeed, be able to do with as few characters as you wish, this the subject will not permit, but the variety will not distract the attention, and not interfere with the simplicity of the whole.

Martinuzzi's history, which the Duke has sent you, does not seem to me appropriate for tragedy. It contains mere facts, no action, and everything in it is too political. I am very glad that the Duke himself does not insist upon it further.

Voss's Almanack really shows a complete break in his poetic nature. He and his associates appear to be in exactly the same stage of platitude, and to make up for the want of poetry, are all filled with the fear of God.

I hope to hear to-morrow that you have meanwhile gained something from *Mahomet*.

The *Erlangen Gazette* is said to contain a very offensive criticism on Herder.

Our Almanack has been very well received, and presents a noble enough appearance among its fellows.

I have been looking into Schlegel's new volume of Shakespeare, and it seems to me the language is much more harsh and stiff than in the first volumes. If you find this to be the case, it would be well to recommend him to be a little more careful.

My wife sends friendly greetings. Farewell.

Sch.

664.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, October 23, 1799.

I congratulate you upon the continued good state of things in the sick room; perhaps I may myself pay it a visit. My life here is as prosaic as Voss's Almanack, and I do not, under the present circumstances, see any possibility of making any progress with my work, for it requires a tender state of mind. Just that which has now to be done with *Mahomet* can, least of all, be accomplished by mere reason.

Since Humboldt's letter* and your adaptation of *Mahomet* have given me new light regarding the French stage, I find more pleasure in reading their plays, and have now begun *Crebillon*. He is remarkable in a peculiar way. He treats the passions like playing cards, which are mixed, played out, and can again be shuffled and played out without being in the least degree changed. There is in him no trace of any fine chemical affinity, by which they are attracted and repelled, united, neutralised, again divided and repaired. True he does, in his way, obtain situations which it would be impossible to obtain otherwise. To us this manner would be intolerable, but I have been thinking whether it might and should not be successfully employed in an inferior kind of composition, in operas and plays of chivalry and mystery. My thoughts on the subject will lead to discussion and reflection.

I shall be very glad if you bring the scheme of your *Maltese Knights* with you. If I can make it possible—but more especially if I see no other way of getting my *Mahomet* finished—I shall come over on the 1st of November; by that time everything that depends upon me here will be pretty well set agoing for a time.

From Frankfurt I have received the news that Schlosser† is dead. The French and his own garden were the imme-

* This letter of Humboldt's was published in the fifth number of the *Propyläa* under the title of: *Ueber die gegenwärtige Französische tragische Bühne.*

† Goethe's brother-in-law who had returned to Frankfurt as syndic some months previously. He died on the 17th of October.

diate causes of his death. He was in it when the French were approaching Frankfurt; he was late, and found the nearest gate locked, he had to hurry on to the next one—which was a long way off—came into a very hot room, and was thence called to the town-hall, whereupon he was attacked by a fever, which proved fatal and carried him off in a very short time.

Farewell, and let us make use of the days that are still before us.

G.

665.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 25, 1799.

Since the evening on which I last wrote to you, the state of things here has been very sad. That same night my wife got worse, and her trouble has now taken the form of regular nervous fever, which causes us great anxiety. She has, it is true, a good deal of strength considering the suffering she has gone through, but she has been delirious for three days, has not had any sleep during all this time, and is often in a very high fever. We are still in great anxiety, although Starke still holds out great hopes of her recovery. But even though things do not come to the worst, a long period of great weakness is inevitable.

I have suffered a great deal during these days, as you may imagine; however, the intense anxiety, worry and sleeplessness has not affected my health, if only the consequences do not show themselves later. My wife can never be left alone, and will not allow anyone to come near her except myself and my mother-in-law. Her ravings pierce my very heart, and keep me in a perpetual state of uneasiness.

The child, thank God, is well. I should not know what to do without my mother-in-law, who is always sympathetic, calm and composed.

Farewell; it would be a great comfort to me to see you here soon, although I cannot well invite you to come under the present unhappy circumstances.

Sch.

666.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, October 26, 1799.

Your letter, dearest friend, has brought me the most unpleasant news. Our circumstances are so closely interwoven that what concerns you affects me as much. I do hope that this trouble may soon change for the better, and let us try and bear the inevitable consequences.

I should come over and see you at once, were it not that I am being driven from so many quarters. Besides, unless I were able to be of some use to you, I should only feel anxious in Jena, whereas here a number of things claim my co-operation.

I wish for nothing more sincerely than soon to hear comforting news from you. If only your own health does not suffer from the present state of things. Please let me have a letter between the messenger's days if you have an opportunity.

G.

667.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Monday evening, October 28, 1799.

I have only a few minutes' time to tell you that since yesterday evening we have been less anxious, that a tolerably good night was passed, and the ravings no longer so distressing, although my poor dear wife is still in a state of delirium. The rash has come out and her strength is still good. Starke is hopeful, and thinks that an improvement may probably set in on Thursday.

I am keeping in good health, although I have been up watching for six whole days and three nights.

Farewell; I will write again the day after to-morrow.

Sch.

668.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

October 30, 1798.

I take this opportunity, which has just offered itself, of sending a letter to Weimar, so as to let you know that, in Starke's opinion, my wife is now out of danger; the fever has almost entirely disappeared, but, unfortunately, consciousness has not yet returned; in fact, violent attacks of derangement of the mind are of frequent occurrence. But although the doctor bids us not be too uneasy about this, you can imagine that we are in a melancholy state. I have hitherto kept tolerably well, but to-day, after a fourth night's watching during the last seven days, am now feeling very much exhausted.

Farewell, and let me soon hear from you again.

Sch.

669.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Nieder-Rossla, October 31, 1799.

I was greatly comforted by the news you give me of your dear wife's condition, which, if not better, is at all events more hopeful; and I have, therefore, been able during the last days to attend the fair here in Rossla with some peace of mind. To-day I mean to drive over to the horse-fair in Buttstadt, and on my return home this evening shall hope to find your letter of yesterday with good news.

As soon as circumstances in any way permit I shall come over and see you, for there are a number of things I wish to discuss with you; and if *Mahomet* is to get finished, I shall have to spend some time in Jena. I hope that things are in such a state that you can again give the poor invalid my kind greetings. If only this anxiety does not affect your own health.

G.

670.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 1, 1799.

The one-and-twentieth day of the illness is now past, the fever is very much less and is often quite gone, but consciousness has not yet returned; in fact, it seems as if the whole mischief had settled in the head, and it often takes the form of regular phrenetic attacks. We are, therefore, no longer anxious about the life of my dear wife, but cannot help fearing that her head may suffer. However, Starke still thinks that we need not be alarmed about this. He has not omitted to apply active remedies from the very outset, and has increased these according to the degree of illness. At present cold compresses are applied to the head, and these do not seem to be altogether without a good effect, for since they have been used my wife has for a moment at a time recognised both me and her mother.

I do my utmost to get some hours' rest from the distress by day and night, and cannot as yet complain of my health. But things threaten to become tedious, and I do not know what I shall do if such is the case.

Farewell, I am called off.

Sch.

671.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 4, 1799.

Things are, unfortunately, exactly in the same state with my wife as they were three days ago, and it cannot be said what the end of it may be. Since the day before yesterday she has not uttered a syllable, although several circumstances would lead one to suppose that she recognises us, and she returns the signs of affection we show her. She has had plenty of sleep during these three days, but has taken almost no food, and the little she has was taken with considerable difficulty. An obstinate dullness, indifference and absence of mind, are the symptoms which distress and make us most anxious. God knows to what

all this may lead, I know of no similar case which would enable me to judge of this one, and I fear that Starke's expedients will soon be exhausted. Opium, musk, hyoscyamus, china, camphor, oxide of zinc, vesication, sinapisine, cold ammonia-compresses on her head, strong oils for embrocation, have all been tried in turn, and to-day another trial with belladonna is to be made.

As the continual distressing sight is depressing me altogether, I have decided to drive over to Weimar perhaps for half a day so as to divert my thoughts. My mother-in-law, too, is in need of a change. We should know that my wife was well taken care of during our short absence by Frau Griesbach who has hitherto been a great help to us.

Please be so kind as to have a transcript made as quickly as possible of *Wallenstein's Lager* and of the two pieces herewith returned. I have, at present, no room for copyists in my house, and do not care to give the plays out of the house. You would be doing me a great favour if you let me have the transcripts soon.

Otherwise everything is still lying untouched, and will probably remain so for a long time to come.

I hope you may meanwhile keep well and in good spirits. I regretted not having been able to see Bury lately, but it was quite impossible under the circumstances.

A hearty farewell.

SCH.

P.S. The two plays will be brought to you to-morrow by the message-girl, as the horse-post did not take them. *Wallenstein's Lager*, however, Seyffarth has got, and this might therefore be commenced at once. I likewise beg you to let me have the melodies: firstly, of the opening song in *Wallenstein's Lager*; secondly, that of the Recruit; thirdly, the Horseman's Song; and, fourthly, the Maiden's Lament. Loder has entered into negotiations with the Magdeburg theatre in regard to the plays, and I shall very soon have to send them there. Seyffarth, it is true, lately had *Wallenstein's Lager* copied out for me, but I am in want of another copy.

672.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 5, 1799.

I accompany the enclosed plays with but a few words by way of greeting. My wife shows decidedly more consciousness to-day, and, in fact, seems to be better than she has been for a week.

Perhaps I may come over to Weimar to-morrow and bring back my mother-in-law, who went thither to-day with my brother-in-law. I should be heartily glad to see you again.

SCH.

673.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 8, 1799.

The day before yesterday, on my return home, I found my wife just as I had left her. Yesterday was a good day and promising in many ways; but last night the restlessness returned accompanied by great distress of mind, and her recovery seems again to be very far off.

Hence things with me too are in their old state, and I cannot occupy myself with anything enjoyable.

I have given my brother-in-law the commission, and hope soon to see some effects from it.

Farewell, and my greetings to Karl. His small wants will give me an opportunity to-morrow.

SCH.

674.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 8, 1799.

My wish to see you will, I hope, be fulfilled to-morrow; and if my presence cannot be of any assistance, still there will be some good in diverting your thoughts from this continued trouble.

Karl is very well amid his new surroundings; it is only at the approach of night—as always happens with children—that he longs for things to be as he is accustomed to have them.

I hope that you may keep as well as you have hitherto been.

There are many things about which I wish to have your opinion.

G.

675.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

November 18, 1799.

As I am invited to Loder's this evening, and should be afraid of disturbing you were I to come at an earlier hour, I send a letter to enquire how our dear invalid is.

To-morrow *Geheimrath* Voigt comes. If you have no objections to meet Egloffstein and Milkau,* we should be delighted to see you here to dinner. At all events a place shall be set for you.

Loder wishes to know whether you are satisfied with the offer from Magdeburg, and whether you will agree to let them have your plays, or whether the frequenters of the theatre there should not be asked for something more.

Farewell, and let me have the second part of the Princess Conti if you have read it.

G.

676.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

November 19, 1799.

Last night was a tolerably good one, but throughout to-day my poor wife has again been very much troubled with her imagination, and made us very unhappy. For this reason it was quite impossible for me to do anything this morning; perhaps the evening will find me in a more favorable state of mind; I wish you much enjoyment.

The Magdeburg gentlemen are a set of rascals; tell

* *Hofmarschall* Egloffstein and *Kammerrath* Milkau had been sent to Jena to arrange some matters in connection with the University. Owing to one of the students having fallen in a duel, Prince Karl August had given orders that all societies formed among the students should be dissolved; this order, however, Professor Paulus contrived to prevent being carried out.

Loder this from me, and that I yesterday wrote to *Rathmann* Fritze—to whom he had referred me—and told him my opinion. The proofs of my judgment of them I will send you to-morrow, as I have not got the letters at hand just now.

Here is the second part of the Conti, which I beg you will let me have back as soon as you have done with it. I wish you a good night's rest.

SCH.

677.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(December 2, 1799.)

I must to-day bid you good-night by letter, for my packing and other arrangements will, I fear, keep me busy till ten o'clock. To-morrow, after ten, I hope to see you for a minute before I start. My wife, thank God, has kept well to-day. But I can hardly manage to collect my thoughts.

Herewith I send you what belongs to you. The enclosed charts I beg you to send on to Büttner's library.

SCH.

678.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, December 4, 1799.

Our journey went off very well, and my wife, who is staying with Frau von Stein, had a good night after the troubles of the previous day, without a trace of her old attacks. The beginning, therefore, has been fortunate, and I hope the best for the future.

I have, as yet, not had time to see any of the people excepting my own relatives and Frau von Stein.

Farewell, and be sure to come soon. SCH.

679.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 6, 1799.

The few days since your departure I have spent in my favorite and almost absolute solitude. A visit to Mellish, an evening at Loder's, and a recital of Tieck's *Genoveva* in my room, were some little diversion.

I have been making myself better acquainted with the early English drama.* Malone's treatise on the probable succession in which Shakespeare wrote his plays, a tragedy and a comedy of Ben Jonson's, two apocryphal plays of Shakespeare, and some things connected with these, have given me a good insight into the subject.

It would be hard to conceive how Eschenburg could have omitted giving his new edition this critical value, if one did not know what people were. Had he but given short introductions to every play, partly historical, partly critical—the material for which already exists in the last English edition by Malone, and which he might have increased by a few remarks of his own—he would have rendered a great service to the subject in question, and this style of review would have made every one imagine that they were reading new plays. Probably he will do this in a special volume, and do so more minutely than is necessary, as has happened on a previous occasion. But how many persons would look for and read it at the end?

You see I am still enjoying the pure quiet of Jena, whereas the wave of Weimar society has probably already washed up to where you are. On Sunday afternoon I shall inquire where you are to be found.

Farewell; my kind greetings to you and yours.

G.

680.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, December 7, 1799.

It was a great pleasure to me to-day to hear from you. The poles of our magnetic stave have turned round, and what was north is now south. The change of locality I have not felt much as yet, for during the first days there was much to do, partly in my own house, and partly also in connection with arrears of letters and other matters that had to be arranged, before I could begin my existence here anew. I did not call upon the Duke till the day before yesterday, and spent an hour with him.

* See Letter 633 and note.

The subject of our conversation you shall hear of by word of mouth.

My wife has kept steadily well during the last five days, without the slightest trace of her previous condition. God grant that things may remain in this good state, and that the returning periods may not produce a relapse.

The sonnet * has made an unfortunate sensation here, and even friend Meyer has induced the ladies to be horrified at it. A few days ago I had to defend it vigorously. I shall not think it in the least degree strange if, in this case also, I do not make any other experience than of the contradiction in the opinion of the day.

The merit which Eschenburg has omitted to give to his edition of Shakespeare, Schlegel will now not hesitate to give to his. His doing so would immediately give new life to the subject, and readers who merely care for what is curious would here again find something similar to what is to be found in Wolf's *Homer*.

Fichte, as I hear, is now in Jena; I am curious to hear whether he came in your carriage.

If it is not abusing your great kindness, I wish you would let us have the use of your vehicle again so as to bring over all my cupboards and other things that have been left in Jena; for our lodgings here require this, and the female regime is especially unwilling to do without these conveniences. However, if this cannot be managed at once, things can be left as they are for a few weeks longer. We expect you to-morrow with great eagerness.

Farewell, and be so good as to remember me kindly to the Griesbachs and to the Loders.

SCH.

* A sonnet by Goethe, where he expresses himself somewhat strongly against dilettanteism in art.

681.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 9, 1799.

When I went out this morning, I hoped to call upon you, but found it impossible. I dine at the Court, and beg you to let me know what you intend doing this evening, so that I may arrange to see you.

G.

682.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, December 10, 1799.

The piece* will be returned herewith; the best that can be said in its favour I said yesterday. The deeper one gets into the action, the weaker the work seems to become. The motives are weak, and, in part, very ordinary and awkward. Antony is rather too *simple*, and it is clear from the Preface that the poet foresaw this objection, and oddly enough thought that the testimony of history justified his doing this. Cleopatra is merely repulsive without grandeur; even Octavia is incomprehensible; the motive in connection with the children constantly recurs in all sorts of shapes, and has to make up for the poverty of the other devices.

Accordingly, I abide by my yesterday's assertion; the rhetorical portion is good, but not much can be said of the poetic and dramatic parts.

Sch.

683.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 11, 1799.

Thank you for what you say about the piece; I perfectly agree with you. The further one gets the less one is pleased with it.

To-day I dine with the Dowager Duchess; after that I will call and inquire if you are at home.

G.

* Perhaps—says Düntzer in his *Erläuterung* to the Correspondence—this was a piece called *Cleopatra*, in manuscript; perhaps the same one which appeared in Vienna in 1801.

684.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 15, 1799.

As I did not see you at the play yesterday, I want to know how you are to-day, and whether you would care to come to me for a little this evening.

G.

685.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 17, 1799.

The Duke and Duchess are going to take tea with me to-day, and, as I hope, will lend a gracious ear to the recital of *Mahomet*. If you care to be present at this operation you will be heartily welcome.

G.

686.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 20, 1799.

If you care to call this evening at about six, and to remain to supper, I should be very much pleased.

G.

687.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 23, 1799.

I hoped yesterday to have seen you towards evening, which, however, I was unable to manage. To-day I cannot well go out, and this evening the excess of things prophetic * will probably keep you away from our circle. However, send your dear wife to us, and write and tell me whether the Muses are gracious to you. My life is a most interrupted one just now.

G.

* This refers to the proposed re-reading of his *Mahomet*, which Schiller had already heard on the 17th.

688.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Yesterday evening I determined to call upon you, but became too much absorbed in my work and forgot the time. As I mean to read the first three acts to Mellish to-morrow, I have had, and still have, a great many things to do which keep me at home; for, as you know by experience, nothing runs away with so much time as filling up the little gaps that have been left in one's work. However, should you this evening, after your adventure, still feel inclined for a talk, let me know and I will come.

Farewell. My wife will be very glad to avail herself of your invitation if she is at all able to get out.

Sch.

689.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 23, 1799.

I think you should decide to come to me at half-past eight o'clock in any case. You will find the rooms warmed and lighted, probably also a few friends who may have remained behind, something cold and a glass of punch—all of which things are not to be despised in these long winter nights.

G.

690.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 27, 1799.

So you are going to have yourself carried to Court to-day at two o'clock, where we shall meet in the Duke's rooms. The evening you will, I hope, spend with me.

G.

691.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 29, 1799.

I wish to know whether you feel inclined to come and see me to-day for a little. You can be carried right into the house as far as the large staircase, so as to be less exposed to the cold. A glass of punch shall come to the assistance of a warm room, and a frugal supper will afterwards be at your command.

G.

692.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

December 30, 1799.

I had hoped to see you to-day, either at the play or afterwards, but could not tear myself away from my warm room, and we had visitors till after six o'clock, so that I could not leave. Accept, therefore, a kind good-night, and let me recommend the means for inducing sleep which Cotta sends. If Meyer should go out to-morrow, please ask him to come and speak to me for a minute.

Sch.

693.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 31, 1799.

I herewith send you a copy of the *Propylæa*, and should like to know whether you will gladden me with your presence this evening. I have not been very well since yesterday, and am almost afraid that the shortest day is still inclined to do me some mischief.

G.

694.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

December 31, 1799.

I regret with all my heart to hear that you are ailing, and hope that you will not carry this state of affairs over into the new year. I shall make my appearance after

six o'clock; between this and the evening I mean to try to get one of my heroes put safely under ground, for the Keres of death are already upon him.

This morning I received a large parcel of paper and other things which I owe to your kindness.

SCH.

1800.

695.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I come to you with kind greetings for the new year and the new century, and hope to hear that you have entered it in good health. Shall you be going to the opera? If so, I shall perhaps see you there, for to-day I feel inclined for some diversion. Vohs and Heide * have just been with me; they do not give *Gustav Wasa* † any very great praise, and, to judge from some of the details, the piece must contain some hideous motives.

Farewell. My wife sends you kindest greetings for the new year.

SCH.

696.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 1, 1800.

I rejoice silently in having been able to spend the close of the year and—being in the ninety-nines—the end also of the century with you. Let the beginning be like the end, and the future like the past!

I am to dine with Gore ‡ to-day, where it is always late before one gets away. I shall, however, in any case look out for you at the opera.

Farewell, and give your dear wife my kindest greetings and good wishes for the new year.

G.

* Two of the actors at the Weimar theatre.

† A play of Kotzebue's.

‡ Charles Gore, who had come to reside in Weimar with his two daughters.

697.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 2, 1800.

I had calculated upon finding you at the club this evening, to which I had been invited by my brother-in-law. But if you do not intend going, I shall perhaps not go either. However, I shall see how I feel when the time comes, and beg you, at all events, not to count upon me.

SCH.

698.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 2, 1800.

I stayed so long at Gore's yesterday that it was too late to go to the comedy afterwards.

I come to-day to inquire how you are and what you intend doing this evening. I am not quite as I should be, but always glad if you care to come and see me.

G.

699.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I have received an invitation to be present at the repetition of Kotzebue's play at the Dowager Duchess', which I cannot well decline, as I have not paid a visit there yet. However, I shall not remain to supper. If, therefore, I may come to you about eight o'clock and shall not disturb you, I will have myself carried to you straight from the palace. Yesterday I was at the ball, but did not stay to supper, and would have gladly come to see you had it not been too late.

Farewell; let me have a verbal answer. SCH.

700.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 3, 1800.

It is a hard demand—even if it were made in the case of one of Shakespeare's plays—that a piece which is to be represented to-morrow should be heard read aloud to-day. Therefore take courage also in this trial of patience

and endurance. You will in any case find me in, and I should be very glad to see you at eight o'clock or even later. I have, during these days, occupied myself quietly in more than one interesting manner. Meyer is in very good spirits, and we only require your presence here this evening to make us thoroughly happy.

G.

701.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 5, 1800.

I hope that the heroes and tyrants * of yesterday have done you good. I would gladly have spoken a little longer to you had it not been too late. The actors acquitted themselves tolerably well, and I cannot deny that I was astonished at the clearness which pervades this motley romance. The voice of the public here will, I have no doubt, be confirmed on all hands, and Kotzebue have honour done to his calculations.

Be sure to let me know whether I shall see you to-day, and also how and when. My wife wishes to be most kindly remembered.

Sch.

702.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

January 6, 1800.

It is already three o'clock and I have not heard from you yet. Hence, dearest friend, pardon my asking you whether you think of flying northwards again with the cranes,† contrary to the season, or whether you have any other plans. In any case I beg you to send me word so that I may be able to arrange things in case I should be tempted to leave Malepartus for a short time.

G.

* Gustav Wasa and Christian II., characters in Kotzebue's play *Gustav Wasa*.

† In explanation of this allusion, Düntzer merely says that Kotzebue's play of *Gustav Wasa* was given a second time.

703.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 6, 1800.

I shall not allow myself to be tempted to take yesterday's long journey again, and if I may come to you this evening after I have finished my work it would delight and refresh me very much. I have to-day begun to think over the prologue *quæstionis*, and perhaps heaven may grant me a favorable state of mind, if not for finishing the poem to-day, at all events for doing something towards it.

If you have no objections I will make my appearance at about seven o'clock.

SCH.

704.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

The business * you have taken in hand to-day is not very inspiriting, although it is somewhat interesting to a poor poet to see his ideas even so far realized.

I have to-day been looking into your *Iphigenia*, and have no longer any doubt that a representation of it will prove a success. Very little would require to be altered in the text for the purpose, and this would have to be done more particularly in the mythological part, which, as a whole, is too cold for the public. Again I would advise you to sacrifice a few common-places for the sake of the dramatic interest, although they quite deserve the place they at present occupy. More when we meet. I shall be with you at about seven. I must first wait here for Hufeland from Jena, who has announced his coming. Farewell.

SCH.

* This, says Düntzer, probably refers to Goethe's adaptation of his *Iphigenia* for the stage, unless, indeed, it may refer to some performance in connection with a redoute.

705.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 8, 1800.

I hope that you have slept well after our quartett * of yesterday. To-day I propose staying at home and making an attempt to get my stanzas finished, so that at the representation of *Mahomet* we may be able to await the public with a loaded musket.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

706.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 8, 1800.

I was on the point of asking you to come, for it is not very agreeable to me to spend the evening without you. However, I wish you all success with your noble intention. I am somewhat absorbed in physics. To-morrow at half past nine we shall therefore expect you to assist us at the reading rehearsal.†

G.

707.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

January 9, 1800.

I was yesterday somewhat premature with my invitation for you to come to the reading rehearsal. It will not take place till to-morrow. If you care to spend the evening with me alone you would be most welcome. How are the stanzas progressing?

If you care for a drive, I will call for you at twelve o'clock with the sledge.

G.

* An evening party, where probably Schelling and Meyer had joined the two friends. Compare Letter 788.

† Of Goethe's *Mahomet*.

708.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 9.

I am sorry that the rehearsal is a day later, for it comes in collision with an invitation to tea which I received for to-morrow from the reigning Duchess and have already accepted; and yet I should very much have liked to have been with you.

The stanzas are not yet quite finished, for I was not alone yesterday evening as I had hoped to have been. I am just now at work with them, and in order not to be interrupted, I must ask you to allow me to accept your invitation for another day. This evening I shall come to you.

SCH.

709.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 11, 1800.

I am curious to hear how you were satisfied with yesterday's reading rehearsal. As I did not get away from the Duchess' tea-party till half-past-eight, I did not care to inconvenience you by coming in so late. What do you propose doing to-day? I thought of going to the opera; perhaps I shall see you there, or even before if you pass my house.

SCH.

710.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 13, 1800.

I come to inquire about your health, and have all kinds of proposals to make.

Would you care to come to the palace with me? It is not cold to-day, and there is no wind. I would fetch you with the sledge, and you would see a variety of things that could not fail to interest you. We could then discuss our plans for the rest of the day.

This morning, pretty little Palmira* was with me.

* Mademoiselle Caspers, who was to play the part of Palmira in his *Mahomet*. See also Letter 723.

She really takes things very much to heart. If it is possible to veil her transparent nature in the first acts, things will go very well; I am not afraid about the last ones.

I have had the dresses fetched from Herr von Wolzogen, among which there are several that can be made use of.

More by word of mouth, especially about my strange feelings after having to-day commenced to read *Iphigenia*. I have not got far in it, but will not begin to talk about it as there is too much to say.

Farewell. I could fetch you at once if you let me have an answer by return.

G.

711.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Unfortunately I am to-day not in a fit condition to accept your invitation. I did not get any sleep last night, and only fell asleep after twelve o'clock. My head, too, is in a confused state from want of sleep; I must have excited myself too much with having worked very vigorously at *Macbeth*. I was busy at it yesterday till late in the evening. Let us reserve what has to be discussed till to-morrow, when I hope to attend the rehearsal with a clearer head than mine is to-day. Farewell.

Sch.

712.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 15, 1800.

I expected to see you at dinner at the Duke's to-day, where I had been invited, but met no one. After dinner I went to my brother-in-law and heard upon returning home that you had been here. It is truly an almost unprecedented case that you should *not* find me at home! To-day I shall merely wish you good evening. More to-morrow. Not much work has been done to-day for I got up too late; however, I have again been at work with *Macbeth*.

Sch.

713.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 19, 1800.

Only a few words by way of greeting to-day, as I purpose remaining at home and keeping to my work, for things have gone a little slowly during the last few days. To-morrow I shall hear whether you will be at home in the evening. I have invited the actors who are to play in *Mahomet* to come to me on Tuesday after the rehearsal. Farewell.

Sch.

714.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 19, 1800.

I had hoped to have seen you at my house this evening, and was just about to ask you to come. But, in the hope that your entertaining yourself will be a source of enjoyment to us both at some future time, I will resign myself to the fact that I must do without your society to-day.

Yesterday I looked for you in the box at the theatre during the first and second acts, and could not find out where you had gone to.

Farewell. To-morrow you shall hear from me early.

G.

715.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 20, 1800.

Herewith I send you a variety of things, a packet of sealing-wax rolled up in Humboldt's letter,* and also return your *Iphigenia*, of which even the devices of Herr von Eckardtshausen—such as have recently been revealed to us by the *Reichsanzeiger* †—could hardly give us a palingenesis.

* This was a letter of Wilhelm von Humboldt's, which had written from Madrid.

† The third number of this paper contained a reprint of Count Carl von Eckardtshausen's *Avis aux amis des recherches secrètes de la nature, ou découvertes intéressantes pour le commencement du dix-neuvième siècle.*

It is very kind of you to think of inviting the actors to-morrow after the rehearsal. Many a point in question can be discussed then, particularly as you do not expect very many persons.

If you care to pay me a visit this evening I shall be very glad to see you, as I am not feeling very well. I hope the low state of the barometer may suit you all the better.

G.

716.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(January 20.)

I thank you very much for what you have sent. You do not tell me what Serenissimus augurs and has said about the *Iphigenia*. This evening I shall come at a little past six o'clock after I have worked the first two scenes of *Macbeth* out of the rough.

Eckardtshausen's devices I lately heard Herder speak of at the Duchess' with great confidence and praise; at all events, he was very enthusiastic about the man.

I herewith enclose a scene from *Wallenstein* for Vulpius.* I have chosen the first scene with Gordon and Buttler where they speak of Wallenstein's early years, and which can very well be read apart from the context. Farewell.

Sch.

717.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 2, 1800.

Would you be so kind as to let me have a bottle of the red wine which Herr Zapf† sent you. Please also let me know whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here as I hope to do.

G.

* The editor of a periodical entitled *Janus, eine Zeitschrift auf Ereignisse und Thatsachen gegründet.* The second number contained some scenes from Schiller's *Wallenstein* and Kotzebue's *Gustav Wasa.*

† A wine-merchant in Jena.

718.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(February 2.)

It is not a red but a white wine that I told you about yesterday.

I shall be with you this evening.

Since I got Frau von Stein to give me Shakespeare in the original,* I find it much better to keep to it at the very outset, little as I may understand English; for the spirit of the thought acts much more directly, and I have often had unnecessary trouble in getting at the true meaning through the clumsy medium of my two predecessors.

SCH.

719.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 3, 1800.

I must tell you that it is not *Die Lästerschule* † that is going to be given this evening, but *Die Verschleierte* ‡; it is not at all a bad piece, yet it will not tempt me to go to the theatre. I shall, therefore, be at home if you feel inclined to come; I could offer you some game in the shape of wild boar this evening.

G.

720.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 5, 1800.

How did you spend yesterday evening, and what are your plans for this evening? If you decide upon going to the theatre I shall expect you after it is over; but if you do not go—which I should think very natural—you would be heartily welcome at any hour.

G.

* Schiller had previously made use of Wagner's translation of *Macbeth*.

† An adaptation of Sheridan's play *The School for Scandal*; it was played on the 10th of March.

‡ A play in four acts by Vogel; it had already been performed in November 1798.

721.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I am in hopes that if I keep to my work this evening and to-morrow, I shall have finished by to-morrow evening and be able to submit it to you. Hence I shall remain at home this evening, and only send you this note by way of greeting.

SCH.

722.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 11, 1800.

If you care to come to me this evening in spite of the very cold weather, I wish you would come at six o'clock, so that we may finish *Macbeth*.

At seven o'clock, when the moon rises, I should like you to join our astronomical party to watch the moon and Saturn; I shall have telescopes at my house this evening.

However, should you prefer remaining in a warm room, friend Meyer would keep you company, for he has an artist's hatred to the mountains of the moon as well as of Swiss mountains,* and to the stars as well as to the cold.

G.

723.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

February 12, 1800.

The time is now approaching when we shall have to fill up Neubrunn's part in *Wallenstein*, for, according to the usual custom of the theatre, we cannot well expect Madame Vohs to take it. I therefore propose Mademoiselle Caspers † who—to judge from what we have seen of her lately—will be likely to play the part very well, all the more so as she is a friend of Mademoiselle Jagemann. It will, moreover, be well to introduce her to the rhythmical language of tragedy by means of this attempt.

This afternoon you will hear more from me.

G.

* Meyer had a great dislike to cold. See Letter 42, where Schiller calls him our "stove-friend."

† See Letter 710 and note.

724.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 12, 1800.

If you care to come to me this evening after the play is over you would, in less than a quarter of an hour, be able to take away with you a definite idea of the mountains and valleys of the moon, and I should myself very much enjoy having you here after so long an interval.

G.

725.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 14, 1800.

If you care to pay us a visit to-day at six o'clock you will be heartily welcomed by us.

I should like you to see Meyer's *Wallenstein* in its present stage of development; by seeing a picture, as it were, in a state of growth, one more readily grasps what it really is.

I should also like to hear the end of your *Macbeth*, and, by friendly conversation, obtain enjoyment of life.

G.

726.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 16, 1800.

I am glad to hear that you are better for having been bled.

Herewith I send you the English dictionary, and shall see that the other things are attended to.

Of *The Piccolomini* I have not heard anything important beyond what we know; there were 422 spectators present.

Perhaps I may look in upon you at about six o'clock. At seven I shall again have to be off.

G.

727.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

March 22, 1800.

In accordance with your advice I have patched up an *Autumn*,* and herewith send the four seasons for your kind consideration. Perhaps something may occur to you that may benefit the whole, for I am myself in no poetical season.

Unfortunately I shall have to keep at home for a few days, for the doctor urges me to try a cure which I have been trying to escape from for some time past. It would be very pleasant news to hear that you had so far recovered as to be able to pay me a visit. Meanwhile farewell.

G.

728.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I am most truly sorry to hear of your being unwell, and hope that it may soon pass off. As soon as ever I can in any way summon up courage to leave the house I shall pay you a visit. Perhaps the air may be milder to-morrow and the sun shining; in that case I might perhaps venture to do so.

I was glad to see that the four seasons are now completed. The device which you have hit upon is very good, and if you would add something or other with some distinct reference to the season—at all events among the distichs which form your *Autumn*—nothing further could be desired. The distichs I will meanwhile examine carefully, and we will then discuss them by word of mouth.

Farewell for to-day. My wife wishes most heartily that you may soon be better.

Sch.

* Goethe had already written poems on three of the seasons, which appeared in the *Musenalmanach* of 1797 under the titles of *Vielen*, *Einer* and *Die Eisbahn*.

729.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 23, 1800.

Having now made up my mind to be ill, the doctor—whom I have so long been trying to evade—is now in full possession of his despotic power over me. How much I wish that you were again one of those enjoying good health, so that I might look forward to your paying me a visit!

I am making use of this unfortunate time by putting my collection of plants into order, and venture to hope that you will find some pleasure in it. The more that single things confuse one, the pleasanter it is to find our endeavours to bring objects into a certain connection, somewhat successful. I enclose the attack on the Weimar theatre. One could have no better proof of nullity and conceit.

Farewell, and let me hear how you are.

G.

730.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 24, 1800.

Your visit yesterday was as enjoyable to me as it was unexpected. If you are none the worse for going out, I should be very glad to find that you are inclined to come to me again to-day.

Herewith I send you my addresses to the theatre,* which I think of appending to my volume of poems. They are a little meagre, it is true, but they must pass as they are.

Perhaps I may decide upon writing one for the close of this year's winter performances; this may be the most suitable way of annoying the opposition party in a gay yet serious manner. More of this when we meet.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, and beg her if

* These addresses, published under the title of *Theaterreden, gehalten zu Weimar*, are four prologues and two epilogues, written between the years 1791 and 1794, and form the conclusion to the seventh volume of Goethe's *Neue Schriften*.

possible to go and see the comedy this evening, for I should like to have an impartial opinion of the two performances* from her.

G.

731.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

March 24, 1800.

The powerful effect which the air had upon me yesterday frightened me a little, and ascending the stairs, especially of my own house after my return, fatigued me very much. If, as I hope, I can overcome my timidity, I shall certainly come and see you. It will depend upon how I feel at the moment.

The theatrical addresses are a very interesting addition to the poems. They all possess a character peculiarly their own, and are besides so pleasantly social that one feels charmed and attracted by them. What I yesterday found on the printed sheet also pleased me very much.

As you said yesterday that you intended to have your as yet unprinted *Elegy*, which contains so much personal reference to yourself, printed with them, and that you also propose closing with these genial and pleasant addresses, I should be the less inclined to advise you to startle and to confound the public with the fragment from Faust out of *Oberon's Hochzeit*.† At all events, consider again whether it would not be better to maintain the spirit of good humour which already pervades the whole collection.

My wife sends kind greetings, and will, in accordance with your wish, go again to the theatre to-day.

I should be very glad if you could procure *Bayard* ‡ for me to read. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

Sch.

* The performances of Kotzebue's *Bayard*.
† See Letter 370 and note.
‡ Kotzebue's play. See note to last Letter.

732.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 27, 1800.

I hope that you have enjoyed this lovely day in the open air; and as I cannot hope to see you to-day, I send you a few things with the request that you will take a friendly yet critical interest in them.

G.

733.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I have, this afternoon, been so overwhelmed with making corrections, revising things, and other worries, that it has become quite late—too late to pay you a visit. Unfortunately, I have been able only to enjoy the beautiful air from my window, but still got great enjoyment from it even in this way.

For what you have sent accept my thanks. It shall be a pleasant diversion to me this evening, in place of the author himself. Sleep well.

SCH.

734.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

A young Swiss from Tübingen has brought news of Cotta. He really was carried off to Stuttgart; but after security had been given for him, he returned next day on foot, so as to be able to carry on his business.

He intends being at the fair.

Farewell for to-day. We have visitors at our house this evening, and shall, therefore, be unable to come to you.

SCH.

735.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

April 3, 1800.

Here is the conclusion of *Macbeth;* I have marked only a very few pasages in it. May I hope to see you here to-day? My condition is not one of the best.

G.

736.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, April 5, 1800.

Schlegel presents his compliments and sends the enclosed.*

Are you going to the play, or do you intend coming to me? Your decision will determine mine.

I should like you to come on Monday to dinner. *Geheimrath* Voigt will probably be here, and Wieland also, perhaps.

Fare better and be more diligent than I can be. I cannot manage a single period, much less a stanza.

G.

737.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(April 5.)

I shall not in any case go to the play to-day. However, if you think of going I will come to you beforehand, between three and four, if you have no objections. I will come to dinner on Monday if I am at all well enough. I am completely absorbed in my work just now, and am trying to get as much done as possible, for I am, at present, in a tolerably good state of mind. Farewell.

Sch.

738.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, April 10, 1800.

This will be accompanied by a telescope. There was a time when one simply wished to be conscious of the moon's existence, now we wish to examine it. I hope there will be a great many inquisitive persons, so that we may gradually entice the pretty ladies into our observatories.

If you have still got the music to *Macbeth* by you, please bring it with you this afternoon, also the Porter's song.

I hope that the effect of yesterday's music may still be resounding in you this morning.

G.

* Probably his translation of Selections from the works of Horace Walpole, which appeared in 1800.

739.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

April 16, 1800.

As the *Prophecies of Bakis** were found in so wonderful a way in your house, I should like to know whether that small social—or pastoral—play of mine, written in earlier days,† may not to be found there likewise. If so, I beg you to let me have it.

What do you propose doing this evening?

Schelling is here, but I could not invite him to come to me this evening, for, owing to domestic circumstances, I was unable to have any guests with me to-day. Will you and your dear wife give me the pleasure of your company at a small musical gathering here to-morrow evening?

The Devil‡ whom I have invoked is behaving very strangely.

G.

740.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Leipzig (end of April), 1800.

After my long state of solitude, the change of being here is very agreeable to me. I propose, moreover, remaining here another week.

A fair like this may really be said to be the world in a nutshell, where one may get a very clear notion of such human affairs as are based upon mere mechanical dexterity. Otherwise, as a rule, there is so little in it that could be called intellectual, that things seem to me more to resemble a mere animal instinct for Art.

Of what might be actually called Art, there is, one might boldly say, no trace whatever in what the age itself has produced.

Of paintings, engravings and such things, there is many a good thing, but they belong to bygone days.

The sensation produced by the portrait—at Bausen's—of a painter now residing in Hamburg, is incredible; but

* *Weissagungen des Bakis*, by Goethe.

† His *Laune des Verliebten*. See postscript to Letter 482.

‡ In his *Faust*.

it is, so to say, the last flicker which the departing spirit has excited in the artistic subjects. A cloud for a Juno.

I should like you to see but one performance at the theatre here. The naturalism, and the loose, careless style of behaviour, both generally and individually, could not be surpassed. Of Art and Grace there is not a trace. A lady from Vienna very appropriately said that the actors did not behave in the slightest degree as if there were spectators present. With regard to the recitation and declamation of most of the actors, there was no evidence of their having any intention to make themselves understood. Of turning their backs to the audience and of speaking to the ground there is no end; things are done according to so-called nature; and then, when important passages occur, they fall into the most exaggerated style.

On the other hand, the public deserves a certain amount of credit in its way; it is extremely attentive, and one does not observe any preference shown to any special actor, which, however, it would be difficult to do. The author is frequently applauded, or rather the subject he has treated, and the actor himself generally receives loud applause only when he exaggerates. These things, as you will see, are all symptoms of a public which, it is true, is unspoilt but also uneducated—in fact, such as comes together at a fair.

But now farewell, and hold me in remembrance. Many another thing by word of mouth.

G.

741.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, May 5, 1800.

Thank you for your dear letter; it was quite strange to me not to see you or to hear from you for so long. But much as I miss you here, I am, nevertheless, glad for your own sake that you are having this change after the long winter, for it will certainly bring you back to us in more cheerful spirits. During your absence I have been very well physically; I have been a good deal in the open air, and am beginning gradually to look upon myself as a

strong man. I have during these last days occupied myself with arranging the first four acts of my *Mary* for the stage, and as these are now finished, have already taken the fifth act in hand. There have been several rehearsals of *Macbeth* and I have good hopes of it. However, the first performance of it cannot be given till Wednesday week.

You will meanwhile have met Cotta and have heard all about his misfortunes.

Schütz's reply to Schelling's attack * you will likewise have heard of. Unfortunately it is clear that Schelling will not have the majority on his side; it is a bad thing, when attacking anything, to expose one's own self in variety of ways. He has now left for Bamberg.

I have been told that Kotzebue, in a new piece,† has taken it upon himself to say several things against the *Propylæa*. If this is the case, I hope that you will let the wretched man feel his detestable stupidity.

I have not much to tell you about Weimar. I went once to tea and supper at the palace, where, for three quarters of an hour, I had to listen to some French poetry.

Although you may not be able to get very much intellectual amusement in Leipzig, still, the knowledge you possess of worldly affairs of this kind must lead you to find a good deal of pleasure and profit in that kind of life.

The description you give of the theatre there represents a town and a public which, at all events, do not make any pretensions to Art and the criticism of Art, but which merely have the wish to be amused and affected. Yet it is very melancholy to think that dramatic art should be in such a state. I have offered my *Macbeth* to Opitz, but have not yet heard from him.

I have heard that a great friendship has been struck up between Friedrich Schlegel—who was here recently—and Jean Paul, and that Seckendorf, too, is striking up an acquaintance with Schlegel, and has been entertaining and paying his respects to him.

* Schelling's essay *Ueber die Jenaische allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung* in the first number of the *Zeitschrift für speculative Philosophie.*

† Kotzebue's *Besuch oder die Sucht zu glänzen* appeared the following year.

Richter * is at present away with Herder in order to be married by him.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Keep in good health and return to us refreshed.

SCH.

742.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, May 9, 1800.

I hear this moment that some one from your house † is about to start for Leipzig, and I take this opportunity of sending you a few lines by way of greeting. I feel your absence very much, and feel it doubly as I cannot at present throw myself wholly into my own work, for the rehearsals of *Macbeth* cut up my time tremendously, and I have not been able or cared to set to work with the fifth act of *Mary*, for I require to be in a peculiar humour for it.

You are, I am told, not coming back till Wednesday. We shall, therefore, be able to receive you at once with *Macbeth*, as it has been postponed till that day.

My health has been keeping good; I go out walking a good deal with Meyer.

My little girl was inoculated five days ago, and we are now in fear and in hope, awaiting the breaking out of the eruption.

I must hurry, as the person is just starting. Unfortunately, I shall see you but for one dav and then be off to my poetic solitude.

SCH.

The enclosed please send to Cotta for me; he has some money for me; and if it does not inconvenience you, I should be very much obliged if you would bring it with you.

* Jean Paul F. Richter and his betrothed, Caroline von Feuchtersleben, met Herder and his wife at Ilmenau on the second of May; but in place of the marriage ceremony being performed, the relation in which they had stood to one another was entirely broken off.

† No doubt, says Düntzer, Schiller here refers to Christiana Vulpius, whom he avoids mentioning by name, in the same way as, in one of his earlier letters, he makes a —— in place of giving her name.

743.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I am sorry that you could not attend our reading rehearsal. To-morrow I will send you a full report of it.

I do not altogether care for you to be present at the *evening recital* of my *Mary*, for I should prefer laying before you the whole of the second half of the play—which you do not yet know—at one and the same time, because the best of it is lost when read piecemeal.

Meanwhile farewell. I wish that good Faustian apparitions may rise up before you.

SCH.

744.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 12, 1800.

Your bold idea of having a communion service * exhibited upon the stage has already got wind, and I have been urged to request you to leave out this performance. I may here confess that I myself did not altogether like it, and now that it is being protested against beforehand, it would, in a double respect, be unadvisable to introduce it. Do you feel inclined to let me see the fifth act, and to pay me a visit this morning after ten, so that we may discuss the matter? Perhaps you would like to go and have a look at the palace,† it is a lovely day for this.

G

745.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(June 15.)

I am very curious to hear how you were satisfied with yesterday's performance, and, therefore, come to inquire when I can see you to-day. Our actors certainly deserve a good deal of praise, and if you are of the same opinion, you will doubtless tell them something to that effect.

SCH.

* A scene with communion service was actually given at the first representation of the play.

† The decorations of the palace were at this time being attended to.

746.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 15, 1800.

We have every reason to be very well satisfied with the performance, and the play itself pleased me extremely. If you care to pay me a visit this evening at six o'clock, it would be a great pleasure to me to see you again. I dine at Court and can scarcely be back before that time.

G.

747.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I have been so upset by the bustle of the last few days, by the heat and a bad night, that I shall to-day have to keep at home and try to get well again. To-morrow evening I hope to be all the fresher and to have had a better night's rest so as to be able to come to you. Therefore farewell for to-day, and I wish that good thoughts may keep you company.

Sch.

748.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 24, 1800.

I come to ask whether you will drive over to Tieffurt with me this evening, and at the same time beg you to send me back Schlegel's poem.*

Perhaps at this opportunity you would ask your dear wife whether she knows anything about one of my smaller metrical pieces that was written in former years.†

I am in town. You will, I hope, call for me to-day, and we can then drive wherever we please.

G.

* His *Bund der Künste mit der Kirche*, which Meyer had read aloud in Herder's house, where it was received with great delight.

† His *Laune des Verliebten*, which he inquires about in Letter 739.

749.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 27, 1800.

I will decide at once to let you have my first sketch, so as to have your opinion of it. My great object is to be rid of one piece of work, and, I think—upon reading the sheets over again—that they are almost good enough for their purpose; however, I will wait and hear your opinion. When I return from Court, and know how things will be this evening, you shall hear from me again; perhaps I may call upon you before I return home.

G.

750.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 22, 1800.

I have straightway decided to go over to Jena after dinner, for, in fact, I cannot in any way collect my thoughts.

Farewell, and make good progress in all things. On Saturday you shall hear from me.

G.

751.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, July 25, 1800.

Owing to the brevity and vanity of human life (I commence my letter as if making a will), and the want of any feeling of being able to produce anything of my own, I went straightway to Büttner's library, on Tuesday evening when I arrived, fetched a volume of Voltaire, and commenced to translate his *Tancred*. I do something to it every morning and the rest of the day is squandered.

This translation will again benefit us in many ways. The piece possesses very many dramatic excellences, and will produce a good effect in its way. I shall remain here but a week longer, and if the spirit does not lead me off to anything else, I shall certainly get two-thirds of it

finished. I have, moreover, seen a great many people and on several occasions amused myself very well.

Write and tell me what your activity has accomplished, and also when you think of going to Lauchstedt.

G.

752.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, July 26, 1800.

Some *spiritus familiaris* told me that you were translating *Tancred*, for I considered it a known fact before I received your letter. The undertaking will certainly be very advantageous for our dramatic purposes, although I heartily wish that *Faust* may yet push it aside.

As for the rest, I envy you seeing something actually coming into existence. I am not in a like case, for the scheme of my tragedy has not yet been put into order, and I have still a good many difficulties to overcome. Although a similar period has to be passed through with every work that is newly produced, still there is always the painful feeling as if nothing had been done, because there is nothing to show of an evening.

What gives me particular trouble with my new piece is that it will not let itself be arranged into a few large masses, and that I have to cut it up into too many parts connected with the time and locality, which is always opposed to the nature of tragedy, even though the action itself possesses the proper continuity. One must not—as I see from this piece—allow oneself to be fettered by any general idea, but venture to invent a new form for a new subject, and always keep one's idea of species variable.

I enclose a new periodical * that was sent to me; from it you will be amazed to see the influence which Schlegel's ideas are exercising upon the latest opinions in Art. It is impossible to say what this style of things will lead to; but these hollow, empty caricatures cannot prove beneficial either to production itself or to the taste for Art. You will be astonished to find it there said, that true production in the different arts must be accomplished altogether

* See Letter 754, and the fifth note to that Letter.

unconsciously, and that it is considered a great merit, particularly in the case of your own genius, that it works altogether unconsciously. You are, accordingly, very wrong in continually striving, as you have hitherto done, to work with the greatest possible amount of consideration, and to make the process clear to yourself. Naturalism is the true indication of mastership, and it was in this way that Sophocles worked.

My visit to Lauchstedt will depend upon a letter which I am expecting from Körner. If the project should not be practicable, I shall go to Ettersburg for some short time, and there try to collect my thoughts for the beginning of my work.

I hope the Muses may be gracious to you. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

753.—SCHILLER *to* PROFESSOR SÜVERN.

Weimar, July 26, 1800.

Pardon me, highly esteemed Sir, for having so long delayed acknowledging the receipt of your valued letter, and the pamphlet * you so kindly sent me. The latter I read with great interest, and am glad that Greek tragedy has found so able an advocate and my piece so friendly a reviewer. I felt, at first, very much tempted to express myself more fully upon this treatise of yours, and to dispute some of the assertions with which I cannot quite agree, but as I am obliged, at present, to endeavour to drive *Wallenstein* completely out of my head, in order that it may not interfere with the work I have in hand, I must reserve this discussion for another occasion.

You will, moreover, have seen from the printed version of my *Wallenstein* that several of your suggestions had already been fulfilled by me in the first sketch of the piece; the subsequent idea of adapting it for the stage is alone to blame for my having had to sacrifice certain artistic demands for the requirements of the stage.

I agree with you unconditionally in your veneration for

* Süvern's book: *Ueber Schillers Wallenstein. In Hinsicht auf Griechische Tragödie.*

the tragedies of Sophocles, but they were a manifestation of their day which cannot return, and to enforce the living product of an individual, definite Present upon completely heterogeneous times—as a standard and model—would be more likely to kill than to put life into Art, which must ever arise and act dynamically and vividly. Tragedy with us, if we had any, would have to struggle against the impotence, the languor, the want of character in the spirit of the age and with a common mode of thought, it would, accordingly, have to show strength and character, and would have to endeavour to terrify, to elevate but not to dissolve the feelings. Beauty is for a happy race, an unhappy one has to be moved by sublimity.

But more of this another time. In closing, allow me to assure you of my sincerest esteem and regard.

SCH.

754.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, July 29, 1800.

My work proceeds on its course; the translation I write out of a morning as far as I can in pencil, and then dictate it during quiet moments; by this means the first manuscript will appear tolerably clean. By the end of the week I shall have finished the last three acts, and shall reserve the first two for a fresh attack. I say nothing about the matter as a whole, which will, in every way, be useful for our purposes. It is in reality a *Schauspiel*—a show-piece—for everything in it is set up, as it were, on show, and this characteristic of the piece can be set forth even more by me as I am less restricted than the French author. It cannot fail to have a dramatic effect, as everything is calculated, and can be reckoned upon to produce this. By representing a public event and action, the piece necessarily requires choruses; these I shall also attend to, and hope, by this means, to carry the matter as far as the Gallic origin of the piece will admit. It will help us to make some good and new experiences.

I shall require about four hours to finish the work, and the accompanying sketch will show you in what

different ways, at times merrily, the rest of my time is spent.

Brief survey of the offerings presented to me in this emporium of knowledge and of science for my diversion as well as for my mental and physical mood:

Loder * gave excellent crabs, of which I wish you could have had a plate; delicious wines; a foot to be amputated; a nose-polypus; a few essays on anatomical and surgical subjects; a variety of anecdotes; a microscope and newspapers.

Fromann: † Gries's *Tasso;* Tieck's *Journal*, first number.

Fr. Schlegel: a poem of his own; ‡ supplementary sheet to the *Athenæum.*

Lenz: New minerals, especially some beautiful crystallised chalcedony.

The Mineralogical Society: A few essays from high as well as low points of view; an opportunity for all sorts of remarks.

Ilgen: § *History of Tobi;* various amusing *philologica.*

The Botanic Gardener: A number of plants in their orders, as arranged and grown here in the garden.

Cotta: Philibert's *Botany.*

Accident: Gustav Wasa, by Brentano.

Literary Scandal: Inclination to read Steffen's small work on Mineralogy.

Count Veltheim: His collected works, intellectual and amusing, but, unfortunately, frivolous, amateurish, and at times, hare-brained and fantastic.

Some matters of business: An opportunity both to please and to vex myself.

Finally I must not forget your *Memnon* ‖ which must

* Professor of medicine in Jena; the anatomist and physician so frequently spoken of in earlier Letters.

† The publisher, an exceedingly well-informed man, who delighted in gathering around him the most eminent men of the day. During the year 1800 he published Gries's *Tasso* and Tieck's *Poetisches Journal*, both referred to in the above Letter.

‡ Probably *Die neue Schule*, a gloss in Goethian metres.

§ Professor of Oriental languages in Jena, and celebrated for his works of theological and philological subjects.

‖ *Memnon* probably stands for *Mnemosyne*, as two numbers of this periodical were published by Hennings during that year. See also Letter 752, where Schiller speaks of sending Goethe some periodical.

likewise be reckoned among the remarkable phenomena and signs of the time.

Now when you think that one and all of these spirits are roaming about me, you can imagine that I am never alone, either in my own room or while out taking my solitary walks. During the next few days, as I am told, there is still a wonderful variety of things in store for me, about which you will hear more next message-day. I shall at the same time be able to decide about the day of my return.

Farewell, and be diligent, if the high state of the barometer suits you as well as it does me.

G.

755.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, July 30, 1800.

The cheerful tone of your letter proves to me that things are going well with you in Jena, and I congratulate you that such is the case. I cannot boast the same of myself; the state of the barometer, which is so favorable to you, brings on my spasms, and I do not sleep well. Owing to this state of things, it was very welcome news to me to hear from Körner that he could not undertake the journey. I shall, therefore, not go to Lauchstedt, and shall thus have an unexpected gain in time and also in money; for, much as I should have liked to have seen him again, it would just at present have been a little inconvenient to me.

I congratulate you upon the progress you have made in your work. The liberty which you appear to be taking with the French original, I look upon as a good sign of the productive state of your mind; and also augur from this that the work will bring us a step further forwards than *Mahomet* did. I am looking forward eagerly to seeing your work and to our discussions upon it.

If you carry out your idea respecting the choruses, we shall be making an important experiment on the stage.

My piece, too, will, I hope, be so far advanced by the time you return for me to lay the finished sketch of it before you, in order that I may assure myself that you

approve of it before I set about working it out. During the last few days I have likewise been engaged with the conclusion of my collection of poems. The stanzas on *Mahomet* I have also had printed in it. If you are curious to see them, Göpferdt could send you sheets *R* and *S* as soon as they have been printed off.

Kirms sent me a very welcome roll* to-day, for which I send you my best thanks.

My wife sends kindest greetings. May you fare well and enjoy the gay variety of entertainments by which you are surrounded in Jena. Mellish passed through here yesterday, and has again taken up his abode in Dörnburg. I hear a great deal about the merry life they are leading in Wilhelmsthal,† where the proceedings are evidently very Utopian. My sister-in-law met with a serious accident in the carriage, which broke in two; however, she herself was not hurt. Farewell.

Sch.

756.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, August 1, 1800.

Tancred I laid aside yesterday morning. I have translated—and here and there a little more than this—the close of the second act and the third and fourth acts, with the exception of the close of the two latter. By this means, as I think, I have secured the worthier parts of the piece, to which I shall now have to add something that is life-giving of my own, so that the beginning and the end may become somewhat fuller than the original. The choruses will be very appropriate; however, I shall nevertheless have to act very cautiously so as not to injure the whole. Still, once being upon the path we have entered I shall never regret working out and accomplishing this task.

Yesterday I attended to some business matters and to-day solved a small difficulty in *Faust*. If I could remain here another fortnight from now, it should assume quite a

* A roll of money which was due to Schiller for the performance of his *Maria Stuart* in Lauchstedt.

† Wilhelmsthal, a small town near Eisenach, one of the ducal country residences.

different appearance. However, I have unfortunately taken it into my head that my presence is required in Weimar, and I am going to sacrifice my dearest wish to this fancy.

In other ways, also, these last few days have not been unfruitful in many good things. We have long pondered over a *Bride in Sorrow*. Tieck, in his poetic journal, reminds me of an old marionette play called the *Höllenbraut*, which I too remember to have seen in my young days. It is a pendant to *Faust*, or rather to *Don Juan*. An extremely vain and heartless girl, who has ruined her faithful lover, consents to accept an unknown stranger as her betrothed, and he, in the end, as a devil, carries her off with him as she deserves. Ought we not to be able to find the idea for a bride in sorrow here, at least, in this direction.

I have been reading a treatise of Baader's on the Pythagorean square in nature, or the four quarters of the globe. Whether it is that I have for some years past interested myself more in this species of writing, or that he has contrived to make his intentions clearer, the little work has pleased me and has served me as an introduction to his earlier writings; however, my faculties are still unable to comprehend all of the latter.

A student here, who is engaged with the anatomy of insects, dissected some very neatly and explained them to me, and I have thus made progress in this branch also, partly in knowledge of the subject itself, partly also in the treatment of it.

If a young man like this could have some definite object given him to work at, if only for four months, many very pleasant things might be the result. However, if I can come over here again before the time when certain caterpillars change into chrysalises, I shall assuredly try and make use of his ability and dexterity. One might, indeed, easily do such things oneself were it not that they would at once lead one over into an entirely different sphere.

On Monday I shall be with you again, and shall have a number of things to bring with me and to relate.

Farewell meanwhile, and hold me in remembrance.

G.

757.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(August 2, 1800.)

I rejoice to see from your letter that you are soon coming back, and congratulate you upon having spent your time so profitably, and also upon *Faust* having been in your thoughts. I shall, accordingly, not give up the hope that you will yet make considerable progress with it this year.

I can to-day send you only a few words of greeting. Göpferdt sends me two things to correct, which must be quickly attended to, and I am obliged to go to the library to collect a whole lot of books for the purpose. My piece takes me back into the times of the troubadours, and, in order to get into a proper mood for it, I have also to make myself better acquainted with the *Minnesänger*. There is still an immense deal to do to the basis of this tragedy; however, I take great pleasure in it, and hope that by devoting more time to the plan itself, I shall be enabled to proceed the more freely with the actual working of it out.

The idea about the *Höllenbraut* is not a bad one, and I shall take note of it.

Farewell, therefore, till we meet again. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

758.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 12, 1800.

If you care to go with me to-day to *Legationsrath* Bertuch, I will come at one o'clock with the carriage and fetch you.

Herewith you will receive a copy of my poems for your dear wife; but ask her not to have it bound till I have spoken to her about it, for the creases in *Wallenstein*, which you consider the fault of Fromman * and his machine, are the result of the binding, and can be avoided, as I will show you.

* The publisher. See Letter 754 and note.

I hope that you are feeling better to-day than you were yesterday, although the barometer is still in my favour.

G.

759.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

August 15, 1800.

Yesterday evening I came out to Ober-Weimar, and am now enjoying a very bright morning. I fear, however, that as long as the heat lasts I shall not accomplish much, as mind and body are quite exhausted.

You may perhaps decide to drive out this evening and to call upon me. I am also curious to hear whether any new pieces for competition have been sent in. I may tell you—in case you have anything to say to me—that my man-servant returns at about one o'clock with my dinner. Fare right well.

Sch.

760.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Ober-Weimar, August 17, 1800.

My hopes of seeing you yesterday proved vain. I was kept in town till quite late in the evening, as my wife was not feeling very well, and I returned at about ten o'clock.

By the maddest chance in the world—just as I fled from town to escape from the noise—there happened to be a wedding in the house exactly opposite the one in which I am staying, an event which is perhaps the only one of its kind within a radius of six miles. I have not slept all night, and even my forenoon has been disturbed, as the people were packing up the bride's belongings amidst shoutings and jokes. Thus you see everything is conspiring against my industry, and I am afraid it will take me some time to get a fair start. Perhaps you will drive over this evening; at all events, I shall be prepared for you. Farewell.

Sch.

761.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 2, 1800.

Herewith you will receive Humboldt's essay.*

If you can be ready at about five o'clock I will call for you or have you fetched, so that you may see the things arranged at the Academy; some wonderful things have come in.

This evening we shall spend together again in order, at the very last, to discuss what is most necessary.

G.

762.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, September 5, 1800.

Humboldt's essay, which I herewith return, can very well be made use of. The subject must prove interesting, for it describes a definite human condition that is as secluded and isolated as the mountain upon which it exists, and accordingly leads the reader from the world back into his inward self. It is to be wished that this picture could have been contrasted with one from the busiest scenes of life, for in that case both would have had a double effect.

I hope you have now fairly settled down again in your solitude, and shall hope to hear in your letter of to-morrow that something has been produced. I too have now regularly begun at the beginning† and hope to get one part finished before I come over to Jena. I have meanwhile been once to the gallery of paintings, and have made various observations respecting the public, which I shall tell you of.

While Meyer is criticising and examining our German artists, they are coming down upon him *reciproce*, and finding fault with his works. Thus Crusius, my publisher in Leipzig, writes and tells me that the Leipzigers are very much displeased with the drawing which forms the frontispiece to my volume of poems; he thinks it too indefinite and wanting in expression, and accordingly begs me in

* A letter addressed to Goethe with an account of Montserrat in the Pyrenees (*Humboldts Werke*, iii., 173 ff.).

† Of his *Maid of Orleans*.

future to employ a different artist. I should like to know in what Herr Schnorr shows that he possesses what is definitive and expressive.

Cotta gives me good news of *Wallenstein*. Of four thousand five hundred copies the greater portion has already been sold, and he is preparing a new edition. It is a good omen for your *Faust* that the public has not been deterred from making further purchases by the higher price; in the case of *Faust*, Cotta might at once strike off an edition of from 6000 to 8000 copies.

Poor Eschen,* Voss' pupil, whom you know as the translator of Horace, has lost his life in the valley of Chamouni. He slipped while climbing, and fell down a precipice among huge masses of snow, and was never seen again. I am very sorry that the poor fellow has quitted the world in such a wretched manner.

September 6.

No letter from you has been brought in to me yet. I hope that very great diligence has been the cause of your not writing.

Farewell, and let me hear from you soon.

SCH.

763.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, September 12, 1800.

Having met with various adventures, I did not get back to the quietude of Jena till early this morning, and immediately tried my hand at something, but have as yet accomplished nothing. Fortunately, during the last few days, I have been able to keep to the situations which you know of, and my *Helena* has actually appeared upon the scenes. But I now find that what is beautiful in the position of my heroine is so attractive to me that it grieves me to think that, before long, I shall have to turn it into a caricature. The truth is, I feel no small inclination to found a serious tragedy upon what I have already commenced; however,

* See Letter 467. The fatal accident occurred on the 7th of August; Eschen, at the time, was on his way towards the mountain Buet, in the Chamouni valley, and fell into a ravine that was covered with a coating of ice. A monument was erected, near Servoz, in memory of the unfortunate man, and is still to be seen.

I shall guard against adding to the demands I make upon myself, for the trouble of fulfilling them takes away from the pleasure of life.

I hope that you have progressed with your undertaking. If it were possible for you, in conjunction with Meyer, to do something towards noticing the things that are being exhibited, it would be a great blessing to me. Let me have a few words by the returning messenger, and farewell.

G.

764.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, September 13, 1800.

I congratulate you upon the advance you have made in your *Faust*. But be sure not to allow yourself to be disturbed by the thought that it would be a pity to barbarise beautiful figures and situations, should such be met with. A similar case might often present itself to you in the second part of *Faust*, and I should be glad, once and for all, to silence your poetic conscience on this point. The barbarous element in the treatment which is imposed upon you by the spirit of the whole, cannot destroy its higher character or do away with what is beautiful in it; it can only modify it and prepare it for some other faculty of soul. Just that which is higher and more elevated in the motives, gives a peculiar charm to the work, and Helena here stands as a symbol of all the beautiful forms which will stray into it. It is a very great merit to proceed consciously from what is pure to what is impure, in place of soaring up from what is impure to what is pure, as is the case with us other barbarians. Hence, in *Faust*, you must everywhere maintain your *Faust-recht* (the right of the fist.)

With regard to the criticism of the exhibited paintings, I cannot promise you anything definite, except the letter which I intend writing upon the subject myself and in my own fashion. I lose all the advantage I may possess when I try to blend my ideas on these works with your and Meyer's opinions. Moreover, what I attain by keeping my own views distinct from yours, is not without its use to the readers of the *Propylæa*, or rather for our intention

regarding it. However, I will gladly give Meyer any advise about his essay on the subject.

My work is still progressing, but only slowly, however, I have not fallen back. Owing to the poverty of my experiences in actual life, I have always to devise some peculiar method and to devote a great deal of time to animating the subject. This subject is not one of the easiest and not altogether within my sphere.

I enclose some novelties from Berlin which will amuse you; you will be particularly pleased with the protection offered you by Woltmann.*

Farewell, and keep in the path you have entered upon.

SCH.

765.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, September 16, 1800.

The consolation you give me in your letter that the union of what is pure with what is adventurous cannot give rise to a poetic monstrosity altogether objectionable, I have already found confirmed by experience, inasmuch as this amalgamation gives rise to strange results in which I myself take some interest. I am curious to see how things will look in a fortnight's time. Unfortunately, these results possess great breadth and depth, and would actually make me happy, could I see a quiet six months before me.

The philosophical *colloquia* with Niethammer are still being continued, and I have no doubt that I shall in this way gain an insight into the philosophy of these later times. As one cannot keep aloof from the contemplation of nature and art, it is absolutely necessary to become acquainted with the prevailing and powerful modes of conception.

But now above all things let me ask whether I may hope to see you here on Sunday. Frau Griesbach has already invited me to meet you. As the weather is fine, and seems likely to keep so, I am in great hopes that

* Evidently in a letter to Schiller. See next Letter. Woltmann had gone to live in Berlin a few years previously, where he published a periodical: *Geschichte und Politik* (1800–1805), and his *Geschichte der Reformation* (1800–1801).

you will carry out your intention and come over with Meyer. You could make use of my coach, we might then dine with Griesbach, you remain over-night with me at the palace, and after our deliberations you could drive off early on Monday. I should not like to have anything about the prizes mentioned publicly till we are able to announce the theme for next year. In fact, it will be necessary again to discuss what is to be said in the *Propylæa*.

I have written a letter to Humboldt, which I enclose. It is truly unfortunate that I have again mislaid his last letter, in which he a second time gave me his address. But as it is still the old one, you or your sister-in-law are sure to have it. Be so kind as to add what is necessary and to have it sent to the post.

Woltmann's letter I herewith return. Things must look strange in Berlin for persons to have such notions. However, the question, of course, is not so much about what is effected as about starting something. I refer to the idea of enticing us thither. The tone of the announcement is quite like Fichte. I am only afraid that the Idealists and Dynamists will very shortly appear as dogmatisers and pedants, and, when they have an opportunity, lay hold of one another by the throat. When you come over you shall hear and see all sorts of things; I have no inclination for communicating things at a distance. Farewell.

G

766.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, September 17, 1800.

With regard to my journey to Jena, I had indeed firmly resolved to go over on Sunday; but I dare not venture to remain over-night, for an interruption of two days in my work would at once distract my thoughts. However, I hope to be with you a little after nine o'clock, and could remain till about nine at night. I should not think of taking your horses the long drive there and back in one day.

Most glad I am that you have meanwhile kept to *Faust;*

and that you intend keeping to it. Part of it must get finished now, and you have still several weeks' quiet before you.

I shall look forward to hearing the result of your discussions with Niethammer, by word of mouth. I have latterly been reading Woltmann's work on the Reformation, which is carried down to Luther's death, and this ecclesiastical revolution has made me think of the latest revolution in philosophy. In both there was something very eminently real; in the former the falling away from the ordinances of the church and the return to the original sources, to the Bible and to Reason; in the latter the falling away from dogmatism and empiricism. But in the case of both revolutions one perceives the old failings of human nature, of *settling down* directly in prejudice and of becoming dogmatical. Where this does not happen, things again diverge too much, nothing remains steadfast, and people end—as in the first case—by unsettling the world and by arrogating to themselves a brutal sovereignty over all things.

Otherwise Woltmann's work, which might have entered more minutely into the matter, is not in any way more mature or promising than his previous political history. The question here was to arrange the subject—which in accordance with its nature aims at trivial wretched details, and proceeds with endless retardations—into large fruitful masses and to grasp its spirit with a few bold strokes. But, in place of doing this, he is as circumstantial and tedious in his proceedings as an Imperial diet; he does not omit giving the smallest particulars, or useless colloquy, we have to wade through everything. The opinions pronounced exhibit youthful, weak, would-be wisdom, a certain spirit of triviality and secondary considerations; in the descriptions given favoritism and aversion. But notwithstanding all this the book is not without interest.

Your letter to Humboldt shall be sent to the post tomorrow.

Farewell, and may all good spirits be with you.

Sch.

767.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, September 23, 1800.

Your recent visit was very delightful to me; our talk, as well as Meyer's recital, have given me courage to get rid of my first despatch at once. Letters, money and notices have been sent off. The review is being copied out, and I am now thinking of my *introitus*, which it is to be hoped will soon be helped afloat by your peroration.

My *Helena*, too, has been making progress lately. The principal incidents of the plan have been arranged, and as I have your approval of the main point, I shall commence working it out all the more courageously.

Whether or not, I should like this time to keep composed, and not to look into the distance; still I already see that it is only from this summit that I shall get a proper view of the whole.

I also wish to hear from you that you are making progress.

In order not to draw down upon myself more curses from wives than I have already done, I will not persuade you to come here. However, should the weather change you will have but little pleasure from your garden.

My kind greetings to Meyer; I cannot write to him to-day.

Our philosophical *colloquia* are becoming more and more interesting, and I venture to hope that, if only I leave myself time, I shall get a very good insight into the whole matter. Let us do our utmost to enter the new century with this *third wonder*.*

Farewell, and keep me in remembrance. G.

768.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, September 23, 1800.

The recital, the other day, made a great and significant impression upon me; one feels the noble, sublime spirit of ancient tragedy come wafting towards one from the

* This, says Düntzer, probably refers to some jocose remark when they last met.

monologue, and its effect is the right one, for it excites what is deepest, in a calm and yet powerful manner. If you were not to bring back anything poetical from Jena but this, and what you have already settled in your own mind about the further course of this tragic part, your stay in Jena would have met with its reward. If you succeed with this synthesis of what is noble and barbarous, as I have no doubt will be the case, you will have found the key to the remaining portion of the whole, and it will then not be difficult for you—as it were—analytically to determine and dispute the meaning and spirit of the other portions from this point; for the summit, as you yourself call it, must be seen from, and look towards all the various points of the whole.

I yesterday began to work out my letter, and if, as I hope, I get it finished on Friday, it would give me great pleasure to bring it over to Jena myself. I expect a good influence from my lonely stay in my garden-house, even though the weather should not be exactly favorable to me, and I can calculate with certainty upon having some pleasant days in October. My wife is becoming reconciled to it, for here everything depends upon habit. Do not let either of us be interrupted in our work if you prefer absolute solitude.

I spoke to Mellish yesterday, and did all I could to encourage him in the lively interest he already takes in your optical studies. If I came over, I should propose meeting him, and beg you to give him some decisive explanations and further instructions. He has a grand idea of the whole matter, and it is so important to him that it is only his amazement that awakens doubt. If, therefore, you lead him over from the untenableness of Newton's doctrine by ocular demonstration, the matter will become sufficiently important to him to persevere in it.

Both Meyer and I are almost sorry that you should already have sent off the notice of the new prize-theme; for we had a few proposals to make to you with regard to the second theme. I also wished to tell you of an idea that had struck me, namely, whether the public could not be induced to buy 150 or 200 lottery tickets, at one

ducat a-piece, and then to distribute the two or three best pieces among such persons as take an interest in the matter. This would make it possible to propose giving a hundred ducats for the first prize, in which case, of course, the author would have to give up all claim to his work; the public would become interested in the undertaking, and thereby, indirectly, in the *Propylæa*, and no artist could keep out of the competition.

Meyer, too, thought this idea practicable and good; I leave it to your further consideration. Fare right well.

SCH.

769.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, September 26, 1800.

I had hoped to send you my promised letter by the message-woman to-day, but did not get it quite finished in time; the last days have not been favorable to me, for the change in the weather has again roused my old spasms. However, the manuscript shall be sent off by to-morrow's post, for I do not in the mean time consider it advisable for me to come over myself.

I hope that you are feeling well, although I have not heard from you to-day. If you could procure Hermann's book on Greek metre for me to read I should be very much obliged. Your recent recital has drawn my attention very much to the trimeter, and I wish to go further into the matter. I also feel a great inclination to occupy myself, at odd hours, with Greek literature, only so as to gain an insight into Greek metres. I hope, when Humboldt comes, to gain something from him. I should also like to know which Greek grammar and which lexicon are most serviceable. Friedrich Schlegel will probably be best able to answer this.

I hope that you may make good progress with your tragedy; this week I have not made any advance with my work.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

770.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, September 28, 1800.

I have written to Vulpius, and told him at once to look out those of my books which you might be able to make use of for the object you have in view. The material of every language as well as its forms of conception are so widely distinct from productivity that, when they are but looked at, one sees such a long roundabout way before one, that one is well satisfied merely to be able to find one's way out of them again. In my work I proceed solely according to general impressions. It is necessary that some one, like Humboldt, should have paved the way in order to hand over what is requisite for our use. At all events, I shall wait till he comes, and even then expect but little for my purpose.

The weather is such that I can scarcely hope to see you here, hence I beg you most urgently to let me have your friendly contribution soon, and also to encourage Meyer to continue working out his portion. My scheme is ready, but I cannot purify and complete it, much less work it out, till I see in what you have anticipated me. I only hope that it may be in a great deal.

My *colloquia* with Niethammer are being continued and are taking a good turn.

Ritter * was with me yesterday; he is a very heaven of knowledge upon earth.

My wishes would, at present, be very limited if it depended upon myself to gratify them; however, I will not say anything about this, and wish you a hearty farewell.

G.

771.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, September 29, 1800.

Here is my letter. I very much wish that it might spare you a little trouble as regards your own work, but I scarcely expect this. I was not in my sphere, and

* Dr. Johann W. Ritter, of Jena. See also Letters 491, 492.

what was actually wanted here—*propriety* in the matter—was not to be expected from me. To express a few thoughts, to entertain the reader, to incite the artist a little, and, at times, to confuse him, this is what I promised to do, and have, to some extent, accomplished. The essay will, however, almost fill one sheet and a half; if you think it too long, cut out some of the details—in fact, do with it as you please.

V. has sent me the books; Hermann * I took up at once, and, moreover, shall keep to the subject till it becomes intolerable to me.

Farewell for to-day. I must hurry with this parcel to the post.

SCH.

772.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, September 30, 1800.

The weather continues to be of a kind which doubtless does not inspire you. I have, during these last days, written the beginning to our distribution of the prizes and drawn up a sketch for the conclusion. I must now wait and see how this agrees with what you and Meyer have written.

If I could have Meyer's second half and the whole of yours by Wednesday evening, it would indeed be a great help to me, for I do not wish to leave this till everything is one complete whole. In Weimar I should never get anything of this kind done; I know this beforehand, for a collected state of mind is even more necessary to me for rhetoric than for poetry. It occurred to me that I have another essay of Humboldt's on the trimeter. Unfortunately I did not correct it when it was copied out; hence there are a few, to me vexatious, orthographical errors in it. I likewise enclose a portion of his *Agamemnon;* both will, in some measure, meet your wishes.

When I tell you that I am also discussing transcendental idealism with Niethammer and Friedrich Schlegel, and higher physics with Ritter, you can imagine that poetry is almost wholly cast aside; however, it is to be hoped that it will return again.

* Gottfried Hermann on Greek metres. See Letter 769.

Moreover I may now return home when I choose, as I have spent my four weeks profitably and find that I have made progress on all hands. Many a thing has now to be worked out, and if I can only manage to spend another month here this winter, it will be a gain to me in more ways than one.

Farewell; keep me in remembrance and be diligent in your own way.

G.

I also enclose last year's notices on *Macbeth*, which I have still to comment upon in part. Keep them yourself or give them to Becker.

773.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

I was just on the point of closing my despatch, when, to my greatest joy, your essay * came in. I have hurriedly read it over and find it better, more beautiful, and more to the point than you can yourself well know. It struck me while reading it that in Venice, when a trial is held, each party employs two lawyers of different characters to plead the case, one to start the law-suit and one to conclude it.

Our trichord shall this time give forth something very good. My peroration, in which you have anticipated me in some points, I shall now add to the introduction, and what there may be over, append to next year's prize-theme, where several other things can be said in addition. However, this cannot be decided till I have seen Meyer's review, which I hope to get to-morrow. The unity in the variety of the three tones will have a very good effect. I thank you a thousand times for your kind assistance; I thought also of classifying the motives, but fear—even in looking over my sketch—that I should become too dry. With you things are in full flow.

* The essay is now printed among Schiller's works, vol. xii. 326 ff. The programme in connection with the prize theme in the *Propyläa* contained: (1) Goethe's Introduction entitled *Preisertheilung:* (2) Meyer's criticism of the several pieces: (3) Schiller's Letter: (4) The announcement of the new theme, and (5) Cursory review of the state of plastic art in Germany.

Farewell, and please give a passing glance at the sketch which I send to Meyer, concerning the different position of Art in Germany.

G.

774.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, October 1, 1800.

Your historical results in regard to the prize-pieces sent in, Meyer communicated to me at once, a few days ago, and we were both very much pleased with them. And even though only this one result were obtained from the whole affair, still something has been gained by these nine and twenty artists having been at work, for we have obtained a very characteristic and fruitful insight into the present statistics of Art, which will be serviceable in many ways. And this very observation will be of the most general interest.

That you should be satisfied with my work, and find that it accords with your object, is doubly agreeable to me, as I really undertook it more because you wished it than from any inclination of my own; you will have found that just that which, at first, determined me to undertake it—the out-pouring of my feelings on Nahl's drawing—has not been made the main point in it.

If I am to judge, from what Meyer has done and from what I myself have said, as to what ought especially to be expressed, I should say that the following is what chiefly presents itself to my mind.

Meyer has discussed what is artistic, what is poetical and generally philosophical; now there may still be something general, or, if you prefer it, something *scientific* to be said concerning what is really *artistic*. I did, it is true, feel the necessity in my own way, of touching upon this, but as it lay wholly beyond my capacity and experience, I kept simply to the mere idea of the picture. Accordingly it would still be necessary to state something generally scientific with regard to the picturesque treatment of the outward arrangement, in short, with regard to what has to be done when the thought has been found, and it has then to be represented through the medium of

plastic art. It is true Meyer's opinions are based upon this, but he confines himself more to criticising, and hence we should have to strike a major chord to his minor.

Thank you very much for sending me Humboldt's work; I hope to learn many things from it. It is hard for me to understand Hermann's book properly, and one comes upon difficulties at the very beginning; I am curious to hear your experience of the book, and hope you will enlighten me about it.

The actors have returned and abuse Rudolstadt, where they seem to have received but very poor thanks. It is amusing to hear how these gentlemen scoff at Kotzebue, as if they could boast of having any real taste. However, it cannot be denied that in several instances their censure is well directed and well founded, only they are not very consistent. Your remarks upon *Macbeth* we will try to put to as much good use as possible. It will also be necessary to arrange the parts differently, for as Vohs cannot play Macbeth, and Spangler has left, we might perhaps decide upon something different with regard to filling the part of the Witches.

Cotta seems to be expecting to hear from you, and is anxious about your silence. Literary pirates have been giving him some trouble about *Wallenstein*. Some one in Bamberg has already had the play printed and sent abroad, and some one else in Vienna has received the imperial permission to do likewise. Accordingly nothing good ever comes to us from that quarter, yet they disturb and hinder us all the more.

Farewell, and get through with your business soon, in order that we may settle down here again and draw near to each other before the winter comes.

SCH.

775.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, October 3, 1800.

I have decided to leave this to-morrow, the 4th of October.

Although I have not exactly accomplished all that I

proposed doing, still my time has been well spent, and I have progressed in many respects.

If you care to pay me a visit to-morrow evening, we will have a discussion while the rest of the world are amusing themselves with *Bayard*.* We three must have a conference before I can think of working out my sketches which have assumed a wondrous appearance; as far as I can see, we shall fill the five remaining sheets that are still wanting.

Farewell; all else by word of mouth.

G.

776.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 9, 1800.

Together with the inquiry as to whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here this evening, I add the following points:

(1.) Would you be so good as to think of the prize-theme for the play of intrigue, as the last sheet of the *Propylæa* must now be attended to.

(2.) Would you kindly send me back Ancient and Modern Times,† as well as:

(3.) The few useless manuscript plays of mine which you have, and further, when you come:

(4.) Look at the printed plays which I herewith enclose.

G.

777.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, November 18, 1800.

Where poor poetry will fly to at last I do not know; at present she is again in danger of being driven into great straits by philosophers, naturalists and their set. I cannot, it is true, deny that I myself invited and challenged these gentlemen, and that I am following the bad habit of my own free will, and, accordingly, cannot blame anyone but myself. However, some very good things have been very fairly started, so that I spend my time pleasantly enough.

* A play of Kotzebue's.

† Goethe's *Paläophron und Neoterpe*.

Loder hopes to see you on Thursday. *Geheimrath* Voigt, so it is said, is not disinclined to come, so you might perhaps come together and bring Meyer with you. Let me know more definitely about this by the messenger, so that we may make our arrangements.

If you come you will find great enthusiasm for the *festum sæculare;* we have really some very good ideas which may perhaps be carried out.

Some good motives have been discovered for my *Helena*, and if, during my stay here, I can get rid of some dozen letters that I owe to different people, I shall have gained something in this respect also.

I hope that it may be the same with you in all you undertake.

G.

778.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, November 19, 1800.

Geheimrath Voigt has some business to attend to which will prevent his going to Jena this week. I shall, therefore, come alone with Meyer; this will be on Friday, as, on that day, my mother-in-law and sister-in-law pass through Jena on their way from Rudolstadt. However, I cannot ask them to come to the Loders, as it is uncertain whether they will arrive in time.

You may perhaps then decide to come over to us again.

I have meanwhile been keeping steadily to my work, and have finished the scenes with the trimeters.

I have made inquiries of Iffland, and also of Opitz, with regard to our centenary festivities, and am now awaiting their answers. Iffland wrote to me a few days ago about my *Mary*, which is now soon to be given. I see from his remarks that he is dissatisfied with his position in Berlin, and that he more especially finds himself slighted as an actor, so that he is, so to say, panting for a part which will raise him again. As Fleck—according to what he writes—is going to play in my *Mary*, the state of his health cannot be as serious as is made out; and thus, if Iffland cannot pay us a visit, we might possibly get Fleck and his wife to come. Our proposals with regard to the jubilee are circulating here, and the Duke is to be

spoken to about it one of these days, so that no difficulty may be raised in that quarter. When I come to Jena, we will compare our ideas on the subject.

Farewell, and enjoy your visit. Please remember me most kindly to Loder.

SCH.

779.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

The Duke,* so we have been informed, a few days ago gave it to be understood that he is very much opposed to our proposed centenary festivities, and among other things states, that such things should not be undertaken without consulting the Direction of the theatre. What this means you will know. Under these circumstances I no longer feel any inclination to act further in the matter, and hence leave it entirely to you whether the Direction of the theatre should make any arrangements with Iffland or Fleck. I will myself write to Iffland and tell him that the proposed celebration is not to take place, and that I hope he will consider my intimation a private affair.

At the same time I must beg you to request Loder to return the circular we sent to Jena, and to have it destroyed.

The circular about the medal, however, should go its course. Under these circumstances we need not be in a hurry about making any theatrical arrangements, and, in God's name, let us bury ourselves in our poetry and try to produce things from within as we have so little success in producing from without.

SCH.

* In a letter to Körner, Schiller writes: "We have not been able to have our centenary festivities, as people in the town formed themselves into parties, and the Duke himself wished to avoid a demonstration. Leo von Seckendorf, as Frau von Wolzogen in her life of Schiller reports, was one of the leaders in the matter.

780.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 2, 1800.

If you will favour me with your company at supper this evening to meet Professor Gentz,* I should be very pleased to see you. I must, however, ask you not to come till eight o'clock, as we have first to pay Gore a visit. If you can come, please have the kindness to give the enclosed note to the bearer of this, so that he may take it to Mellish, whom I have also invited to come.

G.

781.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

I wanted, as you know, to go to Jena to-morrow; now, however, Gluck's *Iphigenia* is in preparation, and if the representation is not given with animation and understanding, little is to be expected from it. I beg you, therefore, to take an interest in it. Perhaps you may feel inclined to drive to the rehearsal with me at three o'clock, so as to get a general idea of it. If it goes well it might at the same time be an opera for the centenary festivities.

On the other hand everything shall be done, that we may have *The Creation*.†

G.

782.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I have, as you know, so little knowledge and experience with matters connected with music and the opera, that even with the best of wills I could be of but little use to you on this occasion; especially as, in operatical affairs, one has to do with a very touchy set of people. I will very gladly be present at the rehearsals in the afternoon at three o'clock, but cannot assist you further than by being present. To-day, at about four, I will look for you at the rehearsal, I cannot be there earlier.

* Gentz had been called to Weimar from Berlin, respecting the building operations at the palace.

† Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*. See next Letter.

You write that you will try and procure Haydn's *Creation* for us, and a little while ago *Capellmeister* Kranz gave me a message from you to the effect that you wished me to procure it, and moreover through the *Coadjutor*,* and that an express messenger was to be despatched at once with the letter. I wrote the note immediately, and am now waiting for the express messenger to fetch it.

More by word of mouth.

SCH.

783.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Iffland has just written to me that he hopes to come to us after the first fortnight of the new year, and asks whether—in case of his not coming—the Flecks would be welcome. As I must let him have a speedy answer, I write to ask you to give me or the *Hofkammerrath* full power with regard to the Flecks. I wish you a good morning and a safe journey.

SCH.

784.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, December 16, 1800.

During the first days of my stay here I received through Kirms the news that Iffland intended to give a performance of my *Tancred* on the 18th of January, for the coronation festivities. I have sent him two acts, and propose sending the rest afterwards. If he had let me know of his intention sooner, the choruses might have been added and the piece have thus acquired greater animation and bulk.

It must now pass as it may; however, as I am compromised in this way, I shall have to remain here at least a week longer, so as to get it completely finished, for I dare not break off. Merely in order to make that which has been done possible, I have, during the last days of my stay here, maintained a state of absolute quiet, and see no philosopher, no physicist, in fact, no one but Loder. I have kept in the romantico-tragic sphere, and that

* E. Th. von Dalberg.

which I am doing, and that which I have done, appears to me in a somewhat favorable light; and this is extremely needful when it is necessary to get anything finished.

As, according to Kirms, no arrangements have yet been made with Iffland, my advice would be to ask him to decide to come in May, for, in fact, I do not see how he or any other actor of note in Berlin could come in January, if *Tancred* or any other piece of importance is to be given at the coronation festival. Let *Hofkammerrath* Kirms discuss this with you; I will ask him to do so.

I must now most urgently beg you and Meyer—to whom my kindest greetings—to interest yourselves in the performance of *Iphigenia*. The rehearsal and performance will always be sufficiently interesting in themselves, as the play has quite the appearance of a lyrical tragedy.

I have nothing further to say, and therefore add but a hearty farewell.

G.

785.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, December 17, 1800.

It is a very good thing that Berlin has spurred you on to hasten matters concerning *Tancred*, it will therefore be sure to be finished in time, and you will be satisfied with it. You will no doubt send it off act by act, for otherwise the parts could not be learned in time.

What Meyer and I can do for *Iphigenia*, we will most gladly do, so that your industry may not be interrupted. But *Iphigenia*, as I hear, is not to be played on Saturday; the piece is to be *Cosi fan tutte*.*

I shall now write and tell Iffland that the time of his coming depends upon his own convenience, and that you and all of us will be very glad to see him in May. The present *delabrement* in our theatre—caused by the illness of Graff and Vohs—would alone have interfered with the selection of many of the plays in which one would have liked to have seen Iffland.

* Mozart's Opera, with the text remodelled by Vulpius, under the title of *So sind sie alle!*

That you are meanwhile living alone with the Muses, and that you have banished the philosophers, I am delighted to hear.

I, too, have not lost any time here, and have kept quietly at home and at my work. Some difficult passages also, which I had left unfinished, have now been successfully mastered.

Farewell, and may it be your experience on this occasion that, in case of necessity, the poetic Muse agrees to obey a command.*

SCH.

786.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, December 22, 1800.

The enclosed graceful composition † will probably have already found its way to you; if not, keep it for a few days; it cannot be denied that it contains brilliant passages.

It will take me at least three more days to get my *Knight* ‡ ready. Tragic misery has regularly laid hold of me during these last short days; I should have finished long since, and been with you again, had I not made this agreement with Iffland. For to have perpetually to correct things carefully, to get them copied out, and again to revise them, this it is that keeps me back. You know yourself what such work is. On the other hand, it is a good thing, when once at it, to get the work finished, and, after all, we should have required it for the beginning of the year. The truth is, I had delayed too long with it, and the work that had still to be done to it was too great an amount for one attack, in my style. No one would believe how many threads there are in such a piece of work till they set to themselves to gather them up.

* This is an allusion (says Düntzer) to the Director's words in the Prologue to *Faust:*

> "*Gebt ihr euch einmal für Poeten,*
> *So commandirt die Poesie.*"

† A. W. Schlegel's *Ehrenpforte und Triumphbogen für den Theaterpräsidenten von Kotzebue bei seiner gehofften Rückkehr in's Vaterland.* Schiller thought the article excessively rude and coarse, but could not deny that it was very witty.

‡ *Tancred.*

This is a confession of my last week's doings, and I hope that you may also have several things and of a better kind to report to me.

I have continued my solitary life, and have only had one walk on one of the finest days. Friedrich Schlegel, Haarbauer, and Niethammer have called upon me.

Schelling I shall bring with me on Friday, so as to have a strong support for our centenary plans.

I have, moreover, been reading a good deal, and thus made some good use of the long evenings.

Farewell. I am anxious soon to be able again to spend the long evenings at your house with you.

G.

787.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, December 24, 1800.

I am anxiously expecting you and your work, and congratulate you upon having been able to get through these *besogne* in the old century. For you have during the past year shown yourself productive in various kinds of dramatic work, and can be satisfied with what you have accomplished.

Iphigenia is awaiting you here, and I expect it to be good in every way. I was present at yesterday's rehearsal, and there is but little now to be done. The music is so heavenly that it moved me to tears even during the rehearsal, and amid the jokes and merriment of the gentlemen and ladies who were singing. I also consider the dramatic course of the piece exceedingly intelligible, besides which we had a confirmation of your recent remark: that the vibration of ancient poetic times in the names and persons is irresistible.

For the novelty enclosed in your last, my best thanks. I enjoyed it very much, some of the *bon mots* are admirable; the work might have stood a somewhat greater wealth of substance and also of forms; as it now is, it can be too readily surveyed and exhausted; it ought to contain an infinite, unsurveyable wealth of wit and mischief. I have as yet not heard anything said about it here.

Burgsdorf* has passed through here, and you have doubtless seen him by this time and heard about our friends in Paris,† who do not intend returning till May.

Since you left, I, too, have made considerable progress with my tragedy. What is now in order I am very well satisfied with, and hope that it will meet with your approval. The historical part has been mastered, and yet, as far as I can judge, has been made use of to the fullest extent possible; the motives are all poetical, and for the most part belong to the naïve species.

During the last days I have been reading a novel of Madame Genlis,‡ and, to my great astonishment, found a great similarity of mind between her and our Hermes.§ in so far as this is possible, considering the great difference of nationality, of sex, and of position.

Farewell, and return to us well and in good spirits.

SCH.

788.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 30, 1800.

You will receive *Tancred* damp from the bookbinder's hands; have the kindness to read it through carefully and to picture it at once upon the stage.

If you care to partake of an ordinary frugal meal this evening, in philosophical and artistic society,‖ you would be heartily welcomed. We might then further discuss the piece, the different roles of which would meanwhile be copied out.

G.

* Wilhelm von Burgsdorf, a friend of Humboldt's. See Letter 250, and note.

† The Humboldts.

‡ Madame de Genlis, the well-known French authoress.

§ Johann Timoth Hermes, the novelist, whose *Fanny Wilkes* was written in imitation of Fielding and Richardson.

‖ Probably to meet Schelling and Meyer.

1801.

789.—Goethe* *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 29, 1801.

If you care to join us this evening at a small supper, after the rehearsal, which will, of course, be over before eight o'clock, you will be heartily welcomed. Götze† can wait in the theatre for your orders, and fetch the carriage for you as soon as the fifth act has commenced. If you would also like to drive there, give him orders to that effect.

I am pretty well; this morning I went over Caspers'‡ part with her, and am very well satisfied with the good child. Farewell.

G.

* The first letter of the year 1801 is dated January 29, for during the first weeks Goethe was seriously ill. On the second day of the New Year he complained of feeling very unwell, which Herder's wife attributes to his having caught cold at the performance of Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, on the 1st, but which Steffens says was the consequence of their merry doings on New Year's night. Be that as it may, Goethe became so much worse, that on the 7th the Duke, very much alarmed at his friend's condition, sent in haste over to Jena for the assistance and advice of Dr. Starke, who found his patient in a most precarious state. Fortunately, things soon took a favorable turn, and although there was a relapse, which extremely distressed his many friends, still, on the 15th, Goethe was so far recovered as to be pronounced quite out of danger. On the 22nd we even hear that there was a small musical party in his house, as he had a great wish for some music.

† Goethe's servant, Paul Götz.

‡ Mademoiselle Caspers, who, it had been proposed, should play the part of Ameniade in *Tancred*.

790.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

An actor, who is passing through here, is going to exhibit his talents to us this evening, after the rehearsal, in a few scenes, as we cannot offer him any engagement.

If you care to be present at this trial of his, I would send my carriage for you, and it might wait and bring you back again.

G.

791.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I must bid you good-night in writing, as I must remain at home, for, owing to a violent cold in my head and a bad night, I am feeling wretched. Last night I was afraid I was going to be ill, for I felt both hot and cold; however, I have not had any feverish symptoms all day, and hope that it will pass off. I trust that your health will continue to improve, and that the manuscript of *Faust* may not be lying unheeded on your table.

Farewell. I hope to see you to-morrow.

SCH.

792.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 9, 1801.

Take care of yourself that this storm may blow over. I had indeed hoped to have had a visit from you this evening in my loneliness. I should like to, and no doubt could work—especially to please you—were it not that the distracted state of my mind has robbed me of all hope as well as of all courage.

The motives which you told me of yesterday I have thought over further, and it seems that they will all hold good with my way of thinking too; I now wish to learn the plan of the piece from the very beginning.

G.

793.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I have already told you so much bit by bit about my *Maid*, that I consider it best to let you know the whole of it, as it has been arranged. Moreover I am at present in need of something to spur me on so that I may reach the goal fresh and vigorously. Three acts are quite in order and have been copied out; if you feel inclined to listen to them to-day, I will be with you at about six o'clock. Or will you yourself quit your room and come to us to supper? This would give us great pleasure, and I should not be running as much risk as I should be doing by exposing myself to the air after getting heated with reading aloud for two hours. Kindly ask Meyer not to come before eight o'clock.

Sch.

794.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 11, 1801.

Your offer of reading aloud to me I accept with great pleasure, all the more so as I myself was about to request you, at all events, to tell me the plan from the beginning. I cannot, however, drive out to-day, for Starke † has this morning performed a somewhat painful operation on my eye—I hope it may be the last one—and has forbidden me to go out on account of the cold. I will, therefore, send the carriage for you at half-past-five, and you can drive home again after supper. I quite expect that this recital will have many a good result, both with regard to your own progress as well as upon the state of my mental activity.

G.

* His medical attendant.

795.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

February 20, 1801.

This afternoon, at five, I mean to have a rehearsal of *Tancred*, but shall not ask you to be present. After it is over, however, that is, at about eight o'clock, if you have no objections, I will come and fetch you to our usual frugal supper.

G.

796.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I doubt whether I shall get the parcels *—which have to be despatched early to-morrow morning to Leipzig and Berlin—ready in time for me to call upon you to-day. It is an unfortunate time for me when these business matters accumulate so unreasonably; for these last three days I have been unable to get to my tragedy at all.

To-morrow I shall again have some peace for a week, and hope, therefore, to see you to-morrow evening.

SCH.

797.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 28, 1801.

Take it as kindly meant that—in consideration for your friendly participation in the *Propylæa*—I send you part of a hamper of wine which has just arrived. I hope that you may taste and enjoy the other sorts at my house.

G.

798.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 7, 1801.

As it is already late, and I cannot, therefore, expect to hear anything of you to-day, I herewith send you the latest news.

* Probably his *Maria Stuart*, which had been promised to the theatres of the above towns.

Herr Hartmann of Stuttgart has arrived; when I have seen him and his painting you shall hear more.

I have again been considering the question about the prizes, and find that it can very well be approached from the stand-point of empirical psychology, where we poets may surely be said to be at home. We there stand between the philosopher and the historian, and in the domain of the actual substance, provided the former brings the form and the latter the subject-matter.

The unalterable natural state which pervades all ages and places, seems to me to be the basis upon which the whole edifice has to be erected, and yet this serves more for answering than putting the question.

I am very anxious to hear how the change is agreeing with you, and hope for the best.

Farewell, and send me news of yourself soon.

G.

799.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 10, 1801.

With regard to the prize question, I cannot communicate anything that will be of much use. One point I would have you consider is, whether the question should not be altogether transferred from the domain of history into that of anthropology; by this means we should get rid of an immense quantity of subject-matter, which, moreover, is not of much use, for history is too untrustworthy and empirical for philosophical requirements. As regards the thing itself, it seems to me quite a matter of indifference whether the inquiry is made according to length or according to breadth. For if, as you yourself think, the natural state were made the basis, one is equally well served whether the entire present is regarded anthropologically, or whether the different manifestations of mankind are looked for in the history of the past: man is to be found complete in every period of time.

I hope to hear more definitely from your next letter how I ought actually to take up and to express myself on the question, in order to discuss the subject more in detail with our philosophers.

I have not succeeded as yet in inducing them to discuss the question much; when the vacation begins things will, I hope, improve in this respect, for just at the end of the college-session work accumulates. Schelling intends writing a deduction about the various *à priori* species of art which I shall be very curious to see.

There is nothing very good to report of my own doings. The difficulties of my present task are still too great a strain upon my head, and together with this I am in fear of not getting finished in time;* I excite and worry myself, and things will not go properly. If I do not soon master these pathological influences, I am afraid I shall become utterly discouraged.

You are perhaps producing more amid your Weimar gaieties than I am in my solitude, and I heartily wish that this may be the case.

The weather is fine, and I am enjoying my garden.

Farewell. I hope to be able to entertain you better in my next.

SCH.

800.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 11, 1801.

Your letter has robbed me of the hope that you had been making good progress during the late lovely weather. Perhaps this will come all at once, as has happened to me on similar occasions.

Hartmann, of Stuttgart, is here, and I am very sorry that you will not get to know him. He is a tall, well-made young man of twenty-eight years, whom one would more readily take to be a musician than a painter. His nature and manner of behaviour are naïve, and, with regard to his idea of Art, he is in the right field, but not always on the right track. His large picture is worth seeing, the subject one cannot find fault with, but it is nevertheless not altogether happy.

It is very pleasant to converse with him. I kept to the most important points so as to come to a true under-

* Schiller had promised Unger, the Berlin publisher, to send him his *Jungfrau von Orleans* within a very short time, as it was to appear towards the middle of the year.

standing with so fine a mind and so excellent a man, and to be able to maintain this understanding with him when he has left. The best of the matter is that he loses nothing when the truth is true; many persons oppose what is genuine only because they would injure themselves by acknowledging it.

My *Faust* is quietly moving forwards. Although I do only a little every day, still I try to keep up my humour for it and my interest in it.

We are quite of one mind respecting the prize-question. One might demand a concise, clear representation of the existing in Man with a development of the phenomena of culture arising from it, whether it were regarded as a whole representing the present or a succession, or both at once.

Like you, I am convinced that the goal could most readily be reached in this way, and an intelligible representation expected from the infinity of the subject.

In Stuttgart, as I hear from Meyer—who had it from Hartmann—there is great excitement and dissatisfaction about our art-criticisms.* When one hears all the details, it, of course, becomes clear enough in what a pitiable mode of reasoning they have become involved. Your essay† they have declared to be from Böttiger's pen. If they understand plastic art no better than style in writing. things must, of course, look a little hazy. People are for ever in some illusion about mankind, and especially about their own age. The confusion that arises is endless, owing to the many individuals, every one of whom has a different interest in asserting this or that point.

Herewith you will receive a tragedy‡ in which you will, with horror, as I think, again hear a re-echo of *Wallenstein* out of a hollow vessel.

I close with the wish that you may have fine weather and productive hours.

G.

* On the pieces sent in to compete for the prizes.

† A letter by Goethe to the Editor of the *Propylæa*, which appeared in the periodical.

‡ *Ugolino Gherardesca*, by Böhlendorf, which appeared that year, and was reviewed by Goethe. See his Works, vol. xxxii. 167. Compare also Letter 805.

801.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 13, 1801.

The account you give of Hartmann makes me greatly regret that we shall have to allow him to go forth into the world without having quite succeeded in securing so good an acquisition for what is right, because, however close one may draw to any person by serious conversation carried on for a few days or weeks, still it is only by means of a continued and progressive state of intercourse that a perfect understanding can be maintained.

It is a pity—with regard to the art-criticisms in the *Propylæa*—that one can so seldom raise one's voice, and that there is no time to strengthen an impression which has been made, by quickly creating a new one. Otherwise we should certainly succeed in rousing artists and associates in art out of their idle state of rest; their very indignation against our criticism is to me a warrant that this would be the case. Hence let us next time carry things much further, and Meyer must help us in striking the mischief in a more direct manner and in attacking the false maxims individually.

Of the piece which you sent me, I cannot say anything good; it is again a proof of how even the most empty-headed people succeed in producing something plausible, when literature has reached a certain point where certain set phrases can be drawn from it. This work, in particular, is doubly wretched, as it is immensely inferior to Gertenberg's *Ugolino*; for the latter tragedy—which perhaps you do not know—contains some very beautiful motives, much true pathos, and shows something of true genius, although it is not a work of good taste. One might feel tempted to make use of it, so as to throw light upon the tragic idea contained in it, for, in fact, this would embrace some of the most important questions.

I was obliged to dine with Zigesar * and others at Loder's this forenoon, and am this evening invited to a small party. My evenings are generally spent in society,

* *Geheimrath* A. Fr. Carl von Zigesar, who resided at Drackendorf, near Jena.

and I might more readily complain of too much diversion than of having too little.

However, my work is making better progress, and I feel more courage and see that things are developing.

Farewell. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

802.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 14, 1801.

First of all I congratulate you heartily that things are again going well with your work; I too have been doing a little to *Faust*, and thus one is ever moving onwards even though it be but slowly.

Hartmann's visit is perhaps more useful to us than to himself, inasmuch as we are becoming acquainted with an as yet not fully developed mode of thought in an excellent man. Moreover it often occurs to me that one ought really to establish a secret society of Art, the amusing part of which would be that very many artists could never obtain the higher degrees; further, these should not be *conferred* even upon the ablest, but—in case of their obtaining them in the end—only announce the fact that they had been obtained. Talking, writing, printing, will be of some use, but not much; but do not let this vex us in the meantime.

Hartmann we have induced to set to work here at once, and have, moreover, given him a somewhat refractory subject: Admetus about to receive Hercules and to entertain him, notwithstanding the corpse being in the house. You shall hear, at some future time, how we came upon this subject, the story is too long a one for a letter.

Farewell in your solitude as well as amid your academic society, and hold us in remembrance.

G.

803.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 16, 1801.

Things are still going well with me here, and every day sees something accomplished. I propose remaining here as long as my garden is at my disposal, which will

be till Easter,* and, during this time, to finish making a rough sketch of the whole piece, so that when I return to Weimar I shall only have to round off things and to give it a final polish.

The philsophical faculty here has, at its own cost, furnished matter for amusing talk. Friedrich Schlegel had to hold a disputation, and, in order to annoy him, Messrs. Ulrich, Hennings, and others, rummaged up an old and obsolete law by which they themselves appointed his opponents, a thing which from time immemorial had been done by the disputants themselves. Upon the good advice of a few friends Schlegel—without raising any objections—submitted to this *chicane*, and acted quite good-naturedly towards the one of these officially appointed opponents—whose behaviour was the more modest; the other, however, a Professor Augusti,—who, according to the opinion of all, was a wretched individual and had come and been recommended from Gotha—began the argumentation by making insulting personal remarks, and besides this, behaved so impudently and stupidly that Schlegel was compelled to reply in the same fashion. Ulrich, who was present as dean of the faculty, and allowed all these rudenesses on the adversary's part to pass, solemnly denounced some of Schlegel's replies; but the latter did not remain in his debt for these, and got all the laughter on his side, and there were scandalous scenes. But, according to the general account, Schlegel is said to have behaved with great moderation and propriety, and it is expected that this affair will again raise faith in him as a lecturer, and that had fallen very low.

Madam Veit† has published a novel which I send you; look into it for curiosity's sake. You will find the ghosts of old acquaintances flitting about in it too. However, this novel—which is a rare caricature—has nevertheless given me a better idea of the authoress, and is a new proof of how far this style of dilettanteism can be

* In the summer of 1802 Schiller's garden-house was sold to *Hofrath* Hufeland. See Letters 839 ff.

† Madam Veit, a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, and subsequently married to Fr. Schlegel, published a romance called *Florentin*, the first part of which was then appearing.

carried at least in what is mechanical and void of form. Please return the book to me as soon as you have done with it.

The theme given to Hartmann for his painting surprised me, but it has, at first sight, something very interesting and inviting. Without solving the problem oneself, one feels that it depends upon an ingenious idea whether the subject is happy or refractory. Perfect independence in the painting can hardly be expected, but much will already be gained if, merely upon looking at it—that is without the key—it is at once found to be interesting and suggestive; and again, as soon as the key is given, it exhibits itself clearly and completely.

I wish you all success with your progress in *Faust*, to which the philosophers here are looking forward with inexpressible interest.

Farewell. To Meyer many kind greetings.

SCH.

804.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 18, 1801.

Although *Florentin* * makes his appearance as an autochthon one could very well write out his pedigree, and a number of other wonderful creatures would arise out of these filiations.

I have read about a hundred pages and entirely agree with what you say of it. Some situations are well devised; I am curious to see whether the authoress will be able to make use of them when the time comes for her to do so. How delighted a student would be to meet such a hero! They would all, I fancy, like to look something like him themselves.

In return I send you another novelty,† which, as it itself says, comes from heaven, but, as I think, has rather too much of the old-Frankish world about it. The author of this little work seems to me to be in a kind of purgatory between empiricism and abstraction, a very

* See note to last Letter.

† The first part of Herder's *Adrastea*, on the title-page of which were represented the two Adrastea coming down from heaven in a chariot drawn by two griffins.

uncomfortable intermediate position; howe er, neither in substance nor in form is it superior to what one is otherwise accustomed to.

I hope that Schlegel may gain some good from his fight, for, in truth, I have not heard even his best friends say anything in praise of him as a lecturer.

Although we feel your absence very much, still I hope that you will remain where you are as long as possible. The present time of the year has always been favorable to me when in a state of solitude, and I wish with all my heart that this may be your case also.

I have not come to any actual stand-still with *Faust*, but have made only very small progress. As the philosophers are so interested in this work I shall have to do my utmost with it.

Hartmann's first sketch of the picture in question has already been the subject of much discussion; if he learns to elevate what is prosaically real by what is poetically symbolical, something delightful may be the result.

I said to Meyer lately that our position towards modern Art was like that occupied by Julian towards Christianity, except that our ideas on the subject were a little more definite than his. It is very strange how certain modes of thought become general, and can, for some length of time, be maintained, and for long actually regarded as something existing in human nature. This is one of the main points which will have to be considered when the question about the prizes comes to be discussed.

Farewell, and enjoy your academic life to your heart's content.

G.

805.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 20, 1801.

The novelties you sent me I herewith return with my best thanks.

The *Adrastea* * is a most mischievous work, and has given me but little pleasure. The idea of leading the reader through the past century in about a dozen richly furnished numbers, was in itself not a bad one, but it

* See note to last Letter.

would have required a different guide, and the animals * with wings and claws which draw the work can only indicate the flightiness of the production and the animosity of its maxims. Herder is really falling off visibly, and one would at times seriously like to ask whether a man who at present shows himself to be so immensely trivial, weak, and empty-headed, could ever have been anything extraordinary. The book contains views such as one is accustomed to find in the *Reichsanzeiger*; and what a dragging forth of early and antiquated writings simply in order to ignore the present or to institute malicious comparisons!

And what do you say to his *Aeonis?* † Have you succeeded in catching hold of any firm substance in it? I must confess that I do not exactly know what is being spoken of, but what ought to be spoken of is pretty evident. However, it is well that conceit and a spirit of contradiction have enticed the author into the arena to display his own weakness and awkwardness in his imitation of your example. What is good about the work —his giving two principal figures as a contrast which solves itself, and accompanying them with subordinate allegorical figures—this is borrowed from you, and where the invention is his own, he begins to bungle.

Tressan's ‡ narrative has been some pleasure to me in my solitude. In his version of the stories of the old knights, he has taken up little more than a certain moral purity and refinement; in place of the naturalness of feelings we have only a sermonising style, and the whole is calculated to produce a sentimental effect, but there is also a certain simplicity in the plan, and skilfulness in the arrangement which satisfies and pleases the reader.

Ugolino you will not be able to make use of in any case. There is nothing to be done with it but to return it as

* The griffins on the title-page. See note to letter 804.

† Herder's dramatic allegory *Aeon und Aeonis*, which appeared in the *Adrastea*.

‡ *Histoire du Chevalier Robert*, by Louis Elisabeth de la Vergne de Tressan, the brave and well-known soldier, and likewise the author of extracts from old tales of chivalry in the *Bibliothèque universelle des Romans*. The romance was published, after his death, by his son.

quickly as possible to Herr Gries, of Hamburg, who is still here.

The incessant wind, which I cannot escape from, even in my rooms with closed doors, often makes my stay in my garden-house very tiresome, and also prevents my going out as it affects my chest.

However, my work is progressing, although not with rapid strides.

Farewell; to Meyer many kind greetings.

SCH.

806.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 21, 1801.

I suspected I should be giving you some pleasure by sending you the Knight's history; it is very pretty and entertaining, and besides this, a very good example of the modern way of conceiving and treating the conditions of earlier times.

We shall not be able to agree with Hartmann about his Admetus, although he has already made two drawings of it, for, in a picture that ought to be altogether symbolical, he represents the occurrence as natural. We have here a chasm that can only be bridged over by revelation. We fancied that we had expressed ourselves very distinctly to him on the subject, but it is clear from his work that he has not understood what we wish. This would indeed demand an entire change of sentiment, and who knows whether, in spite of his admirable talents, he is one of the elect. Professor Meyer has promised me—after Hartmann has left—to make a drawing* in accordance with our idea, but merely for our own private use.

You are in my thoughts whether the weather be good or bad. If I could have foreseen that the Duke would remain away so long (he does not return till the twenty-seventh) I should have come over to see you for a few days; by the next messenger I shall again send you something to read.

I knew beforehand that the impression which the two

* A water-colour drawing, where the same subject has been treated by Meyer, is to be found among Goethe's collections.

griffins * would make upon you, would be a bad one. The allegorical drama † I have read over again this morning; what especially struck me is the bitterness and the sorrow in the one work. I should not care to be in the author's shoes.

I wish you all success with your undertakings, and am looking forward with pleasure to the time when we shall be together again. *Faust* has not come to any stand-still as yet.

G.

807.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 24, 1801.

I send you merely a few lines in order not to let the message-girl go off empty-handed, for just as I was sitting down to write to you, my two philosophers entered my room. The day before yesterday my wife came over to pay me a visit with the children, accompanied by a young cousin of mine, who is an aid-de-camp in the Dutch-French army. He seemed to me very well behaved and modest for so young a military man who has served a good many years in the war.

My work is progressing pretty well, but I am afraid that the slow approach of the good weather, and the perpetual winds will drive me away from here before a week is out.

The last act but one, which I began here and hoped to bring back with me finished, is all that I have accomplished during my stay here.

Farewell. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

Sch.

808.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, March 25, 1801.

I am on the point of going to Rossla for a week, after which we shall, I hope, meet again, and am looking forward to this with very great pleasure.

If your stay in Jena has not been quite as fruitful as

* See note to Letter 804. † See note to Letter 805.

you had hoped, this is nothing but the usual fate of poetic intentions; however, the little ought to be thankfully accepted.

I send you an account of some travels in Portugal * which is both amusing and instructive, and yet it will, I think, hardly induce the reader to visit the country.

In thinking over what is permanent in man and to what the phenomena of culture may be referred, I have as yet found only the four fundamental conditions: of enjoyment; of aspiration; of resignation; of habit.

In such reflections it is strange to see that differences disappear in individual cases; and yet, of course one's object is to obtain a certain unity.

Farewell. Many things will happen meanwhile to form subject-matter for discussion.

G.

809.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 27, 1801.

I shall now soon leave Jena, not indeed laden with any great amount of deeds and works, and yet not altogether without profit; for, after all, as much has been done as I should have accomplished during the same period in Weimar. I have, therefore, not gained anything in the lottery, but have, nevertheless, upon the whole got back all I staked.

I have also—as always happens to me—profited less by the society here than I had hoped to; a few discussions with Schelling and Niethammer is all. Only a few days ago I attacked Schelling about an assertion he makes in his Transcendental Philosophy, that, "in Nature one starts from the Unconscious in order to raise it to the Conscious; whereas, in Art, one proceeds from the Conscious to the Unconscious." Here, it is true, he speaks only of the contrast between the product of Nature and that of Art; in so far he is quite right. I fear, however, that idealists, such as he is, take too little notice of experience, and in experience the poet too only starts

* H. F. Link's *Bemerkungen auf einer Reise durch Frankreich, Spanien und vorzüglich Portugal*, 2 vols.

with the Unconscious; nay, he may consider himself fortunate if, by being most clearly Conscious of his operations, he gets to that point where he meets again in the work he has completed, with the first, obscure total-idea of his work, and finds it unweakened. There can be no poetic work without an obscure, but mighty total-idea of this kind, which precedes all technical work; and poetry, seems to me, in fact, to consist in being able to express and communicate that Unconscious state—in other words, to transfer it to some object. The non-poet can—as in the case of the poet—be touched by a poetic idea, but he cannot transfer it to any object, he cannot represent it with any pretension to Necessity. In like manner the non-poet, like the poet, may compose with Consciousness and with Necessity, but a work of this kind does not start from Consciousness and does not end with it. That is but a work of reflection. Unconsciousness combined with reflection constitutes the poet-artist.

Of late years, in the endeavour to give poetry a higher *rank*, people have become confused about their idea of it. Any one who is able to place his own feelings into an object so that this object compels me to pass over into that state of feeling, and, accordingly, works actively upon me, him I call a poet, a maker. But every poet is not on this account—according to *rank*—an excellent one. The *degree* of his excellence depends upon the wealth, the substance, which he has in him, and consequently gives forth out of himself, and also upon the degree of the necessity which his work exercises. The more subjective his feelings the more accidental they are; his objective power rests upon the Ideal. Totality of expression is a thing demanded of every poetic work, for it must possess character or it is nothing. The perfect poet, however, gives expression to what is common to all mankind.

There are now-a-days persons of such great culture that they are satisfied only with what is altogether excellent, and yet are not able themselves to produce anything even good. They cannot *make* anything; to them the path from the subject to the object is a closed one; now it is this step which I think makes the poet.

In this way there have been, and still are, poets

enough capable of producing something good and characteristic, but who in their works do not attain the above high demands, nay, who do not even make these demands of themselves. Now these latter, I should say, lack the *degree*, the former the *style;* and, it seems to me, that too little distinction is now made between them. There accordingly arises a useless dispute between the two which can never be settled, and Art gains nothing by it; for the former—who take up their position on the vague domain of the Absolute—are ever holding up to their opponents the obscure *idea of the highest*, whereas the latter have the fact in itself, which is indeed limited, yet real. But yet the idea can never become anything without the fact.

I do not know whether I have expressed myself clearly enough, but should like to know your thoughts on this subject which is brought so close home to one by the present dispute in the æsthetic world.

I shall probably not write to you again from here, for I think of returning to Weimar on Wednesday; you may be back there by that time, and our discussions recommenced.

Thank you for the book on travels in Portugal; it is not badly written, and yet it is somewhat meagre, and not without pretension. The author seems to me to be one of those common-sense men, who in their heart are more disposed to be at enmity with philosophy and art than they will admit. This, of course, does not matter much in a book on travels, but still it is expressed and is felt.

Farewell, and I hope you may spend some pleasant days.

SCH.

810.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, April 3, 1801.

I came back here on Wednesday, and very much regretted not finding you. However, I hope that you may derive benefit from your stay in the country. During your absence I intend making as much progress as possible with my work, so that soon after your return I may lay it before you finished. I hope to have reached

the goal in about a fortnight. I expect much good from my last act, it explains the first, and thus the serpent will bite into its own tail. As my heroine stands alone in it, and is deserted by the gods in her misfortune, she gives more distinct evidence of her independence and her claim to the prophetic part she has to play. The close of the last act but one is very dramatic, and the thundering *Deus ex machina* will not fail to produce its effect.

Meyer has been painting my little Ernst, as you know; the picture is now finished and has turned out very good, and is certain to please you also. It is so well conceived and so pleasantly treated; resemblance, too, is not wanting, difficult as it was to place the little fellow in a quiet position.

I was very sorry to have to leave my garden just as the weather was becoming fine; however, I was longing to get home again, and fortunately was able to set to work at once when I got back.

I heartily wish to have a few words from you again, for when in Rossla, near as it is, you might be at the end of the world as far as I am concerned.

Farewell, and may all good attend you.

SCH.

811.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Ober-Rossla, April 6, 1801.

I wish you all happiness upon your return to Weimar, and hope soon to see you again either by your coming to pay me a visit, or by my again repairing to town.

My stay here suits me very well, partly because I move about in the open air all day, partly because I am drawn down to the common objects of life, and thus there comes over me a certain feeling of nonchalance and indifference such as I have not known for long.

With regard to the questions contained in your last letter, I not only agree with your opinion, but go even further. I think that everything that is done by genius as genius, is done unconsciously. A person of genius can also act rationally, with reflection, from conviction, but this is all done as it were indirectly. No work of genius

can be improved, or be freed from its faults by reflection and its immediate results, but genius can by means of reflection and action be gradually raised, in so far as in the end to produce exemplary works. The more genius a century possesses the more are individual things furthered.

With regard to the great demands now made of the poet, I too am of the opinion that these will not readily call forth a poet. The *art* of poetry requires of the person who is to exercise it, a certain good-natured kind of narrowness enamoured of what is Real, behind which lies concealed what is Absolute. Demands made by criticism destroy the innocent, productive state, and give us as genuine poetry—in place of poetry—something that is in fact no poetry at all, as unfortunately we have seen in our own day; and the same is the case with the kindred arts, nay, with Art in its widest sense.

This is my confession of faith, which otherwise does not make any further claims.

I expect much good from your latest work. It is well conceived, and if you devote sufficient time to it, it will round itself off of its own accord. *Faust* also has meanwhile had something done to it. I hope that soon the only thing wanting in the great gap will be the disputation; * this, if is true, will have to be looked upon as a distinct piece of work, and one which will not be accomplished at a moment's notice.

The famous prize-question also has not been lost sight of during these days. In order to obtain an empiric foundation for my observations, I have commenced examining the character of the different European nations. In Link's Travels I have read a good deal more about Portugal, and shall now pass on to Spain. I am daily becoming more convinced how much more limited everything appears when such observations are made from within.

Ritter † came to see me for a minute, and has among other things directed my attention again to the theory of

* The scheme of which is printed in his paralipomena of *Faust.*

† Dr. J. W. Ritter, the physicist, had shortly before published his *Darstellung der neuen Untersuchungen über das Leuchten des Phosphors im Stickstoffgas.*

colours. Herschel's new discoveries, which have been carried further and extended by our young naturalist, are very beautifully connected with that observation which I have frequently told you of, that Bolognian phosphorus * does not receive any light on the yellow-red side of the spectrum, but certainly does so on the blue-red side. The physical colours are thereby identified with the chemical colours. The time and care which I have devoted to this subject gives me the greatest advantage in judging of new observations, inasmuch as in fact I have thought out some new experiments which will carry the matter further still. I foresee that I shall this year write at least two or three chapters more in my theory of colours. I am anxious to show you the latest some day soon.

Would you care to come to me on Thursday with Professor Meyer? Please talk this over with him, and I will then write to him more fully on the subject.

Meanwhile farewell.

G.

812.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(April 15.)

I bid you a very hearty welcome on your return to Weimar, and am delighting in the thought of meeting you again after our long separation. Please let me know whether you will be at home this evening, or whether I shall find you at the play.

I shall get my piece finished to-day, and so this day is doubly valuable. But as the weather is unfavorable to me, and my work has been somewhat of an effort to me during the last few days, I do not feel altogether well.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Niethammer too, who arrived this morning, wishes to be kindly remembered.

Sch.

* These were also to be spoken of in the disputation spoken of at the beginning of the Letter. See also his *Farbenlehre*, § 678.

813.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 15, 1801.

I too am most glad to be near you again, and more especially that I have arrived on the very day which is to form an epoch.

This evening, at seven, you will find me at home. If Niethammer cares to be one of our party at supper he will be heartily welcome.

Many kind greetings to your dear wife, to whom I still owe my thanks for her friendly letter.

I congratulate you sincerely upon your having completed your work.

G.

814.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I herewith send you the work you ask for, together with a sketch as to how the parts are to be filled up. In the stage-version there are about six pages less.

Nathan * I shall take in hand to-day and give you a definite answer about it this evening at the opera.

SCH.

815.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 20, 1801.

I herewith send you back your piece with many thanks. It is so true, so good and beautiful, that I know of nothing that could be compared with it.

Let us have a walk together towards evening, and remain together.

G.

816.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Ober-Rossla, April 27, 1801.

While you are enjoying all sorts of unusual theatrical amusements, I have to spend my time in the country

* Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, of which they had decided to give a theatrical representation; Schiller undertook to look it over and to make the necessary alterations.

and to amuse myself with all sorts of legal affairs, visits in the neighbourhood and other realistic affairs.

If possible, I shall return on Saturday. Let me have a line to say how things are progressing with *Nathan;* and whether your brave *Maid* has developed further.

Of myself I cannot say anything more than that my stay here agrees with me very well physically, and that I ought to be satisfied that this is so, as, of course, I cannot expect wonders from my re-convalescent state.

Farewell, and let me soon have the pleasure of receiving a few lines from you.

G.

817.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, April 28, 1801.

You are losing something by being away during this musical week, where dance and song are now forming a part of our entertainments. Gern,* as Sarastro,† has given very much pleasure with his beautiful voice; as Tarare he was less successful, for this violent, brusque character does not suit his soft style of delivery.

The dancers who appeared on Monday in the intermezzo have put the Weimar people into a state of doubtful admiration; for they are not accustomed to such strange attitudes and movements, where the leg is stretched far out backwards or to the side. It is awkward, indecent, and anything but beautiful; but still there is something very delightful in the ease, the agility, and the musical rhythm of the movements.

Cotta passed through here lately, but only stayed a few hours; however, he intends remaining longer on his way back, and hopes to find you here. He brought Müller, the engraver from Stuttgart, with him, whom you know personally, if I remember rightly. He is a first-rate man, but he and his style of art explain each other; he himself possesses all the carefulness, neatness, fineness and delicacy of his pencil. He brought with him four drawings by Wachter for *Wallenstein*, which will give rise to many a

* An operatic singer. † A character in the *Zauberflöte*.

remark, and especially again on the choice of subjects. However, there is something very able, characteristic, and powerful in them. Meyer has not seen them yet. I am curious to see whether he will guess who the artist is.

Nathan has been copied out, and will be sent to you to distribute the parts. I mean to have nothing more to do with these theatrical people, for one cannot accomplish anything with them by reasoning and kindness; there is only one way of treating them, and that is by being curt and imperative, and this it is not my business to be.

The *Maid* I was obliged to send to the Duke a week ago and it has not been returned to me yet. But from what he said to my wife and sister-in-law, it has made an unexpected impression upon him, in spite of its being so wholly opposed to his taste. He thinks, however, that it cannot be given on the stage, and in this he may be right. After long deliberations with myself, I have, moreover, decided not to allow it to be acted, although I shall lose some advantage by so doing. In the first place Unger, to whom I have sold the play, calculates upon bringing it out at the autumn fair as a perfect novelty. He has paid me well for it, and I should not like to interfere with him. Besides the terrible labour of seeing that the different parts are properly studied, of having to assist in this, and the loss of time at the rehearsals, makes me afraid of attempting such a thing, not to mention what I should lose in the way of good humour for work. I am at present carrying two new dramatic subjects about with me, and when I have thought them over and tested them, shall pass on to a new work.

Farewell, and be sure to come over on Saturday.

SCH.

818.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Ober-Rossla, April 28, 1801.

My experience during the last few days has been the very reverse of song and dance, for I have been disputing with rude nature about that most detestable question concerning Mine and Thine. Only to-day did I get rid of my old tenant, and now there is a great deal to attend

to and to consider, as the new tenant does not take possession till Midsummer. Hence I scarcely think that I shall be able to come on Saturday. Pray be kind enough to take some interest in the reading-rehearsals of *Nathan* till I come, for without some direction the people will not know in the least how to proceed. It is a very thankless business, but one cannot do without it altogether.

I do not see why we should give up all idea of giving a representation of your *Maid*. There would indeed be considerable difficulties; however, we have before this managed to overcome some that were sufficiently great; certain it is that theatrical experiences do not foster hope, faith, and charity. Of your being able to do something better than to engage in such *didascalia*, I am myself convinced, and the question is whether—considering my present state of semi-activity—I am not more fitted for it; however, we can discuss this when we meet.

I have not been able to resist the temptation of having a walk made here, as in damp weather I never had a dry bit of ground to walk upon, and could find no shade when the sun was shining. This has, however, led me somewhat further than I thought, and I must remain here till I see things fairly started, because I might otherwise find it all spoilt.

Farewell meanwhile in a better world, and think of new creations for our mutual enjoyment.

G.

819.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

May 12, 1801.

If you should feel inclined to come over to me to-day at half-past-eleven to see the experiment I told you of,* and then to have an hour's drive with me, it would give us much pleasure.

G.

* Some experiment in connection with his theory of colours.

820.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Göttingen, June 11, 1801.

Before leaving Göttingen,* I must give you some sign of my existence. Things have as yet gone very well with me; I have seen the most noteworthy institutions, and become acquainted with most of the Professors. I have met with a very kind and pleasant reception, and must confess that I have not felt so well and in such good spirits for long.

The institutions are highly respectable, but of these and of the people here you shall hear more by word of mouth. Unfortunately, my notes taken on this journey do not appear to swell up to the same extent as on the occasion of my last journey to Switzerland; I was then, it is true, about to try my powers upon the world, whereas now I shall be content if I succeed in strengthening them by means of it. However, even though I cannot gain an insight into the totality of the condition of Göttingen, this journey will be of immense use to me; I already feel how much my spirits are cheered by observing these conditions.

My fellow-traveller Augustus,† who sends his kindest greetings to Carl, is to blame for my having been less industrious than usual, for he disturbs my thoughts and leads me off from many an observation. However, he is very happy; he is making progress in many respects, and through him my relation towards mankind has become more friendly and cheerful than it might perhaps otherwise have been.

Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and gladden me on my return by showing me some fruits of your industry.

G.

* Goethe was on his way to Pyrmont, where his medical advisers had recommended him to try the waters. He remained there till August 30, and did not see Schiller again till September 20, as Schiller had meanwhile left Weimar and visited Dresden and Berlin.

† His son, then about 11 years of age.

821.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, June 28, 1801.

We have been waiting most anxiously for news of you, and received your letter from Göttingen only the day before yesterday after it had been fifteen days on the road. Mine, I hope, will reach you more speedily, as a conveyance starts this week from here to Pyrmont. The cold weather of a fortnight ago will, I fear, have been unfavorable for the beginning of the water-cure, and thus will oblige you to remain away some time longer. It has also affected my health and interfered with my industry. However, I have nevertheless actually written a ballad for Cotta—*Leander und Hero*—together with a few poems which I hope to lay before you on your return. The play is beginning to show signs of organisation, and I hope to commence working it out about a week hence. The plot is simple, the action rapid, and I do not need to be afraid of being driven into any wide range.

However, I, too, see before me a long spell of interruption, for I have now seriously resolved to start for the Baltic in about three weeks in order to try the sea-bathing there, and then to return by way of Berlin and Dresden. I do not indeed expect to get very much pleasure from this trip; nay, I am afraid I shall spend some wretched days in Berlin, but I must see some new objects and must take some decisive step about my health. I also want to see some good dramatic performances, at all events some of the eminent talents, and also to meet some of my old friends again, as this will not take me very much out of my way. My expectations, such that they are, are more likely to be surpassed than disappointed. Moreover, I hope to be back by the 10th of September, for I shall travel quickly and only remain twelve days in Dobberan, the same length of time in Berlin, and but six days in Dresden. On my return I hope to find you well and in good spirits, and perhaps to have myself improved in health.

Anything new that has occurred here since your depar-

ture you will have heard of from other quarters. Among the suite of the Badeners * is a Frau von Hack, an old acquaintance of yours, who inquired after you with interest and recognised you perfectly in the picture by Bury. Knebel † also has been staying here with his wife for some days, and is said to be in very good spirits; in fact, just the same as ever.

Rochlitz ‡ of Leipzig has been here; he says that you encouraged him to compete with the prize-pieces. His intentions are, no doubt, good, but he lacks power. From Leipzig he sent me the one finished half of a comedy,§ and wishes to have my opinion as to whether I thought it could compete for the prize with any hope and likelihood of obtaining it, for—he writes—he could not get it finished by the appointed time without some sacrifice, and hence would like to be certain of the result before devoting extra time to it.

The play—as far as it is finished—is certainly representable; it possesses some good dramatic scenes which would not fail to produce their effect, but still it cannot be commended, and still less receive the crown, even though it should actually be the best of the competition pieces; it is too trivial, weak and wanting in *esprit*. Owing to the embarrassment in which I am placed in having to give him my honest advice, I shall keep somewhat strictly to the task given being for a *play* of *intrigue;* because whatever may be good and piquant in the two acts is centred in the play between two amusing characters, and by no means in the intrigue. I shall encourage him to finish the piece, but not to send it to compete for the prize. I could promise him that we might and would consent to

* The Duchess of Baden had come to visit her sister, the Duchess of Weimar.

† Knebel had received an invitation from the Duchess, and arrived on the 24th.

‡ Rochlitz's two comedies *Jedem das Seine* and *Es ist die Rechte nicht*, Goethe had already had performed with success. There had evidently been prizes offered for dramatic compositions as well as for paintings.

§ The comedy of Rochlitz, here referred to, is his *Liebhabereien, oder die neue Zauberflöte,* in four acts. See also Letter 825.

have it played, and so it rests with you whether you will consider it a competition-piece or not.

Seckendorf writes to me from Regensburg that there is among the wretched theatrical company there an actor, Eugen by name, who might be very serviceable; he sings tenor, and plays comic parts in the opera, and takes the chief lovers' parts in dramas. That his medium height and thick-set figure does not indeed make him specially suited for such parts, but that he thinks himself able to rival Kordemann and Heide, nay, to be much superior to the former. That he receives ten florins in Rhenish money weekly, and that he is engaged from six weeks to six weeks. I tell you this because Seckendorf is more in the habit of finding fault than of giving too much praise, and hence that there must be something about this young fellow that is capable of more development.

The *Propylæa*, as Cotta assures me, are still not a success, and too few copies of them are in circulation, which, accordingly, affects the object we have in view, even, though you were generously not to expect to make anything by it; hence I have told Meyer of an idea that has struck me of making the *Literatur Zeitung* a channel for bringing those conceptions of art which we wish advanced, before the public. You might, for instance, claim one week out of every quarter in the *Literatur Zeitung*, and there discuss the nature of Art. Criticisms of the latest works of art and treatises on art would be the vehicles for everything that we might have to say; and besides the great advantage of a general circulation, we should, in addition, gain this point, that false taste would be deprived of its worthless tribunal and forced to bear witness for that which is good. Meyer agrees with me, and intends discussing the matter more fully with you when he next sees you.

I now bid you a hearty farewell, and hope that I may very soon receive pleasant news of you. Kindest greetings from my wife and sister-in-law, and from Carl to Augustus.

Sch.

822.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Pyrmont, July 12, 1801.

I congratulate you with all my heart upon the resolution you have formed; it is very pleasant to think of your moving northwards while I am looking about me in north-western Germany; we shall thus have many things to communicate to each other, and be able to compare notes.

As the water-cure has made me unfit for all work, I have had but little satisfaction from being here; however, I must not forget that I have enjoyed many a good and interesting conversation. The preacher Schütz from Bückeburg—a brother of Frau Griesbach's—is a very intelligent and pleasant man; it is particularly curious to draw in one's own mind a comparison between him and his brothers and sisters. Of other people, more when we meet.

If I am to speak of a state of mind which seems to be forming in me, it seems as if I were becoming more and more inclined to theorise for myself and less and less so for others. People joke about and take fright at the problems of life, few trouble themselves about the words that would solve them. And as they all do wisely in this, they ought not to be bewildered.

Whatever the effect of this journey and water-cure may be having upon my mind and body, I still feel that I have every reason to check myself and not to undertake anything beyond what lies nearest and is most necessary. Accordingly, I should be very glad to be freed from any engagement I have made, and should not at all readily enter upon any new one; however, all this will become clear when we meet and calculate what we have acquired and see what our strength is.

Your *Hero und Leander* I am very anxious to see, and wish you had sent it to me. With regard to the drama you speak of, I do not know whether you allude to your *Maltese Knights* or to your pseudo prince,* and so it will be a surprise, in a double respect, to find that you have made progress in this likewise.

* Schiller's *Warbeck*.

I have now got a tolerably good insight into the total condition of things in Pyrmont. On my return journey I hope also to complete what I am still unacquainted with as regards Göttingen. Cassel I shall try to grasp more generally, and only from its artistic side as I shall not have time for more than this.

My notes have, moreover, remained very meagre, and consist principally of lists of visitors and of play-bills.

In the theatre here, there are several individuals who have a very attractive appearance and seem to be improvable. The company is, upon the whole, more good than bad, and yet it does not actually effect anything enjoyable, because here, as elsewhere, naturalism, bungling, and a wrong direction given to individualities lead either to dryness or to mannerism, and whatever else such failings may be called, and are interwoven with and affect everything, and thus hinder things burning well together.

I shall be very anxious to hear what accounts you will have to give of the Berlin stage.

The Duke is expected to-morrow or the day after; when he has made his arrangements I intend returning to Göttingen. Blumenbach's collection of skulls has again stirred up many an old thought, and I hope that when I consider it more carefully I shall not fail to come upon some result or other. Professor Hofmann is going to assist me in becoming more intimately acquainted with cryptogamic plants, and thus fill up a great gap in my botanical knowledge. What I have to look for in the Library, in connection with my theory of colours, has also been noted down and will accordingly be all the more readily found. I do not deny that I should like very well to spend four months in Göttingen, as one finds there collections of such various things.

The Duke is now here, and—as with all new arrivals—lives in hope and finds things amusing, whereas I who am about to depart, expect but little gain, and the time I have yet to spend here seems daily to become more wearisome.* I am accordingly looking anxiously

* In his *Annalen* Goethe writes, "that during the last days of his stay at Pyrmont, he felt so unusually sensitive, that even the most trivial

forward to my release, which will probably take place on Wednesday the fifteenth. From Göttingen I shall write again, if indeed I have anything to say.

Farewell; I also wish you a safe journey. My kind greetings to your circle, and hold me in remembrance.

G.

823.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 18, 1801.

Our yesterday's feast* threatened to go off very badly in spite of its strong flavouring. Your not coming at once made a great gap in the small party. Mellish was not in the best of spirits, and this put me too in a somewhat gloomy state of mind. We had to eat and drink for a couple of hours before we felt ourselves at all enlivened. The huntsmen, who did not come in till about five, and fell upon the remains with good appetites, gave the whole thing a turn for the better; they gave us an account of all the doings at the hunt, and we remained together in good spirits till about seven o'clock.

Now I am off to Jena without having seen you again; I shall be back in six days, and meanwhile send you a couple of comedies which be so kind as to look over.

Farewell; be industrious and hold me in remembrance.

G.

824.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 10, 1801.

As I have arrived before your birthday has quite drawn to a close, I hasten to send you, expressly and in writing, my warmest congratulations, which you must know are yours already; at the same time I wish to know whether you will come to-morrow to our usual friendly gathering, and we will have a second celebration of the day.

G.

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things irritated him terribly, for which reason he could not altogether enjoy the Duke's society. He remained at Pyrmont till the 17th.

* This probably refers to a dinner given at Ettersburg after one of the Duke's hunting parties.

825.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I rejoice to hear that you have returned, and send you my best thanks for your kind congratulations. To-morrow I hope to hear from you that the Muses have been more gracious to you in Jena than they have been to me.

I to-day received from Rochlitz of Leipzig a lamentable letter about his *Zauberflöte*.* He is expecting a note from you as to what the fate of this work is to be, and begs that the manuscript may be returned to him.

Farewell; I am delighted to think that I shall see you again to-morrow.

Sch.

826.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 27, 1801.

As it is about time that we should see each other again, I shall—if you have no objection—come with the carriage this evening at about seven and fetch you.

If you feel at all inclined to go to the redoute, the carriage shall be at your service after supper.

G.

827.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(December 14.)

I think matters are now improving. The fever† has quite left us, and my wife's grievous attacks have also disappeared. The children have as yet gone on very well. So I hope to get off with one bad week.

If you are not afraid of Augustus coming to us, it would be a great pleasure to Carl to have him here.

And if you have yourself no fear of the illness, and care

* See Letter 821 and note.

† At the beginning of the month Schiller's household were attacked by measles, and he himself was feeling poorly, so that his usual evening visits to his friend had to be given up for a time.

to drive out for an hour after dinner, it would be a great pleasure to me to accompany you, and to see you again for a little while. The air too would do me good, for I have not been out of the sick-room for five days.

SCH.

828.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 15, 1801.

I send this to inquire how you all are, and at the same time send you the treatise on the art-exhibition, which, unfortunately, is becoming very voluminous; and yet the enclosed is only about three-fourths of the whole. The last portion, which has still to come, concerns the next prize-theme and future arrangements generally.

Would you have the kindness, while reading it, to have a pencil at hand, and mark in the margin whatever suggestions you may have to offer? One portion of the manuscript, as you will see, I have not corrected at all, and, in fact, shall have to read it all over again.

Finally Langer's *Lucretia** requires an explanation as to what one really sees in the picture.

Farewell, and keep well till the universal trouble withdraws from you and our other friends.

G.

829.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(December 15.)

I have to-day read your manuscript with the greatest possible attention, and do not know of anything that could be altered or added to it. With regard to the small omission you spoke of yesterday, I quite agree with you. You will find pencil-marks in several places; they refer merely to the expression which, as I said yesterday, I should, wherever it is possible, like to see freed from everything that is not the usual style of language,

* The younger Langer of Düsseldorf, without wishing to compete for the prize, had sent in a picture, the subject of which was the death of Lucretia.

because the essay is addressed to that class of readers who may be called the uninitiated portion of the public.

My invalids are improving visibly. I shall perhaps see you to-morrow, either out of doors or in the evening at the play, if the weather proves favorable.

Farewell. SCH.

1802.

830.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, January 1, 1802.

Let us begin the new year with our old sentiments and with good hope.

I was very sorry that I could not be with you yesterday evening; but, although my recent attack of fever and cholera was but of short duration, still its effect upon me was very severe, and the weak state which it left me in has again roused all my spasms.

However, I am now much better, and I hope to be able to attend to-morrow's performance. Be so kind as to send me *Euripides*, if you are not using it just now; at all events the volume containing *Ion*. It would be a pleasant diversion to me as I cannot do anything else to-day, and it would also make me better able to follow the piece to-morrow.

SCH.

831.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 1, 1802.

We missed you very much yesterday, and regretted it all the more as we were compelled to believe that you could not be feeling quite well.

I hope you will be able to be present at to-morrow's performance.

Herewith I send you the volume of *Euripides* you ask

for; you are doing very wisely in reading the original; I have not yet looked at it this time; I hope the comparison will lead to many comments.

Most glad I shall be soon to give you my new year's greeting by word of mouth, and at an early day to celebrate the continuance of our relation to each other.

I also enclose the sketches of the prize-pieces, which have turned out very good.

G.

832.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 16, 1802.

While sending you the treatise on the art-exhibition, which I recommend to your kind consideration, I come to ask whether you cannot arrange to drive home with me this evening after the play. There are things about which I should like to have your advice before my departure, which is fixed for to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Farewell.

G.

832*a*.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January, 1802.

I send you a friendly greeting by way of good-bye, and wish you much pleasure and fine weather.

Of the riddles * I send you the one I wrote yesterday. The other two I mean to think over this morning; such things can only be done backwards.

Please send me word by the bearer of this when *Turandot* is to be played.

Sch.

833.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, January 19, 1802.

Here in Jena, in Knebel's old room, I always feel a happy man, because to no other spot on earth am I

* For *Turandot*.

indebted for so many productive moments. It is an amusing fact that I have noted down on the white window-post * everything of any importance that I have written in this room since the 21st of November, 1798. If I had commenced this register earlier, many a thing which our relation to each other has lured out of me, would likewise be noted down upon it.

I have commenced to dictate a squib † on the Weimar theatre, and have done so with a surprisingly serious face. As we have got over the performance, it is just as well to look a little subdued, and to keep all paths open in every way possible.

Herewith you will also receive the transcript of the Greekish play.‡ I am curious to see what you will gain from it. I have looked into it here and there; it is most devilishly human. If it does at all, let us try it, for we have already had frequent proofs that the effect of one such venture is incalculable to ourselves and to things generally.

While looking into Büttner's and the Academic Library affairs, and endeavouring to carry out the idea of a virtual catalogue of the three libraries we have in the country, I find myself compelled to examine an immense accumulation of literary concerns where—however high the demands may be set—one nevertheless meets with many a respectable endeavour and performance.

My evenings are spent socially in the spirit of the Jena youth which is ever renewing itself. On Sunday, to begin with, I remained at Loder's till one at night, where the company happened to be talking of some points of historical interest which are not discussed by us. While thinking over the conversation, it occurred to me what an interesting work might be compiled, if that

* This window-post was unfortunately re-painted. A similar register of most of his meteorological observations which Goethe kept on a wall in the inn *Zur Tanne*, in Camsdorf, met with a similar fate; but there is a third which has been carefully preserved in the Grand Duke's palace at Dornburg.

† An essay published in the *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, under the title of *Weimarisches Hoftheater*.

‡ Goethe's *Iphigenia*. See next letter.

which one had oneself witnessed were written down in a kindly humour with the experience one gains with years.

The hour for the messenger to call is approaching, so I must hasten and bid you a friendly farewell.

G.

834.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, January 20, 1802.

I shall now read the *Iphigenia* with a proper regard for its new destination, and listen to every word from the stage and with the public. That which you call human in it will stand this test specially well, and I should advise you not to leave out any of it. Next Saturday I hope to be able to report something of its success.

Schütz, has now also sent me a review* of my *J. V. O.*, which has been written by quite a different pen from that on my *Mary*, and is moreover by an abler writer; it is at once evident that Schelling's philosophy of art has been applied to the work. But while reading it, it was very evident to me that another bridge is wanting between transcendental philosophy and the actual fact, inasmuch as the principles of the one against the reality of a given case look very strange, and either destroy it or are destroyed by it. In the whole review nothing is said of the actual work; it was, in fact, impossible to do so considering the path it pursued, as there is no transition from general, hollow formulas to any actual case. And is this, then, what is called criticising a work, where the reader who has not read it does not get even the remotest notion of it! But it is evident from this that philosophy and art have, as yet, not comprehended each other at all, and have not penetrated one another, and we are more than ever conscious of the want of an organ to act as a medium between the two. In the *Propylæa* this was attempted with regard to plastic art, but the *Propylæa* too started with that idea, and our more recent philosophers would prefer passing over directly from ideas to reality. Ac-

* This review, on the Maid of Orleans (*Jungfrau von Orleans*), appeared in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, and was written by J. A. Apel, who subsequently became well known through his new system of metres and ancient tragedies.

cordingly, there is no other possibility than that what is *generally* said should prove hollow and empty, and that what is *specially* said should be flat and insignificant.

Turandot I hope to hear from the stage perhaps on Tuesday, and shall then only be in a position to determine what may still have to be done, and what locality and time require altered in this old subject. Detouches * has already composed a march for it, and played it to me to-day; the effect was very good.

I hope that you are keeping well in the old productive room, and that you may have something new to make a note of on the window-post.†

SCH.

835.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, January 22, 1802

I can only write a short note to-day to accompany the enclosed, which will be sure to give you pleasure if you do not know the poem.‡ It is only a pity that Jones and Dalberg too (see p. xv.) should have suppressed the so-called objectionable passages; the piece is thus made to appear licentious in character, whereas in the original the impression is certainly one of enjoyment.

What struck me as remarkable are the extremely varied motives by which an extremely simple subject is made endless.

The principal rehearsal of *Turandot* is to be held on Thursday. Write and tell me whether you will get finished without my assistance; if so, I shall not come till Friday morning early. The terrible confusion of Büttner's legacy is the more troublesome to me as I shall have to quit these quarters in order to make room for the new commandant.§ I had thought of locking up the rooms and of combing out this mangled mass in a methodical

* The Director of concerts to the court, who subsequently published his music to *Turandot*.

† See last Letter and note.

‡ The *Gita-Govinda*, of Dschajadêva, translated into German by J. F. H. von Dalberg, from the English of Sir William Jones. See also Letters 843 and 844.

§ The Commandant of Jena, von Hendrich.

manner; now, however, I shall have to cut it right off, and see whereabouts things are concealed, and, at the same time, take care not to increase the confusion.

The seals are not to be legally opened till Monday afternoon, and thus I have but little time for the *déménagement*. I need, in fact, only to imagine the house on fire, and the removal would then become somewhat more of a muddle still.

The philosophers I have not yet seen.

G.

836.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, January 22, 1802.

I have, as you will see, made less havoc with the manuscript than I had myself expected to be obliged to do; I found it, on the one hand, not necessary, and on the other, not very feasible. The piece, in itself, is not at all too long, and it contains but little over two thousand lines, and even these two thousand will not all be left, if you approve of the passages marked being cut out. But it was not feasible also, because that which might retard the progress of the piece lies less in single passages than in its character as a whole, which is too reflective for dramatic requirements. Frequently, also, those portions upon which the fate of being excluded would first have fallen, are necessary connecting-links, which could not be replaced by others without changing the whole course of the scene. In cases where I was in doubt, I have made a stroke in the margin; where my reasons for omitting anything were more than convincing, I have struck the passage out entirely; and where a passage is underlined, I should like it altered.

And as, moreover, there is too much moral casuistry in the action itself, it would be a good thing somewhat to curtail the moral aphorisms and other sentences of a similar kind.

What is historical and mythical must be left untouched; it is an indispensable counterpoise to what is moral, and that which speaks to the imagination can least of all be lessened.

Orestes himself is the most doubtful part in the whole; without furies there can be no Orestes, and now that the cause of his condition does not strike the senses—as it is merely a matter of temperament—his condition is too long and too monotonous a state of misery, and has no object. Here is one of the boundaries between ancient and modern tragedy. Would that something might occur to you wherewith to meet this want; I confess this seems to me scarcely possible in the present economy of the piece, for what could be done without gods and spirits has already been done. Yet in any case I recommend you to curtail the scenes with Orestes.

Further, I would have you consider whether it would not be advisable—for the sake of giving animation to the dramatic interest—to make somewhat earlier mention of Thoas and his Taurians, who have nothing to do throughout two whole acts, and to keep both actions—one of which is at present too long at a standstill—in an equal state of heat. In the second and third acts one does, it is true, hear of the danger in which Orestes and Pylades are placed, but one *sees* nothing of it, there is nothing actual by which the distressing situation comes to be represented. According to my feeling there ought to be introduced into the two acts—at present devoted wholly to Iphigenia and her brothers—one motive *ad extra*, so that the outward action is made continuous, and the appearance of Arkas more fully prepared; for, as things are at present, he is almost entirely lost to our remembrance.

It does, indeed, belong to the peculiar character of this piece that what actually goes by the name of action should take place behind the scenes, and that the moral element, that which passes in the heart, the feelings, should be made the action, and, as it were, presented to view. This character of the piece must be preserved, and the moral element must in all cases have the precedence over what is sensuous; but I should like only as much of the latter as is necessary to allow the former to be fully displayed.

Your *Iphigenia* has otherwise affected me deeply upon reading it over again, although I will not deny that something material may have been at the bottom of it. *Soul*

is what I would call that which constitutes its actual merit.

The piece will not fail to produce its effect upon the public, all that has preceded it has worked towards this result. Among the initiated those very things which we should object to in it will be accounted points of excellence, and this we may quietly accept, for we are so often censured for what is truly praiseworthy.

Farewell, and let me soon hear that the hardened product is again softening in your hands.

SCH.

837.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

February 1, 1802.

As my head is distracted from having passed a bad night, there is nothing further to be done with me to-day, and I shall soon retire to rest.

Meanwhile I send you two riddles,* and if you think them usable, I propose that we give the three new ones in place of the old ones. Perhaps I may think of a better one still.

The answer to yours I have not opened yet; I should think I had guessed it, were it not that the last two lines puzzled me.

I shall open yours † if you approve of the accompanying riddles, then write out the necessary words for the Calif, and send them to the actors. Therefore, please let me have an answer this evening.

SCH.

838.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 2, 1802.

Your two new riddles possess the beautiful faults of the first, especially of the *Eye*, inasmuch as they contain charming views of the subject, upon which one might almost establish a new style of poetry. The second I guessed at a first reading, the first when I had read it

* For his *Turandot*. These are the first and eighth in the collection.

† Goethe's riddle was the one commencing "*Ein Bruder ist's*," *etc.*

twice. *Meo voto* you should place the *Rainbow* first, for it is easy to guess, and yet very pleasing; then I should give mine, which is poor but beyond guessing; then would come your *Lightning*, which will not be guessed at once, but would in any case leave a very beautiful and grand impression.

I wish that you would dine with me to-morrow, so that, together with Meyer, we might once more meet with some degree of comfort. I wish this all the more as, at the beginning of next week, I think of going over to Jena again.

G.

I must just add that Augustus guessed both of your riddles when he had only read them half through.

839.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, February 11, 1802.

I have now decided to purchase Mellish's house,* as he has come down a little in his demands. Although I am not making a cheap purchase even now, still I must do something to be quit of this worry. Under these circumstances I am now doubly anxious to get my little property in Jena off my hands, and therefore beg you to get Goetze to attend to the matter.

I enclose the advertisement in the weekly paper, as also a short notice concerning what has to be paid annually for the garden-house in the way of taxes, *etc.* I bought the place for 1150 Reichsthaler [about £170] and have spent 500 [£75] upon it, as I can prove by the bills I have by me. Now I should not like to lose by it, and, if possible, make something by it. But as I am in want of ready-money to enable me soon to free my house here from all mortgage, I would be satisfied with 1500 thalers [about £225] as the upset price for the garden and garden-house. What Goetze can procure for me of this sum I will pay him back with interest. I should also be content were this sum to

* The house stood on the esplanade, and Schiller, in a letter to his sister, says that he bought it for 7200 gulden (about £620).

be paid to me within two or three terms, say, half at Easter, a third at Midsummer, and the rest at Michaelmas or Christmas. If I could have it all paid down at once, so much the better, of course.

Excuse my troubling you with this affair, but as you are busy with writing out the titles and numbering books, let this mechanical piece of work be done with the rest. This economical business—as always happens to me with any natural things—has spoilt all my free state of mind; for I had to turn my attention to the means for procuring this estate, and now that I can look upon it as my own, new cares arise as to how I am to adapt it to my circumstances. Owing to this state of things, a small poem —*Cassandra*—which I began when in rather a favorable mood, has not made much progress.

A few days ago I received from Stuttgart the commission to offer an opera of good old Zumsteeg's * to the theatre here for six carolins. As his wife and six children have been left with less than nothing, you will, doubtless, do all you can to procure this for the family.

May all things go well with your Herculean book-business! Farewell.

SCH.

840.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, February 12, 1802.

I am as glad to think of your binding yourself to Weimar by purchasing a house, as I am glad to attend to what you require to be done here.

Goetze will do his utmost, and I beg you to send me the keys of the house and garden soon, so that those taking a fancy to them may be shown over the place.

During these last days I have not accomplished anything except a short essay on the Weimar theatre, which I have already sent to Bertuch. It is, as it were, but a venture; we will see what more can be done to it and made out of it.

My work at the library is more unpleasant than difficult,

* This was an operetta called *Elbondokani*, which the Crown Prince of Weimar purchased soon after this, when passing through Stuttgart.

and is troublesome principally because the want of space renders it almost impossible to make any proper arrangements. However, I have already taken some steps about this. The unfortunate thing, however, is that I cannot manage to get any of the people here to assist me. They are all very busy as it is, and their time fully occupied, which, it is true, speaks very much in their favour. During these last days I have been considering the matter from all sides so as to begin what I have undertaken, not only with a hope, but with a certainty of success.

Farewell, and let us both try to get through with earthly affairs in order that we may attain to such as lie beyond.

G.

841.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, February 17, 1802.

As I have not heard of you to-day, I presume that I shall soon see you here yourself; besides this, you will, of course, not let our Prince start on his journey without taking leave of him.

It has struck me that it would be nice to present something to him on this occasion; I have already written a few verses that might perhaps be produced at our little gathering; only this would have to be some day after Monday next. I have also two new melodies which Körner composed to two of my songs.

I do not know whether you have been told that the keys of my garden are at Hufeland's.

Farewell, and do not let us have too long to wait for you.

SCH.

842.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, February 18, 1802.

We want to know whether you feel inclined, and have the time, to come over before the Prince's departure, for if so, we would arrange to have our *select* party again, even though—to spare you the inconvenience—it were to be given in the town-hall. If you do *not* come, we are

threatened with a great gathering which Herr von Kotzebue is at present arranging, and which is to be held on the Monday after the play. The Prince himself would like very much to escape this, and would by far prefer being one of our small circle. Please let me know through Herr von Pappenheim *—the bearer of this—whether you will come or not, and whether we are to arrange anything for the Monday. If you disappoint us, we cannot well resist the importunity of the unwelcome guests.

Farewell. I long to have a few lines from you again.

SCH.

84.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, February 19, 1802.

Your invitation, dear friend, I shall not be able to accept this time. The spinning-rock I have set a-going I must at once spin and wind off, otherwise things will get into a renewed state of disorder, and what has already been done would have to be done over again. I shall bid our good Prince good-bye by letter. Give Herr von Wolzogen many kind greetings, and wish him a safe journey.

My stay here has been most pleasant, even some poetical things have presented themselves, and I have again written a couple of songs to well-known melodies. It is very nice to think that you too have brought something of the kind into the midst of the little circle.

With Schelling I spent a very pleasant evening. It is always delightful to come across great clearness of mind combined with great depth. I should like to see him oftener, were it not that I am still hoping for poetic hours, and philosophy, in my case, disturbs the poetic mood, probably because it drives me into the object, for I am never able to keep myself in a purely speculative mood,

* Major von Pappenheim, von Hinzenstern and Schiller's brother-in-law Wolzogen, accompanied the Crown Prince to Berlin. Wolzogen had been made a member of the Privy Council the preceding December, on his return from St. Petersburg, where he had made the necessary arrangements for the Prince's betrothal with the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna.

but have immediately to try and form a distinct conception, and on this account at once fly out into nature.

I had some very interesting conversation with Paulus, who came to show me the third part of his commentary on the New Testament. He is so well informed on this subject, so at home with the localities and the times, that many things in the sacred books which one usually stares at in amazement as ideal generalities, are made to appear intelligible as specifically and individually present. He has solved some of my doubts very neatly by the totality of his mode of representing things, and I was glad to be able to agree with him. Moreover, there are a number of maxims, at the basis of such a work, that can be much more satisfactorily explained by word of mouth, and, in fact, it is always pleasant to meet any one possessing a totality in himself.

The English version of *Gita-Govinda* I have now read also, and must unfortunately accuse good Dalberg of bungling stupidity. Jones,* in his preface, says: "After having translated the *Gita-Govinda* word for word, I reduced my translation to the form in which it is now exhibited; omitting only those passages which are too luxuriant and too bold for an European taste." Now the German translator, again, not only leaves out other passages which appear doubtful from his point of view, but has entirely misunderstood some very beautiful, innocent passages, and translated them quite wrongly. I may perhaps translate the end myself, as this part has more especially suffered from this German blight, and you will then see the old poet in the beauty in which the English translator thought fit to leave him.

Enough for to-day! I must, however, add that people are talking about the sale of your garden. It seems doubtful whether you will get what you ask for it; but we must hope for the best. The keys I shall have fetched from Hufeland in case of necessity.

A friendly farewell.

G.

* Sir William Jones. See also Letter 835 and note.

844.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, February 20, 1802.

We are all sorry, and I more especially, that we are not to see you for some time yet; however, as you are so well occupied and so content, we will rejoice at the fruits of your activity. Perhaps the pollen from the books, impregnated by the poetic spirit, will lead you back to the old ghostly doctor;* and if this should happen, we shall have reason to bless Büttner's *Manes*. I have lately been reading your Elegies and Idylls over again, and cannot express to you how deeply and forcibly I was moved and affected by their truly poetic genius. I know of nothing to equal them, not even among your own works; nowhere have you described your individual self and the world in a purer and fuller manner.

It is a very interesting phenomenon to see how well your contemplative nature agrees with philosophy, and how it is, in all cases, animated and strengthened by it; whether, however, the speculative nature of our friend will assimilate to itself as much of what is contemplative in you, is doubtful, and, in fact, belongs to the very nature of the case. For you take up of his ideas only that which tallies with your own views, and what remains does not make you uneasy; for, after all, you have the object, which is a more trustworthy authority than speculation, as long as the latter does not coincide with the former. A philosopher, however, must necessarily be very much inconvenienced by every view which he cannot admit into his system, for he makes an absolute demand upon his ideas.

What you tell me of Paulus surprises me somewhat, as I never fancied that he possessed the imagination to be transported into the totality of any condition, which has necessarily to be produced before it can be contemplated. But, of course, even learning and great information gradually, that is, atomistically, brings together conditions out of which, by a moderate *effort* of the imagination, a definite *concretum* can be constructed. Thus it

* *Faust.*

happened to me, in a very different sphere—in the play of *Fust von Stromberg*,* the author of which is a poet of very mediocre ability—that I found a perfect and vivid representation of the Middle Ages which was evidently only the result of mere learning.

The *Gita-Govinda* lately led me back to *Sacontala*, nay, I even read it with a view to see whether it could not be made use of for the stage; but it seems that the stage is directly opposed to it. It is, so to say, the only one of the thirty-two winds with which this ship of ours cannot sail. This is probably owing to its principal characteristic being *tenderness;* and at the same time, it wants *movement*, for the poet has taken a delight in spinning out sentiments with a certain easy-going complacency, for the very climate invited rest.

You will have heard good reports of the new actress Mademoiselle Maas, for she very soon succeeded in winning favour; she has, moreover, sprung directly from the lap of sentimentality. Her voice is pleasing, although still wanting in power; she shows feeling and speaks with intelligence and significance; and in this one sees the influence of Madam Unzelmann's school, and in no way to her disadvantage. But I hear that she has chosen for her second appearance the character of Lottchen in the *Hausvater;* † we are not likely to see her from any new point of view there. It would be better to see her in a comic or humorous and naïve role, so as to know what we may expect from her. I also beg you to keep her for a whole year to smaller parts, and especially to comedy, and thus lead her up step by step to grander roles which are disastrous to all artists.

Farewell. I hope to hear from you soon. My brother-in-law wishes to be most kindly remembered.

SCH.

* A play by Jacob Maier. See Letter 446.
† *Der Deutsche Hausvater*, by Gemmingen.

845.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, 1802.

I cannot resist your repeated invitation, and have—in the enclosed—ordered the usual supper at my house for Monday evening after the play. I am convinced that the spirits in my house will make this possible, and it will be the most appropriate way of getting out of the general meeting.

As to the guests, I think we should not have any large number on this very account. I should propose: The Hereditary Prince, von Hinzenstern, von Pappenheim, the Princess* and Fräulein von Knebel.

If it were thought that Riedel† should be asked also, it might be well to invite him, partly on account of old circumstances, partly because of his having been here to-day in the company of the two men.

Farewell; I am rejoicing at the thought of seeing you again so unexpectedly. I take it for granted that you will have the kindness to advise the company of this proposal, and also kindly to send invitations to the few guests.

G.

846.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, March 9, 1802.

It happens to be a merry, sociable time here at present, and I am usually out both at noon and in the evening. On the other hand I cannot as yet boast of having had any productive moments; in fact they are becoming more and more scarce.

I have taken up Soulaire's *Mémoires historiques et politiques du règne de Louis XVI*, a work which lays hold of one and which interests one, owing to its many-sidedness, although the author does at times appear untrustworthy. It gives one, upon the whole, an extensive view over the rivulets and streams which, in accordance with natural laws—coming down from the many heights and along the many valleys—dash against one another, and finally make

* The Princess Caroline.

† *Kammerrath* Riedel was tutor to the Hereditary Prince.

some great river overflow its banks and occasion an inundation which proves the ruin of him who foresaw it, as well as of him who was unaware of the danger. In this tremendous series of experiences we see nothing but nature, and nothing of what we philosophers should so much like to call freedom. Let us wait and see whether Bonaparte will delight us further with this lordly and domineering appearance.

Within the last few days I have read four volumes of this work, so I have not very much else to say. The fine weather has once or twice tempted me out of doors, but it is still very damp.

Farewell, and let me ere long hear something about the state of affairs in Weimar, and in how far you have been able to accomplish some work.

G.

847.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, March 10, 1802

While you have been spending a pleasant time among your friends, and are doing well in living and enjoying yourself, I have kept at home, and have not been inactive, although I am very far from being able to give any account of my doings. A mightier interest * than *Warbeck* has been occupying me for the last six weeks, and drawn me to it with a force and intensity such as I have not experienced for long. As yet, it is true, I feel merely the movement of hope and a dim presentiment, but it is fruitful and very promising, and I know that I am on the right track.

Accordingly I can tell you but little of what is going on in this part of the world, for I have seen no one. I hear that Wieland has been persuaded to translate the *Ion* of Euripides, and that most wonderful discoveries have been made with regard to how much is concealed in the Greek *Ion*.

The fifth of March has passed by me more favorably than the fifteenth did in Caesar's case, and I have heard nothing more whatever of this great affair. It is to be

* *Wilhelm Tell.*

hoped that, on your return, you will find minds pacified. But just as chance is always naïve and carries on its own wilful game, so the Duke—the day after the affair—made the Burgomaster * a Councillor, on account of services rendered. Further, Kotzebue's *Ueble Laune* (Bad Humour) is to be given in the theatre to-day.

I am at present reading a history of the popes by an Englishman † who was himself a Jesuit, and who—while endeavouring to gather information about the actual foundations of papacy with a view to strengthen his own faith—found the reverse of what he sought, and then applied what he had learnt against the papacy. In spite of its tame treatment, it is a very attractive history owing to its consistency, and is infinitely varied as it embraces all sorts of subjects; but yet there is a terrible *oneness* about it, because everything that is individual is lost in the ideal unity.

My wife sends her kindest regards, and begs you to remember the *Histoire des Favoris.*‡

Farewell, and get through with your work so that we may soon enjoy having you here again.

SCH.

848.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, March 17, 1802.

I am glad to hear that things are going so well with you in Jena, and that from time to time something poetical as well is springing up. You have meanwhile not lost anything by being away, for society here seems still to be in an exhausted state and in a cold perspiration from the violent shocks it has experienced.

The Duke—whom people likewise tried to prejudice—questioned me a few days ago, and I represented the case to him in the light in which it appears to me. He wished

* R. A. Schultze.

† Archibald Bower's *History of the Popes*, which had been translated into German by von Rambach.

‡ Probably the *Histoire des plus illustres favoris anciens et modernes recueillie par feu* M. P. D. P. (Pierre du Puy) 1661.

to read *Regulus*,* as he had heard by letter from Berlin that the piece possesses great merit, although the performance itself was not successful. I am willing to believe it but should like to know where its merits lie. Our most gracious Prince has read the *opus*, and returned it to me with the accompanying note. You will see from it that he does not intend to drop it altogether, although—without knowing or intending to do so—he himself condemns it, for he is himself, in the end, compelled to declare it to be tedious prose, and I should like to know what else there is good about it. I did not let him have the last word, and in a brief reply took the liberty of remarking that I could not consider regularity of form of any merit, unless it were combined with poetic substance.

He told me lately that you had given him some hope of remodelling the *Rhadamist*.† God help you through the melancholy business.

You, like myself, are respectfully invited to send a few contributions to Halem's ‡ *Irene*. It is verily a disgrace that those who do their utmost to annihilate us, can nevertheless expect that we should help to further their enterprises. I have, however, made up my mind to send Unger—who made the request to me—a pretty plain answer.

I have latterly been occupying myself with Saint Bernhard,§ and been very much pleased to make his acquaintance; it would be difficult, in history, to find a second ecclesiastical scamp as worldly wise, and one who was, at the same time, in such an admirable sphere for playing the part worthily. He was the oracle of his day and its ruler although he remained a private individual,

* *Der Regulus*, a tragedy in five acts, by Heinrich Joseph Collin (1802).

† The very obscure drama by the elder Crebillon, entitled *Rhadamiste et Zénobie* (1711).

‡ *Irene, eine Zeitschrift für Teutschland's Töchter*, edited by Halem of Oldenburg, who had been a contributor to the *Horen*, and was also the author of a piece called *Wallenstein*, printed as early as 1786.

§ While reading Bower's *History of the Popes*. See Letter 847. In Luther's opinion Bernhard of Clairvaux ranked "higher than all monks and priests on earth," as a truly God-fearing and pious man.

and allowed others to hold the first positions. Popes were his disciples and kings his creatures. He hated and oppressed as far as he could, all those aspiring to higher objects, and encouraged the obtusest, monkish stupidity, besides which he was himself a mere monk and possessed nothing beyond cunning and dissimulation. However, it is charming to see him glorified. If you see Griesbach or Paulus to speak to, be sure to get them to tell you something about him; perhaps they could procure us some books about him.

Farewell, and do think soon of returning.

SCH.

849.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, March 19, 1802.

I shall probably soon decide to bring my stay here to a close, and come over to you again. I am looking forward to the evenings we shall spend together, all the more so as we shall have many new things to communicate to each other.

If the party in question has, in some degree, ceased grieving over the adventure of the fifth, let us soon again have a small gathering, and try the new songs which I shall bring with me. Have you given yours to Zelter as Körner's compositions did not find favour?

I hope you will be in the proper humour and use your fist pretty freely when you answer the Irenian invitation.* It would be a good thing if you could write an epistle that would apply to the whole set for whom I vow and cherish an ever-increasing hatred.

I am glad to hear that you intend bringing your *Johanna* more within the possibilities of the stage for us. In fact, as we have delayed so long in having it represented, we must endeavour to distinguish ourselves in some way.

It is impossible for me to do anything with *Iphigenia*. If you will not venture upon the undertaking, correct the few equivocal lines and see to the parts being learnt, I do

* To contribute to Halem's *Irene*. See last letter.

not believe that it will succeed, and yet it would be well if it could, considering the present position of things, and the piece would then be demanded for other theatres, as has already been the case with *Nathan*. *Rhadamist and Zenobia* * I find, upon a closer examination, to be a very remarkable piece, the climax of affectation in Art, in comparison with which Voltaire's works appear to be pure nature. What is striking in this piece is probably the similarity of the hero's position with that of Cain, and his reckless character, which reminds one of the fate of the first fratricide. But I do not see any prospect of being able to adapt it for the German stage.

I congratulate you upon having made the acquaintance of holy St. Bernhard. We will try and learn some further details about him.

Our theological friends here are in a bad plight. Griesbach is suffering from his feet and Paulus on his wife's account. She is in a very bad way, and I am afraid her life is in danger; nature may go on working for long before she manages a second time to produce so gay a creature.

Zelter has left a very lively influence. One hears his melodies everywhere, and we have to thank him that our songs and ballads have been awakened from the dead by him.

The library business is getting settled. Boards and beams come floating down the Saale to the new temple of the Muses in Lauchstedt. Let this enterprise of ours also have its effect upon you, and do with your earlier things what you can. I know indeed how difficult this is, but you must gradually—by reflection and practice—learn so many knacks from the dramatic line of business, that genius and a purely poetic state of mind may not be exactly necessary for every operation.

I have also been reading and attending to other things. Very remarkable to me was a glance I had into Brown's Elements of Medicine.† One there meets with a most admirable intellect which creates words, expressions and turns, and uses them with modest consistency in giving an

* See Letter 848 and note.

† His *Elementa medicinæ* (1779).

account of his convictions. One does not find a trace of the vehement terminological squabbles of his followers. However, the little book is difficult to understand in connection, and I have laid it aside, as I can neither give it the time nor the attention it deserves.

Since dictating this, I have determined to leave this on Tuesday for Weimar, and accordingly wish you to know that you will be heartily welcome on that evening if you can come to us.

Will you inquire whether our friends propose meeting at my house on Wednesday evening, and to leave word at the house whether yes or no?

As I am soon to have the pleasure of seeing you I shall not add more.

G.

850.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, March 20, 1802.

I am glad that you are soon to be here again, and that we shall be together at the coming of spring, which is always wont to make me feel sad, as it raises in me a restless and indefinite longing.

Gladly will I do all I possibly can in order that your *Iphigenia* may make its appearance on the stage; there is always a good deal to be learnt from such an undertaking, and I have no doubt of its being a success if our people do their best. Some one wrote to me lately, and moreover from Dresden that a performance of *Iphigenia* was to be given there, and other theatres are sure to follow the lead.

I am in a tolerably good way with *Carlos*, and hope to get it finished in eight or ten days. There is an unmistakeable dramatical fund in the piece, and it contains much that may procure it approbation. It is indeed impossible to make it a satisfactory whole, because it is cut out much too broadly; but I was content with giving but a small amount of detail, and thus, with making the whole merely the bearer of the details. And when the public comes to be considered, it is, after all, the thing as a whole that has most to be thought of.

Let us have the *Maid of O.* performed in Lauchstedt before giving it here. I must insist upon this, because, in fact, the Duke has declared himself against it, and I should not like in the least to appear as if I had urged the matter. More of this by word of mouth. My second reason is, because I last year promised Jagemann to let her play Johanna's part, and it would look strange if I took it from her. Now if the piece is first played in Lauchstedt and Vohs plays Johanna, neither of them can lay any claim to it when it comes to be acted here. I will see to it that the various parts are learnt during the last weeks of the theatrical season, and will myself direct several of the rehearsals in order to see that it is properly studied, and that we may appear with it in Lauchstedt with all honour.

I cannot this year do anything more with my earlier pieces; besides there is no hurry about this, for if we but get *Iphigenia* ready, the company will go this year to Lauchstedt more richly laden than ever. Nay, it would scarcely be possible to get any other pieces properly learnt.

I have still in my possession a translation of Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, which could certainly be made use of, if but one or two things were done to it. Besides this another piece has been sent to me, which contains much that is good, yet nevertheless has many dramatic defects, the result of having been based upon a romance.

Madam Mereau told me that she is at work upon Corneille's *Le Cid;* we must try to have some influence upon this work, and, if possible, procure it for the theatre.

I will send out the invitations according to your request, and am full of curiosity to see whether the people have so far cooled down as to be willing to come to an amicable understanding. I gave my two songs to Zelter when he left, and am now waiting to see what he will make of them. One of Körner's melodies is very singable, if only our singers understood their business better.

Farewell. It is just possible that I may see you in Jena on Monday, as my sister-in-law will be passing through Jena to visit a friend of hers in the neighbour-

hood, and we may probably accompany her; however, this is not quite certain yet.

SCH.

851.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 20, 1802.

As we shall probably give *Turandot* on Saturday, I must beg you to let me have the new riddles, in order that we may give them to the actors in good time, for they are never ready too soon.

G.

852.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 25, 1802.

Herewith I send you the desired sum, and the first two of Hogarth's series which I have just found.

At the same time I come to ask what you intend doing to-day. If you do not care to be out in the evening you could, of course, come earlier and be at home again before sunset. If you can decide to come, I will order Ehler * and have some musical diversions.

G.

853.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 4, 1802.

First of all my hearty good wishes that your removal from your old quarters may have gone off successfully. I shall be very glad to find you in good health and busy in your new, cheerful abode, facing the sun and the green country.

But I want now to hear something from you about our theatrical affairs. What do you expect from *Iphigenia* which—as was to be foreseen—comes a little late? What

* Wilhelm Ehler a favorite actor and singer, who was especially successful in rendering ballads and other songs while accompanying himself on the guitar.

do you think of Madam Bürger,* whose appearance I should myself have liked to have awaited.

In the library arrangements I find myself thwarted in a vexatious manner by the behaviour of the Jena people, which very much resembles the *divine do-nothing* of the Italians. I offer the general observation: that to work for a prescribed number of hours, and this continued regularly for any length of time, produces and encourages a set of people who do only what is absolutely necessary, in fact, who only work by and for the hour. I shall stay here as long as possible, because I am convinced that as soon as I am away, the whole work will be more or less at a stand-still.

With regard to myself and my own doings, however, various things have been accomplished. Several lyrics have again presented themselves, and on quiet evenings I have been studying the primary sources of our northern mythology.† I came upon it accidentally, and think I am now pretty clear upon the subject, of which you shall have a proof on my return. It is a good thing to have done this, even though I may have done no more than drive a stake into the field and set up a sign by which I can at times find my position.

This library-work also makes demands upon one even though one but looks into the books for a minute. Great is the advantage I have found from my studies in physics, geognostics, and natural history. All accounts of travels are to me as if I had them in the palm of my hand.

That the country is exceedingly beautiful at this season of budding I need scarcely tell you; a view from your upper garden-room, which, as I hear, you have lent to a philosopher,‡ would be very refreshing just now.

Farewell, and send me a few lines.

G.

* Elise Bürger, the divorced wife of the unfortunate poet, who wandered from place to place as an actress; at this time she was forty-two years of age. As to her capacity, see subsequent letters.

† The *Edda, ou monuments de la mythologie et de la poésie des anciens peuples du Nord*, by P. H. Mallet.

‡ Schiller, in a letter to Prof. Hufeland, mentions having given permission to a Dr. Schade to occupy one of the rooms in his garden-house.

That Loder is going to take his father-in-law, and wife and child to Warsaw, and that the indisposition of Madam Paulus has ended in the arrival of a healthy boy—you have probably heard already.

854.—Schiller *to* Hofrath Kirms.

Weimar, May 4, 1802.

Madam B. did indeed give such general dissatisfaction yesterday that we should only be injuring our own cause with the public by giving her a second character to represent. *Ariadne*,* it is true, was not a part to throw light upon the *merits* of an actress, but her de-merits were unfortunately made perfectly evident by it. Therefore, besides your having to give her a double *viaticum*, if she is to appear on Saturday, you will run the risk of having an empty house and of doing ourselves harm. These reasons, together with the lady's absolute uselessness on the stage, ought probably to be sufficient to convince the *Geheimrath*† that it was better to get rid of her soon and in a good way.

Ew. wohlgeboren,
Obedient Servant.
Schiller.

855.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, May 5, 1802.

I have this moment returned from the Government office, where I was kept waiting longer than I expected, and can, therefore, merely write what is most necessary as the message-girl is leaving immediately.

Iphigenia could in no case have been managed for Saturday, as the principal role is very long and difficult to learn. It was absolutely necessary to give Vohs time for it. However, I have the best hopes of the piece; I have not met with anything that could disturb the effect.

* In Benda's duodrame *Ariadne* (composed by Brandes).
† Goethe.

It pleased me to see that the actual poetically beautiful passages, and especially the lyrical ones, always had the highest effect upon our actors. The account of the horrors committed by Thyestes, and afterwards the monologue of Orestes, where he again sees the same figures in Elysium at peace with one another, must be made specially prominent as two pieces that refer to one another and solve a dissonance. It is especially necessary that everything should be done to have the monologue well given, because it stands on the boundary, and unless it awakens the deepest emotion, may easily destroy the proper mood. I think, however, that its effect will be sublime.

Of the miserable success of *Ariadne* you will have already heard from the *Hofkammerrath*. You can believe all the bad he may tell you of it; for this Elise* is a wretched, insipid and spiritless comic actress, of the commonest order, and becomes quite intolerable by the pretensions she makes. However, you will see and hear her yourself, if you remain in Jena, for she proposes going there in a few days to give a recital.

We have been in our new house for six days, and are still in the greatest confusion it is true, but I have been able to settle to work a little of a morning, and hope soon to have got fairly started again.

I congratulate you upon your lyrical find. Enjoy the lovely season to the full, and hold us in remembrance.

SCH.

856.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 7, 1802.

Madam Bürger has spared us as yet, unless indeed she comes to-morrow and presumes to give a Sunday-recital. In any case, I shall take a seat in a corner of the hall near the door, and, according to circumstances, either stay to the end or be up and off.

What you tell me of *Iphigenia* was pleasant to me to hear. If you could and would go on with the work till it is brought upon the stage without my having to see a rehearsal, and it were given on Saturday the fifteenth,

* Elise Bürger. See note to Letter 853.

I would remain here another week and get many things started and others finished.

I hear that the building operations at the theatre at Lauchstedt are progressing satisfactorily. I am very curious to see how this fungus will come forth out of the ground.

If you have held a reading-rehearsal of *Alarkos*,* please let me know something about it.

One day lately another new dramatic production was sent to me, which, I could almost say, *grieved* me. Unmistakable talent, careful reflection, study of the ancients. very good insight, usable in part and yet as a whole insufficient, because it might be said to look neither backwards nor forwards. The tenth part of it one might have been able to have performed, but, as it is, this would be utterly impossible. When I return you shall see it, and you will probably raise even greater lamentations. But do not say anything about it to anyone, nor anything about my preliminary notice of it; for we must quietly put it to rights ourselves.

The library affairs are gradually getting into order, although still slowly enough. I keep to my tactics and try to move on from point to point.

They at times lead to a poetic hour or to some scientific gain.

Farewell, and I trust you may soon get very comfortably settled.

G.

857.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, May 8, 1802.

We will do our utmost for *Alarkos;* but, upon looking through the piece again, serious doubts have presented themselves to me. Unfortunately, it is such a strange mixture of what is antique and the latest modern style, that it will not win either approval or consideration. I shall be satisfied if we do not suffer a total defeat with it, which I almost fear will be the case. And I should be sorry were the wretched party which we have to contend

* By Fr. Schlegel.

with, to win the day. My opinion is to keep the representation of the piece as dignified and serious as possible, and to employ everything from the French tragedy that is at all appropriate; if only we can bring matters so far that the public be imposed by it, that something grander and severer is expressed, it will, indeed, remain unsatisfactory, and yet people will not perceive what is wrong about it. We shall not come a step nearer our goal by this performance, or else I am very much mistaken.

Iphigenia shall be properly studied for the fifteenth. On Tuesday next we shall have the piece on the stage.

Elise Bürger will not honour you with a visit after all. She is still here, as I am told; but what keeps her here I do not know.

Farewell; I am looking forward to the products of your Muse. I have still not managed to get the proper quiet. To-day I expect Cotta on his way to the fair.

SCH.

858.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 9, 1802.

I hope that the accompanying volume has not already come to you from another quarter, so that you may receive this rhymed mad-house production * first from my hand, as a *curiosissimus*. Such madness, turning as it does upon the outward form of the latest occurrences, I have never yet met with. But who could find expression for such a phenomenon!

Accept my very best thanks for the trouble you are taking about *Iphigenia*. Next Saturday I shall drive to the play-house, as will also another Jenaite, and hope to find you in your box.

With regard to *Alarkos*, I am quite of your opinion; however, it seems to me that we must venture everything, for whether it is a success or not, does not matter in the least to outsiders. What we shall gain by it seems to me to be mainly this: that we allow these extremely obligatory metres to be recited and to be heard recited. Besides

* *Athenor*, a poem in sixteen cantos.

this, we can, after all, also calculate somewhat upon the interest in the subject itself.

Upon the whole, things are going very well with me here, and would be better still could I remain here some weeks longer.

Farewell; continue to get more comfortably settled, and keep us in remembrance.

G.

859.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, May 11, 1802.

I trust to your kindness to let me know whether *Iphigenia* is to be given on Saturday the fifteenth, in which case I will come over in order by your side to witness one of the most wonderful effects I have experienced in my life: the direct presence of a state of things which to me is more than one of the past.

I am very well satisfied with my stay here. The work has succeeded better than I had anticipated, although, strictly speaking, little has been done as yet. However, when it is considered that in such cases one may be said to be waiting for one's execution, and that all—where the assistance is purely mechanical as well as where it is literary—require their work determined for them, to be guided, spurred on, corrected and again encouraged, one feels satisfied if only things are pushed forwards a little.

Vulpius, the Secretary of the Library, has done admirably; in thirteen days he has written out 2134 labels; that is, titles of books on separate slips of paper. In fact, four persons have within that time got through about 6000 labels, which gives some idea of what has to be done.

This collection of books was the one bequeathed unarranged; now we are coming to the one already in order, the older one. However, the whole business must, after all, have some outward effect upon one, and may be said to be a species of bath, a kind of heavier element in which one moves about, and feels oneself lighter because one is borne by it.

I have learned various things during this time, and done something as well. If I could entertain you and Meyer

the day after to-morrow evening with what I have lately found, and, on the other hand, hear what you have been doing, I could wish for nothing better. Perhaps, however, this three weeks' press of work will be but the more enjoyable to us all.

Farewell, and let me have but a few words from you in return by the messenger.

G.

860.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, May 12, 1802.

There will be no difficulty in having the performance of *Iphigenia* on Saturday, although *Titus* has had possession of the theatre both yesterday and to-day. To-morrow and the day after, however, the stage-rehearsals shall be undertaken in good earnest, and I hope you will not be alarmed at your own work. I do indeed believe that the actual representation of this piece will awaken in you many past conditions, both as regards the forms and colours of your own mind and of the world to which you belonged at the time; and in this latter respect it will also strike several of our friends and lady-friends here as curious.

With *Alarkos*, therefore, we will venture at all hazards, and at least instruct ourselves by means of it. I will do my utmost to impress upon our actors to do their best with it. I allowed C. K.* to read the piece, out of curiosity, to see how such a production would affect a mind like hers. However, some absurd things occurred on the occasion, and I shall beware of repeating such an experiment. It is strange what different kinds of juices certain animals draw from certain plants, and K. is one of those readers who fancy that a poetical work which is laid before them has to be consumed in place of being looked at. Her opinion is that this *Alarkos* is a very religious production for the author of *Lucinde*, and she appears to have a great liking for the latter. The most impassioned character in the piece—the Infanta—she found to be detestable and immoral, quite contrary to my

* Charlotte von Kalb.

expectation; however, it seems that poles of the same name must always repel each other.

Cotta passed through here last Saturday; he hopes to find you here on his return, which will be next Saturday fortnight. He desired me to ask you to give him permission to print your *Mahomet* and *Tancred* in Suabia. Gödike* left him in the lurch in an ungracious manner. He would have the type exactly as you like, and would attend most carefully to the corrections.

He left the enclosed essay by Weinbrenner,† the architect, for you. The author wishes to have your co-operation in the proposal he there makes.

The first days of my change of residence here have been embittered by several occurrences, more especially, however, by the news of the serious illness and death of my mother, in Suabia. From the letter I received a few days ago, I learned that my mother died on the very day I moved into my new house. One cannot help being painfully affected when one event is thus interwoven with another.

Farewell, and rejoice in the work which is proving so successful.

The money which you were kind enough to advance to me, I am now ready to refund to you, and am awaiting your commands as to what I am to do with it. If it is not troubling you, I should be much obliged if you would get Niethammer to give you a note of what I owe him for the proceeds of my books and the Duchess' at Eckart's auction; both debts could be settled at the same time; I shall wait for further instructions about this from you.

You were only one day before me with *Athenor*, for I too had received the horrible production, and had laid it aside for you. I enclose another which is not much more enjoyable, especially the Preface. Farewell.

Elise Bürger you will now have heard yourself.

Sch.

* A publisher in Jena.

† An architect in Carlsruhe, who had spent seven years in Italy, where he had become convinced that the form of the ancient theatre was the best. He returned from Italy with Meyer in 1797. The essay here alluded to was probably one on the education of architects; Weinbrenner had established an institution for young architects.

861.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 17, 1802.

While coming to ask for *Alarkos* I at the same time send you a few *curiosa*.

If you care to come to me this evening for a further discussion, it would give me great pleasure as there are still some things to talk over.

I should like to have your company at dinner to-morrow; you would still find the members of the Privy Council here.

G.

862.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(May 24, 1802.)

I have been asked to request you to have *Wallenstein's Lager* played on Wednesday with *The Brothers*,* because Beschort would like to see a representation of the piece, which is also to be given in Berlin. Brühl, too, would like to see it, and accordingly it would be doing several persons a favour.

As we have, at present, three actors more than usual, I would advise that the three supernumeraries who do put in a few words—that is, the Croatian, the Swiss, and the Second Cuirassier—should be represented by our three new actors; in this way the piece could be played most spiritedly.

I shall no doubt see you at the theatre to-day.

SCH.

863.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, June 8, 1802.

I cannot lose the opportunity offered by the messenger who is about to start, and send you these few words to say that my work is progressing very well. I have dictated the whole from beginning to end, and am now about to give it more smoothness in the execution. I

* An adaptation of the *Adelphi* of Terence.

must absolutely keep to prose, although the subject might possibly gain very much by an alternation between prose and metre. I hope to arrive on Saturday with my parcel, and to hold a reading-rehearsal on Sunday. In any case, the representation will possess the character of an impromptu, and this will only be to its advantage. As for the rest, I curse and detest the whole business in all its old and new divisions and parts, and I shall take some credit to myself if people do not perceive in the work my conscious and cherished rage.

Farewell, be active, of good cheer, and happy.

G.

864.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, June 9, 1802.

I congratulate you upon your having been happily released from your work, and shall look forward to hearing more of it. You have, on this occasion, had an opportunity of seeing how much necessity may force you to accomplish, and you should apply the same means to other works; it would assuredly be equally successful.

Nothing much has been achieved by me during these last days; I have not been feeling well myself, and the children also have been ailing. In spite of the best of wills and inclination, I am at present very often interrupted in my work.

I enclose the page with Zelter's * essay, which was, after all, found here.

Farewell, and return to us laden with fine fruits.

Sch.

865.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 11, 1802.

My work has progressed very well, although it has become much longer than I anticipated.

Some of the motives towards the end have still to be

* On the representation of Reichardt's *Hercules' Tod*, in Berlin. Zelter had sent his essay to Goethe, so as to get it inserted in Bertuch's *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*.

worked out, but a clean copy of it has been made and the various roles written out.

On Sunday evening I hope to read it to you; do not gainsay me, for on Monday I must have a reading-rehearsal. Of course, if I could set the work aside for a fortnight, several things might still be done to it. I could not, indeed, work out all the motives to an equal extent. I shall have over twenty scenes, some of which are very short; however, it will at all events give some idea of the perpetual running to and fro of the persons, and also of the variety of the motives, as the persons do not come and go unnecessarily.

Farewell; I can undoubtedly say that I undertook this work the more courageously as you seemed to approve of the idea and the plan.

G.

866.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, June 12, 1802.

I got a letter from you to-day, although I most confidently expected to see you here yourself, and hoped to have had the pleasure this evening of hearing your work read aloud. I shall not fail to come to-morrow at 6 o'clock, and am looking forward to the happily completed work for a variety of reasons.

Becker's illness might have sadly interfered with our next, nay, perhaps with all our future dramatic undertakings; he is still very ill, and even though things go favorably, we shall scarcely be able to count upon him for the next eight days. Under other circumstances his part in your piece might have been filled by Ehlers or some one else; but as, in this very piece, you have calculated upon the personality of the actor, something might be lost if any one else had to take the part.

I am longing for some quiet; for things are most noisy about me at present. There is hammering going on above and below, so that literally the floor trembles beneath my feet. Moreover, I have this week not felt at all well, and, unfortunately, have been in a very misan-

thropical humour, which, unfortunately, was too pathologically passive to rise to the height of eternal wrath.

Farewell, and return with beautiful gifts.

SCH.

867.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, June 24, 1802.

As I cannot manage to get to Lauchstedt myself, I must send you, by letter, my best wishes for the work that is before you, and hope to hear from you, as soon as possible, all particulars as to how it went off. If only Apollo would be gracious to me during your absence, so that I too might contribute something new to the new dramatic era. It is time that I accomplished something again, for since my journey to Dresden I have not succeeded in settling down or mastering a spirit of restlessness which has had possession of me. A variety of things have been collected, it is true, but are still waiting to be happily unloaded.

Be diligent and cheerful, and let me take part in everything pleasant that you experience.

SCH.

868.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Lauchstedt, June 28, 1802.

The *Hofkammerrath*, who starts to-morrow, I cannot allow to depart without a few words for you. He will tell you in detail how the opening went off; the weather favoured us, and the preliminary play was a success. The conclusion, although it might have been better, I managed pretty successfully, considering the press of circumstances in which I had to get finished. Could I have foreseen all, I should have left you no peace till you had worked out the last motive for me. Now it must go as it is.

I have to-day begun to read a little book on Colours by Wolf, and have already gained great confidence for working out the whole, and also expect many other

good results from our conferences. More ere long when the hours are less pressing.

All the young people are very eager in their desire to see you, yet I confess honestly that I cannot exactly summon up courage to ask you to come; now that I no longer have any actual occupation I am beginning to feel as if I did not know what to be about.

I intend sending you a key of my garden and garden-house; let your stay there be to some extent tolerable, and enjoy the quiet that reigns in the valley. Probably I shall soon be returning to Weimar, for there is no special advantage to be gained by us in the outer world where what one already possesses as a whole is everywhere met with only piecemeal. I shall spend a few days in looking into the condition of Halle.

Farewell, and keep me in remembrance. I should like to hear whether you have succeeded in getting any work done.

G.

869.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Lauchstedt, July 5, 1802.

The expectation of seeing you here, which had been raised before, is very great among the young members of society; yet I do not know whether or not I should ask you to come. Write and tell me by the returning messenger whether you have any inclination yourself to come. There would, of course, be no gain to you in any way, in addition to which it would be unsettling. However, if you care to come, comfortable lodgings and good food should be procured for you. It would indeed be very nice if we three could at some future day converse together about things we had ourselves seen.

I intend one of these days to go to Halle, in order, if possible, to look at the place as I did in the case of Göttingen a year ago. Besides this, I should gain a good deal by going there.

The little book on Colours I have already gone through with Wolf. The main result, that, according to his criteria also, the work is really ancient and worthy of the peripatetic school, has delighted me very much, as

you may imagine; nay, he is inclined to abscribe it to Aristotle rather than to any of his successors.

He considers the work—as I do myself—to be a whole in itself, which has even suffered but little through copyists. My three conjectures with regard to the corrections of the text he at once accepted, one of them with particular pleasure, as I want *white* instead of *black*. He says that when there was any talk about such corrections he often used this contrast as a bold jest, and that it was exceedingly amusing to meet with an actual case in one's own experience where the codices give the word black instead of white.

As it would be an inestimable advantage to get to know a man like this more intimately, I intend, at all events, to try and form as close a relationship with him as possible, in order that we may understand and confide in each other.

The exceedingly interesting book on natural history,* which I told you of before I left, has been occupying my attention during the past fortnight; it has given me a great deal to think about, chiefly in regard to the subject and also the author; he is a peculiar kind of common-sense man—as we call them—he drives himself into such straits by reasoning that he has then frankly to confess that he cannot go further; and yet he need only look beyond himself to feel that the idea offered him a happy way out. Now this working of the intellect against itself I have never met with before *in concreto*, and it is evident that the best attempts, experiences, reasonings, separations and connections must occur in this way. What impresses me in his favour is the great honesty with which he works through his circle. It would interest me very much to become personally acquainted with him.

Herewith I send you Brandes' book on the present state of Göttingen. The tameness of an official report is of course very evident in it; to me it was very pleasant reading as a recapitulation of what I had experienced

* This probably refers to Oken's work: *Grundrisz der Naturphilosophie, die Theorie der Sinne und die darauf gegründete Classification der Thiere.*

there a year ago. But the author should have felt that his book would require to be read with good-will, and, accordingly, that the attack, upon us in particular, is not in the right place. If the Göttingers do enough in many ways and never too much in any case, of course, a diplomatic hocus-pocus might be made on it; but if we in many ways do not do enough, and in many other cases do too much, then, naturally, our situation * is incapable of any adequate representation; however, when we have a chance we shall let the gentlemen feel to what extent it is and will remain worthy of respect.

I must conclude, because I have still to see *Wildfang* † this evening, and because I should otherwise have to commence a new sheet.

Farewell, and let me have a few words about the state of affairs with you.‡

G.

870.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, July 6, 1802.

It was fortunate for me that I did not follow you to Lauchstedt, for I should only have carried the seeds of a catarrh-fever with me; it made its appearance on the same Saturday on which you gave the first performance in L. Since then till yesterday I and my whole family have been in the worst of circumstances, for we have all been suffering from a species of whooping-cough, which was especially severe in the case of my little Ernst. During all this time we have lived shut off from all human intercourse because I had carefully to avoid talking. On this account I have not yet been able to hear from the *Hofkammerrath*, how things went off at Lauchstedt, and know nothing more than what you told me in your letter.

So you have been giving performances nine days in succession; that is saying a good deal and must have been a great effort on the part of the actors. However, I see from the poor attendance at the performance during the

* In Jena.

† A play of Kotzebue's, who called it a *Lustspiel zur Verdauung*.

‡ A portion of this Letter of the 5th must have been lost, to judge from remarks made in Schiller's reply.

week that you cannot venture upon continuing the rich offering much longer.

According to your repertory it is the operas that fill the house in Lauchstedt also. Accordingly, what is material reigns supreme everywhere, and he who has once entered the service of the theatrical devil must be an adept in the business.

I admit that you are perfectly right in thinking that, in my plays, I should concentrate the dramatic effect more. However, apart from all consideration of the theatre and of the public, it is, in fact, a poetic demand, and only in so far as it is this can I give the matter any thought. If I ever succeed in producing a good stage-piece, it could only be done in a poetic way, for I could never make it my aim to obtain an effect *ad extra*—such as is, at times, produced even by an author of ordinary talent or mere skilfulness—nor should I attain it, even though I wished to do so. Hence in the present case the point at issue is only concerning the highest problem itself, and it is only the perfection of art that could overcome my individual tendency *ad intra;* that is, if it is to be overcome.

I myself believe that our dramas should be merely powerful and well-drawn sketches; but, of course, it would call for quite a different wealth of invention to excite and to engage the sensuous faculties uninterruptedly. This problem may be more difficult for me to solve than it would be to others, for I can do nothing without a certain degree of *intensity*, and this generally keeps me more firmly to my object than is right.

I wish that you could, through Wolf, procure a Latin translation of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry* which the late Reitz* left in manuscript. This work, too, would furnish an interesting theme for future discussions on the drama.

Brandes' work I have looked into, but it would be impossible for me to work my way right through such a style of book. One would require to have Göttingen fresh in one's memory, as you have, to be able to tolerate it.

There appeared, a few days ago, a pamphlet by Herr

* The celebrated philologist, Friedrich Wolfgang Reitz, whose edition of the *Art of Poetry* appeared in 1786.

von Masson,* against Kotzebue, in which he is treated most contemptuously, but according to his merits and deserts. It is not badly done, considering it is a work of indignation and written for a party.

Farewell, and do not take too great a fancy to Halle. I am longing heartily for your return, as I have hoped in vain to make the time of your absence shorter by being actively at work.

My kind greetings to Meyer; I wish him patience during his hard trial;† I shall write to him next post-day.

My wife wishes to be most kindly remembered to you both.

SCH.

871.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

July 26, 1802.

Heartily do I bid you welcome, and long to see your face again. If you have no objections I will come to you between 3 and 4 o'clock. I must be at home again in good time, as my cough is still very easily roused, and I cannot yet stand the evening air as I know by experience from the day before yesterday.

SCH.

872.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, August 10, 1802.

At first, as you know, I was not very much inclined to have my introductory play printed, but now I wish to make the following remarks and to ask you to give me your opinion on the subject.

Very many people want to read it, especially since the publication of the essay in the elegant journal. Besides

* The pamphlet here spoken of is *Briefe eines Franzosen an einen Deutschen, als Beantwortung des merkwürdigsten Jahres des Herrn von Kotzebue, etc.*, by C. F. Ph. von Masson, late Russian Premier-major and private secretary to the Grand-Duke Alexander.

† Schiller probably alludes here to Meyer's separation from the lady to whom he was engaged.

this, I myself, at the last recital, again became somewhat convinced that there is, after all, a good deal about the strange production on the paper. And hence I am not disinclined to send the manuscript to Cotta, who might print it in small octavo like *Mahomet* and *Tancred*. I have no wish for a larger edition with engravings, for it is always an expensive undertaking and gives one more to do than is fair, and this would also delay matters very much. For my chief object is to be rid of the job and to turn to something else.

What would you suggest about the honorarium, and what might I in fairness demand?

Be good enough to discuss the question with Meyer, and let me know what you think. Also send me tidings as to how you are. Unfortunately, there has been scarcely a trace of any productive state in me; however, I will wait patiently for a little while yet. and hope for something for the next days.

Farewell, and think of me.

G.

873.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, August 17, 1802.

Although I cannot boast of having been very productive during my stay here, and, in fact, could not exactly say why I should be here; still I will send you a report of myself again, and give you a general idea as to how things are looking.

To-day I shall have been here a fortnight, and as I am otherwise wont to require this length of time to get settled, I will see whether my activity may not now be about to become more favored. Some unpleasant, outward occurrences, which have accidentally affected me more than they would have under other circumstances, have interrupted me once or twice. Even my bathing of a morning has not favored my projects.

This, then, is the negative side. On the other hand, I have discovered several things which promise something for the future, and more especially certain observations

and experiments in the province of natural history have not remained unfruitful. Some gaps that still existed in the doctrine of the metamorphosis of insects I have been able to fill up to my own satisfaction. In this work, as you know, the only point is that the formulas already found should be made more applicable, and hence appear richer in substance, and that one should be driven to invent new formulas, or rather to potentiate old ones. Perhaps I may soon be able to give pleasing examples of both operations.

The Introductory Play I have again looked through and sent it on to Cotta. It may now wander out into the wide world.

With regard to the honorarium, I left it *in suspenso*, and merely said that I, on my part, should be quite willing to make a compromise for you; for, of course, it can only be a question of a little more or less.

I wonder whether the Muse has been more gracious to you meanwhile, and whether she will grant me anything during the next few days.

The appearance of a gentleman peacefully taking possession,* will afford you some days' amusement. As regards myself, I will, if possible, quietly await this expedition, and learn afterwards how things went off.

Farewell. Let me have a few words, and console me about my long absence from you, which could only be excused and compensated for by an important state of productiveness.

G.

874.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, August 18, 1802.

You can never be inactive, and what you call an unproductive mood, most other people would consider time fully occupied. If only some subordinate genius—one of those very ones residing and presiding at the universities —would give the finishing touch to your scientific ideas, collect and edit them fairly, and, in this way, preserve

* The neighbouring town of Erfurt and the Eichsfeld was ceded to Prussia.

them for the world! For, unfortunately, you yourself will ever be putting off this business, because, as I think, what is actually didactic is not a part of your nature. You are, in reality, very well qualified for being appropriated and plundered by others during your own lifetime, as has already happened to you several times, and would happen more frequently still, if people understood their own advantage better.

If we had become acquainted with each other half a dozen years earlier than we did, I should have had time to master your scientific investigations; I should perhaps have sustained your inclination to give these important subjects their ultimate shape, and, in any case, should have honestly looked after what belonged to you.

I have lately been reading some notices on the elder Pliny, which have astonished me in regard to what a man can accomplish by putting time to good use. Compared with him even Haller was a time-squanderer. But I am afraid that the immense amount of time he devoted to reading, making quotations and dictating, left him no proper time for independent reflection, and he seems to have applied all the activity of his mind to acquiring knowledge; for on one occasion he called his nephew very much to task for walking up and down the garden without having a book in hand.

During these last days I have been hard at work with my play,* and moreover not unsuccessfully, and have never yet learnt so much from any work of my own as from this. It is one I can more readily survey and also more readily manage; besides, it is a more grateful and enjoyable task to make a simple subject rich and full of substance, than to limit one that is too rich and broad.

Otherwise, however, a variety of things are at present engaging my thoughts; and as political affairs † may also affect my circumstances, I am awaiting my fate not without anxiety. There are also other things ‡ which threaten

* His *Braut von Messina.*

† The decision about the Electorate of Mayence was, to Schiller, of special importance, as he had set his hopes upon Dalberg, who, after the death of Friedrich Carl (on the 25th of July) had been made Elector of Mayence and Chancellor of the German Empire.

‡ Schiller here probably alludes to family affairs.

to drag me out of my old position, and which, therefore, are not agreeable to me.

The repairs I am having made and other arrangements will, I hope, be finished this week, and when you return I shall be able to bid you welcome in a clean and pretty house.

Farewell, and let me soon hear that you are coming back to us with a rich gift.

SCH.

875.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 15, 1802.

Together with the German *Andria*, I enclose the first Book of my *Cellini*, which please look into when you have time; and I should more particularly like you to read and give me your opinion, say, of half-a-dozen sheets from the beginning—as to whether it will do.

G.

876.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 16, 1802.

I herewith send you a little promemoria on my new edition of *Cellini*, for you kindly to look into. It might be communicated to Cotta as an introduction to further negociations, and also—if some agreement were come to—at once to announce its appearance. You would perhaps like me to return home with you this evening after the play, in order that we might discuss it more fully. To-morrow I may perhaps return to Jena so as to enjoy a few more good days.

Wishing that you may fare well, G.

877.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

December 19, 1802.

With us things are not in a good way,* as you may have observed in me yesterday at the opera. The new arrival will probably not linger long, and the mother—composed as she otherwise is—is suffering both physically and mentally. She desires to be very kindly remembered, and feels the value of your sympathy.†

I hope, nevertheless, to come this evening in order to fill up the gap in my existence in the society of my friends.

G.

878.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 26, 1802.

If you should care to dine with me to-day in company with Schelling and the Imperial Bergrath von Podmanitzky from Chemnitz, I would send the carriage for you at about one o'clock.

G.

* Goethe's wife had given birth to a boy, and had suffered greatly during her confinement; Goethe was in great distress about both mother and child.

† This is the first time that we hear, in the Correspondence, of any interest shown by Schiller in Goethe's wife. At this time he did show great sympathy for Christiane, so we may infer that his great aversion to her had somewhat diminished.

1803.

879.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 6, 1803.

Let me know how you are. My one consolation is the numismatic talisman, which, in an easy and charming manner, leads me into distant regions and times. Tell me whether you care to pay me a visit this evening. If, however, you still wish to keep shut up in a state of quiet, I hope the results will be good.

G.

880.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 13, 1803.

Yesterday I heard that your last year's idea, of starting an evening party on Saturdays after the play, is again being discussed, and forgot to ask you about it.

Let me know how far you have arranged matters. I hear that his Excellence the Duke is contemplating something of the same kind, and hope that the two plans may both be carried out and not clash with each other.

G.

881.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 26, 1803.

Several times I have thought of enquiring how you are, and do so now. But in order that you may feel in-

clined to send me a somewhat detailed report, I send the following particulars in regard to myself.

The Supplement to *Cellini* has hitherto been quietly making progress. I have read and thought over much that will be serviceable.

A few new engravings have been sent to me, which have been both a pleasure and a diversion to me.

A carelessly made cast of the head of a Venus Urania from Cassel, I have lovingly touched up and restored, in order that it might to some extent be presentable. I had partially to allow the nebulistic to prevail, and this *collision* may be allowed to pass on account of the exquisite fundamental form.

To Humboldt I have despatched a long letter.

Little has been done to the coins; however, with every look into and at the subject one gains fresh information.

Doctor Chladni has arrived and has brought his completed work on Acoustics with him in one quarto volume. I have already read it half through, and shall, when we meet, have many pleasant things to tell you about it with regard to its contents, its substance, method and form. He is, like Eckhel, one of those happy persons, who have not even a notion that there is such a thing as a philosophy of nature, and who carefully endeavour to perceive a phenomenon, merely in order to classify and to use it afterwards as far as can be done, and as their innate talent, which has some experience in and for the matter, can accomplish.

You can imagine that both while reading the book and during a discussion of several hours, I always searched on in my old direction, and fancy that I have marked some very good points for further pursuits.

In fact, I look upon it as a good omen that he should just happen to come when, with some degree of likelihood, we are expecting Zelter.

Further, I have also been thinking again about the theory of Colours, and find great assistance from relative cases which in so many respects cross one another.

Could you not grant Chladni an interview of a quarter of an hour so as to become acquainted with a man who

expresses himself very decidedly about himself and his own proceedings? As he wishes to pay a visit to Rudolstadt while in Jena, you would perhaps give him a letter of introduction to take with him.

This much for to-day, although I have still some *plus* and *minus* to communicate, of which the one may balance the other.

Farewell, and let me hear some details about yourself; and, as we are both averse to going out, let us, at least, like the enamoured lady, correspond about the *umbrella*.

G.

882.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

When compared with the rich variety of your occupations, my activity, which is directed to one single point, appears very pitiful; and besides, I can only report the result of my solitary life by facts. I have been engaged with a critical and unpleasant business, namely, in filling up the many gaps that were left in the first four acts now completed, and I thus see at least five-sixths of the whole ready and a thing of the past, and the remaining sixth portion, which is usually a regular feast to the tragic poet, is also making good progress. It is a very good thing for this last action that I have kept the burial of the one brother entirely apart from the suicide of the other, that the latter had first accomplished the one deed as an affair which he fully intends, and that the last action—the vain endeavours of the Chorus, of the mother and the sister to save D. Cæsar—is not brought in until after it is quite completed, that is, over the brother's grave. In this way all confusion, and in particular every doubtful mixture of theatrical ceremony with the seriousness of the action, is avoided.

Besides this, in the course of my work hitherto, several other important motives have presented themselves and will be very advantageous to the whole.

However, I shall hardly get to the end of my work for a fortnight, although I should have been glad to have

completed it by the 8th of February, the Arch-Chancellor's * birthday, in order to show him some attention in return for a beautiful new-year's gift.

Besides this, I have been engaged with the latest French dramatic subjects from the library, which the Duke wished me to read. As yet I have found nothing among them that has pleased me or was in any way qualified to be of any use. But I have commenced reading a French translation of Alfieri, about which, however, I do not wish to say anything at present. Moreover, it deserves attention, and, when I have read my way through the above one-and-twenty pieces, I shall be glad to look into the matter. One merit I must, at all events, acknowledge in him, but, of course, it is at the same time open to censure. He understands how to suggest a subject for poetic use, he awakens the desire to work upon it; a proof, it is true, that he himself does not satisfy one, but still a sign that he has successfully extracted it from prose and history.

If you can be induced to break your quarantine, do come to us to-morrow evening, and let me know this to-morrow forenoon.

Chladni I shall be very pleased to see in the afternoon.

Farewell. SCH.

883.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 4, 1803.

Allow me also to come and enquire how you are, and whether I am soon to get something of the tragic feast to enjoy.

As regards myself, I cannot invite you either to come to see me for my own sake, or for anything that I have accomplished; however, an admirable cast of the bust of the so-called Venus of Arles, which the Prince and your brother-in-law have presented to me, is doubtless worth a pilgrimage to my hermitage.

If you care to pay me a visit this evening, I should be

* Dalberg, whose birthday was on the 8th of February.

very glad to see you again. And if your brother-in-law and the ladies should be likewise inclined, there would be no want of entertainment and of the necessary food. Please let me know your decision in good time.

Wishing you a hearty farewell,

G.

884.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(February 4.)

My piece is finished, and as I said something about it a few days ago, the Duke of Meiningen has expressed a wish to hear it. Now, as he is my lord and master, and I owe him some marks of attention, and it so happens that I should be celebrating his birthday by so doing, I shall read it to him this evening at five o'clock in the company of some friends and acquaintances, as well as of foes. I will not invite you to attend, as you do not like going out, and, as I think, prefer reading or listening to the piece by yourself. I have been briefer in the catastrophe than I at first intended, owing to preponderating reasons.

Your invitation for to-day, therefore, we cannot accept, but would make our appearance on any other day that you would fix upon. I am very desirous of again commencing our interrupted discussions.

The Venus I have already seen at my brother-in-law's, to my great pleasure. There is another head for you to see at his house, it is of great beauty, and has turned out admirably in the cast.

A hearty farewell from your

SCH.

885.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 5, 1803.

Do let me have a word to say how yesterday's recital went off, for an experienced author knows how to distinguish between interest and surprise, as well as how to estimate courtesy and dissimulation. In the first place I beg you to let me have the piece; I should thus have a great feast prepared for me for the evenings.

Further, I come to ask and most kindly to request: that you and your brother-in-law and the two ladies will call upon me either on Monday in place of going to the play, or on Tuesday after Chladni's concert; but in any case to remain to a friendly supper.

You will be glad to hear that I have meanwhile almost finished the supplement to *Cellini*. You know that there is no more accursed task than to establish such results. How much one has to read and to reflect, if things are not to end in a mere sham-fight! I too am quite of one mind with Einsiedel about the alteration of the Moorish slave,* and am only awaiting an opinion from higher quarters. I do not know your plans, it is true, but while this comedy is being studied, the various parts of your tragedy might be copied out, everything weighed and at once set a-going; however, more of this by word of mouth. With best wishes for your welfare.

G.

886.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

I was rewarded for yesterday's recital—of which I had very moderate expectations, as I could not select my own public—by finding that true interest was shown in it, and the heterogeneous elements of my public were really united in a common state of feeling. Fear and terror manifested themselves in their full force, and the more tender emotions were evinced in beautiful expressions; the Chorus delighted all by its naïve motives, and created enthusiasm by its lyrical sublimity; so that if things are properly arranged I can promise myself an important effect from the Chorus when it is brought upon the stage.

Becker was one of those invited to yesterday's recital; hence, when you see him, you can hear how this new production presented itself to his dramatic mind. He was greatly elated with it, and is convinced of the dramatic effect of the Chorus.

* Einsiedel's adaptation of Terence's *Eunuch*, which was given on the 19th.

The copy out of which I yesterday read aloud, I shall, owing to circumstances, have to send to the Duke, as he may expect to be one of the first to whom I communicate the piece, and my yesterday's recital raised the question. Perhaps I shall be able to procure another copy for you before this evening. We will then, if you have no objections, meet, say to-morrow forenoon, and have a talk about it; for if the piece is to appear upon the stage, I should like to alter it for this purpose as soon as possible, in order to be able to send it off to Berlin, Hamburg and Leipzig.

That you should have nearly finished your Supplement to *Cellini* is very welcome news to me; there is in this species of work something so endless, because, in accordance with its nature, it is atomistic and difficult to bring into a form.

With regard to your friendly invitation I must first hear from my brother-in-law which evening he is free, but will send you word to-day.

SCH.

887.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 8, 1803.

Could you let me know soon whether, in accordance with my invitation, you are coming to me this evening, and whether it is to be after the concert or earlier?

If you care for a drive in the sledge, as it is so fine, I will send you the machine towards midday.

G.

888.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

We will all be with you this evening after the concert, and are looking forward to seeing and hearing something beautiful.

The sledge would be very welcome to me and to my wife at about half-past twelve. As I got up late I must first attend to some business matters.

The Chorus has already changed into a Captain, Berengaria, Manfred, Bohemund, Roger, and Hippolytus, and the two messengers into Lanzelot and Oliver, so that the piece is now swarming with individuals.

SCH.

889.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 12, 1803.

The *Mooress* * can be given as early as a week hence. I tell you this so that you may kindly hasten with the stage version of the tragedy, and that the various parts may be copied out next week. Reading-rehearsals might then be held on the 22nd and 24th, which would be a great step in advance.

Would you care to dine with me to-morrow? Schelling is probably coming over. More by word of mouth.

G.

890.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(February 28, 1803.)

For a first reading-rehearsal, things went very well yesterday. The Chorus will, I expect, be well recited and produce effect. Some other things, which I beg you to think of and to watch with me, we will discuss by word of mouth.

My brother-in-law invited the Reuss family to tea to-morrow, three days ago, and would therefore very much regret if your evening party were given to-morrow. And as, moreover, the second reading-rehearsal of *The Bride* must be held as soon as possible, you will perhaps decide to postpone your party for a week, or to have it on Thursday.

I beg you to let me have a few words in answer to this as well as about the reading-rehearsal. This evening I shall not have finished till late, as I have still some copies of *The Bride* to correct which must be despatched to Berlin and Hamburg. Farewell.

SCH.

* See Letter 885, and note.

891.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 28, 1803.

I will, accordingly, not give my party to-morrow, and merely have some music rehearsed; for I am very anxious to hear the new tenor,* and the new version of the *Reiterlied*.†

Yesterday's reading-rehearsal I hope soon to be able to discuss with you, and another might be held on Thursday or Friday at my house; perhaps the ladies would come, and one or two other friends be invited in order that, together with this business, we might have some social entertainment, which we do not very frequently enjoy.

If you are not kept too late at work this evening, and care to spend an hour or so with me, you will be very welcome.

G.

892.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

For the sake of caution I beg you to have the stage version of *The Bride of Messina* delivered up to you. I know that there is a regular hunt being made here to get hold of it, and the advertisers might be in want of it.

I have taken up my old papers on the *Maltese Knights*, and there is awakening in me a great desire to set to work upon this theme at once. The iron is at present hot and can be beaten out.

SCH.

893.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 8, 1803.

Will you think over the enclosed distribution again, and alter it according to present circumstances, for Schall

* Brand, from Frankfort, who was appointed on the 6th of February. He appeared first as Murney in *Das unterbrochene Opferfest;* but as he did not give satisfaction, he was soon dismissed.

† Zelter, the composer, had sent his musical setting of the poem to Schiller on the 3rd of February, in the hope that it would be approved of. All the previous musical settings to the song had been unsuccessful.

is leaving, and Zimmermann, Oels, and Brand coming. Whether the latter will be useable by that time is doubtful. He should always remember that he is representing a peasant-lover. How has the walk through Europe* turned out?

G.

894.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

If we can count upon Graff for the next few months, and no other gap arises in the caste, it may be possible to fill up the parts in the piece. It would certainly be an advantage if Jagemann would decide to play Sorel. I will to-day send you the caste, as I have planned it. What the public may miss in single performances we must endeavour to replace by a good *ensemble.*

SCH.

895.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 10, 1803.

To-day's rehearsal went off so well that I have no doubt that the piece can be given on the 19th. If you care to come to me this evening we could discuss the whole affair again, all the more so as it is still fresh in our memory. Give the bearer of this orders when he is to call with the coach.

G.

896.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 15, 1803.

Will you give me the pleasure of your company this evening, and meanwhile send me the *Europa*† back, so that the extract for Humboldt may be continued.

G.

897.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 22, 1803.

Herewith *Venice Preserved.*‡ If you have time, read it, and we will discuss it this evening. I am longing very

* This is an allusion to the first number of a periodical, which appeared under the name of *Europa*, and was published by Fr. Schlegel.

† See Letter 893, and note.

‡ See Letter 15.

much to see you. The consequence of the confounded applause * lately, was a few bad days to me.

G.

898.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(April 26, 1803.)

Cotta intends calling upon you at about twelve o'clock. If, however, you propose driving out, you might fix some hour for him, or he will call after dinner. He stays till the evening. I have prepared him about what we spoke of.

SCH.

899.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 13, 1803.

So the last judgment † takes us by surprise after all!

At the same time I send *Nepotianus* ‡ for your kind consideration.

My carriages have both been injured; otherwise I would invite you to drive out with me to-day. After eleven o'clock, however, I propose coming to see you for a little, as I have several things I wish to discuss; to-morrow afternoon I think of going over to Jena.

G.

900.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 15, 1803.

Here, dearest friend, are the papers which must this time take the place of my presence. Give Cotta kindest greetings from me, and get him to tell you what his decisions and projects are. I am tolerably well, but must think more of excitement and instigations from without. If things go on as they are, my whole existence will be concentrated upon Sömmering's fluid.§ My *Spiritus* has doubtless called.

* On the 19th, after the representation of *Die Braut von Messina.*

† Düntzer says that it is uncertain to what this refers.

‡ A drama on the Roman emperor.

§ Sömmering, in a treatise, *Ueber das Organ der Seele,* has set up the hypothesis that the soul has its seat in the vaporous humours contained in the cerebral cavities.

I hope during the coming week to make a good step forwards in working out my theory of colours, and intend to take the matter thoroughly in hand; at present it weighs upon me like an irremovable debt. Farewell; be diligent, and continue to give me your affection.

G.

901.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, May 18, 1803.

As, by the self-will of genius, I am being driven hither and thither between German prosody (*Zeitmessung*) * and the theory of colours, and, having made a good start, can hope to succeed to some extent, provided I prolong my stay here, it seems that, in reality, I have nothing further to discuss with Cotta, and that accordingly I can very well remain here. Therefore early on Saturday you will receive, by messenger, a short essay on the typographical questions and a receipt for the money,† which Cotta proposes to bring with him.

It makes me anxious to think that May is already past, and that nothing has been accomplished on either side.

Farewell, and rejoice in your new drama.

G.

902.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, May 20, 1803.

This evening, by messenger, I shall send the essay for Cotta. Meanwhile, I send you kindest greetings by the bearer of this, whom I am despatching to Weimar to fetch my chromatic papers, and through whom I hope to get some news of you.

How did the drama go off the other day, and what else of interest has occurred?

* A jocose term applied to poetry, in reference to Voss's essay, *Von der Deutschen Zeitmessung*. See also Letter 903.

† Probably what he was to receive for the new edition of *Benvenuto Cellini*.

The Colour question I hope chiefly to further, by separating from among my papers what is of use, burning what is unnecessary, and by having the rest collected into one body and arranged according to the scheme. It will then be seen that a great deal has been done, and I shall have more courage for filling up the gaps.

Farewell, and think of me.

G.

903.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, May 21, 1803.

Herewith I return Voss's *Prosodie;* I did not get far with it. There is too little of what is general to be got out of it, and for actual use, for instance in referring to doubtful cases where it might be of excellent service, it wants an index to enable one to consult the oracle easily.

I have read the *Hermannsschlacht*,* and to my great regret have become convinced that it is utterly useless for our purpose. It is a cold, heartless production, nay, a mere caricature without any appreciation of the sense of the subject, without life and truth, and the few touching situations which it contains are handled with such a want of feeling and coldness that one feels indignant.

My little comedy† greatly amused the public, and really went very well. It was played with a great deal of spirit, although it had not been studied as thoroughly as might have been, and our actors, as you know, are apt to slur things over if they are not kept in check by the metre. As the plan and the idea were not mine and the words were extemporised, I cannot take any credit to myself from the performance.

Picard's second piece‡ cannot be studied here at present, for Graff and Becker have a great deal to do in Niemeyer's piece,§ which is to be given in Lauchstädt.

I congratulate you upon having advantageously got quit of your estate, and upon your now being a free man again.

* A drama of Klopstocks.

† His *Der Neffe als Onkel*, in imitation of Picard.

‡ *Der Parasit*, after Picard's *Médiocre et rampant, ou le moyen de parvenir.* It was not performed till October 12.

§ The translation of the *Andria.*

Farewell. I will let you know what new things Cotta brings with him, and at the same time send you a few poems which have been written within these last days.

Sch.

904.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, May 22, 1803.

In a few words I can only tell you that this time, up to a certain point, I seem to be successful with my theory of colours. I am now sufficiently advanced to regard my past endeavours and doings, historically, as if I were another person. The naïve incapacity and awkwardness, the impassioned violence, the confidence, the faith, the trouble, the industry, the trailing and dragging, and then again the hurry and pressure, all this offers a very interesting spectacle among my papers and notes; but I mercilessly excerpt and arrange only such things as are useable from my present standpoint, the rest I burn at once. One dare not seek to save the dross when one has finally decided upon getting out the metal.

When I have got rid of the paper I shall have gained everything, for the chief mischief lay in the fact that, before I had mastered the subject, I always commenced to write things down again, to work them out and to transcribe them. By this means I have been the gainer each time. But then again I sometimes find three essays on one chapter, the first giving a vivid account of the phenomena and experiments, the second showing a better method and is better written, while the third is taken from a higher standpoint, and endeavours to combine the two, and yet has not succeeded in hitting the mark. Now what am I to do with these attempts? To suck them out would require courage and energy, and to burn them would require some resolution on my part, for I should feel it to be a pity to do so. When finished, that is to say in so far as I can get finished, I should assuredly wish I had preserved them, in order to form some idea of myself historically; and yet I shall not reach my goal unless I destroy them.

This much of my joys and sorrows. Write to me soon and let me hear how you are.

So *Hermann* * and his retinue have made a bad impression. The golden era † has not devoted special care to its descendants.

Farewell.

G.

905.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, May 24, 1803.

I congratulate you upon having mastered your subject so well. Would that you could once cast all this dross out of your pure sun, even though it should form a planet which would for ever move around you.

I am at present in difficulties too, with material of another sort; for being about to say a few words regarding the tragic chorus, which is to form a preface to my *Braut von Messina*, I find the whole drama and the whole era forcing themselves upon me, and I scarcely see how I am to manage things. However, this work interests me and I shall endeavour to say something really good, and thereby do a service to a subject which is important to us both.

With Cotta everything was settled as you wished. You will yourself give Frommann ‡ his instructions about the printing of your *Natürliche Tochter*. I have advanced Ehlers § the ten louis-d'or on Cotta's account.

Cotta seems to be more hopeful about *Cellini;* at all events, a great many copies of it have been ordered on commission, so that the work has now been laid hold of by the stream of commerce and of literature. He was not able to send me a copy of it, and so I must beg you for one.

Herewith I send you some poetic concoctions.‖ The *Siegesfest* is the fulfilment of an idea which our little gatherings suggested to me a year and a half ago, as all

* See second paragraph in last Letter.

† A favourite expression of Wieland's. See Letter 577.

‡ The celebrated publisher. See Letter 754, and note.

§ Cotta had published for Ehlers a volume of *Gesänge mit Begleitung der Guitarre*. See also Letter 852.

‖ Besides the *Siegesfest*, *Der Pilgrim*, and the *Punchlied im Norden zu singen*.

social songs which do not treat of a poetic subject fall into the flat tone of Freemasons' songs. Hence it occurred to me to drop straight into the full-sown field of the *Iliad*, and to fetch from thence whatever I could carry off.

Farewell, and do not remain away too long.

Zelter, I hear, leaves Dresden on the 1st of June.

SCH.

906.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I forgot to tell you about the young actor Grüner whom I lately got to read to me. I have very good hopes of him; he reads with understanding, and knows how to manage the change of tone; what is passionate he delivers with warmth, and the verses themselves with intelligence; something may certainly be expected of him.

Now as I have at the same time learnt that some of our actors—I do not know why—are raising objections to him, I wish you to know that this is one of the rare instances where we could have a young person capable of culture, and of good address and figure on trial for very moderate conditions; what speaks particularly in his favour is this, that he seems almost more qualified to play men's parts than for those of youths. And as we propose taking some higher flights this winter—for which our present caste will not suffice—and as moreover some of the actors will be drawn to Lauchstedt this summer, I cannot refrain from speaking to you in favour of this young man whom I already consider as valuable as Cordemann; and besides this, his behaviour impresses one with respect and confidence.

SCH.

907.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 15, 1803.

I herewith send you my poems with the request to consider them singly and as a whole, and to give a title to the fifth. This evening I shall no doubt see you here.

G.

908.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 23, 1803.

Here is the first draft.* Let us forge the iron while it is hot! But little of it will be useable; this first attempt will give rise to many observations.

More by word of mouth. Would you care to come to-day, and at what time?

G.

909.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, July 5, 1803.

The printing of the various things I am about to send forth into the world has called me here; I have to discuss the matter with Frommann, who is well up in his business and possesses an excellent *metteur-en-page*, and accordingly things are settled with but little trouble.

Loder† has just returned from Halle where he has taken a house. When talking with him about his new circumstances, I am heartily glad that his lot has fallen thus. What man of the world, like we other strange Argonauts, would care to drag his own skiff over the isthmuses? These are adventures of earlier, unskilled navigators, at whom men of modern days skilled in technical details would be likely to smile. Do not fail to look about you when in Halle, where you will have many an opportunity. Whether I shall come or not I do not know. To succeed in putting the remaining three useable months to some use in my fashion, and in forwarding that which is demanded from without, is at present my sole wish.

The old-German resuscitated drama‡ is being remodelled with some degree of facility. I could scarcely say whether it is being organised or crystalised; which, after all, ac-

* This probably refers to his *Theory of Colours*.

† Loder had been appointed professor at the University of Halle, under advantageous circumstances, where he was to establish a medical hospital.

‡ His *Götz von Berlichingen*.

cording to the language used in the different schools, might mean one and the same thing.

Moreover, it suits us very well to believe more in nature than in freedom, and quickly to treat freedom—when it does force itself upon us—as nature; otherwise we should not in the least know what to be about, for we very frequently get into the same case as Balaam, and bless when we ought to curse.

I wish you much pleasure on your journey, as in your case it is always a great sacrifice to go out into what is called the world: into that insipid, temporary fragment which would be very nice if people did not attempt to represent it as a whole.

To the enclosed I say nothing, as it speaks forcibly for itself. But perhaps to you it is important enough at this moment.

That you may not suffer physically, is what I wish, and if possible, that you may even feel comfortable in the midst of the whirl. I shall not expect any letter from you, only a friendly greeting when we see each other again, and I shall have many a curiosity to tell you of.

G.

910.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Lauchstädt, July 6, 1803

I cannot allow Jagemann to start without sending you a small sign of my existence. Things please me very much here as yet, the place and the doings of the company have made a pleasing impression upon me, and when one has cheerfully resolved to do nothing, one can quite comfortably be idle amid the proceedings of a number of persons who have likewise nothing to do. I should, however, not care to put up with such a state of affairs longer than eight or twelve days.

Although but a short time here, I have had an opportunity of seeing the good points as well as the defects in the theatre. With regard to the latter I find that the voices lose in distinctness, but have more particularly observed that the roof is very much exposed to the weather owing

to its form and the thinness of its construction. During the performance of *Die Braut v. M.* there was a thunder-storm,* accompanied by a good deal of rain, which made such a rattle on the roof that for a quarter of an hour at a time one could not understand a single coherent speech, however much the actors exerted their voices. And the following day, when looking at the empty play-house, one could see the ugly traces of the rain that had come through upon the beautifully painted ceiling.

Die Natürliche Tochter met with great success, especially the last half, as was the case in Weimar. Some observations I made at the time, I will tell you of when we meet. Jagemann,† in spite of being hoarse and thinking that she was quite unable to play, did very well, and Becker also spoke well, and Heide too received applause.

It sometimes leads one to make useful observations to watch a different assemblage of spectators, and besides it may here be said to be a double one, as on Sundays an entirely different set of people assemble to see the play.

I may perhaps, either here or in Halle, still have an opportunity of hearing Mara, whom I did not manage to see in Weimar. In case of her coming, I have, at the request of the visitors here, become a guarantee to the manager that you will have no objections to let the concert be held in the play-house. I must bear witness to the fact that Genast is very thoughtful and zealous for the welfare of all, and careful both of the increase of the funds as well as of the honour of the company.

In Schmalz‡ who came here on account of your *Natürliche Tochter*, I have made a very valuable acquaintance, and this one evening led to our becoming very intimate. It is a pleasure to be with such a clear-headed, jovial and sterling a man of business who is neither a pedant nor affected. The Niemeyers, too, were here that same evening, and I

* Schiller gives a more detailed account of the "amusing yet terrible" effect of this storm upon the actors and the spectators in a letter to his wife.

† It was only at Schiller's urgent request that Jagemann consented to play her part in spite of her hoarseness.

‡ Who had shortly before been appointed director of the University of Halle.

had to promise them that I would come over to Halle this week. Unfortunately, I shall not find Wolf there, as he has gone to Pyrmont for the waters. The Duke of Würtemberg has behaved very well here, and put everyone into good humour; the first days of my stay here were very much enlivened and cheered by him. Otherwise the company here is pretty agreeable, confiding and gay, only one must not be very punctilious about the gain to be got from conversation. However, I have meanwhile had various and by no means uninteresting discussions with some young men, especially from Berlin.

Farewell, and let old *Götz* make a good step forward. To Meyer many kind greetings.

SCH.

911.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, August 9, 1803.

I would like you to devote a few minutes to the bearer of this, Herr Arnold * from Strassburg, and to say a few friendly words to him. He clings with zealousness and affection to German affairs; he has toiled hard to gain information, and is returning with the best intentions of doing something that will be of value. Of Göttingen, where he is studying, and of Strassburg, where he lived during the terrible days of the Revolution, he had various things to relate,

You ran off from me most unexpectedly on my return from Jena; but I hear from Meyer that you are to be here again the day after to-morrow.

I myself am still standing on the old spot and moving round about the Lake of the Four Cantons.† But the journey to Jena on that hot day was so exhausting that I feel the effects of it still. What do you say to the *Lit.-Zeitung* ‡ being now about to wander from Jena?

Farewell, and come back soon from your solitude laden with good fruits.

SCH.

* Afterwards professor of law in Strassburg.

† Probably an allusion to his *Wilhelm Tell*.

‡ Kotzebue, in his arrogance, had been unable to be silent on the subject; he had published the first notice of it in the *Freimüthigen*.

912.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I am so exhausted from the heat and the confounded state of the barometer, that I cannot make up my mind to cross the threshold, and moreover am incapable of entertaining a single thought of any value.

If I feel better I shall perhaps see you this evening after supper for a little while. If you have any kind of *novum* for me to read, please let me have it.

SCH.

913.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 6, 1803.

To-day for the first time the business has afforded me some amusement. You should see the confusion of contradictory and conflicting reports! I shall have everything sewed together, and perhaps some day treat you to it, when all is done. It is only at such a moment that one can find interest in the moment. According to my Nilometer the confusion can rise only a few degrees higher, afterwards the whole rubbish will gradually settle down again, and the country folk may then set about sowing! I rejoice in having your interest, and shall see you soon.

G.

914.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(September 12, 1803.)

I have to-day so many important letters to attend to, that I shall not get through with them before nine o'clock, and accordingly shall not be able to come.

From the enclosed letter* you will see, unfortunately,

* Humboldt's letter to Schiller, dated August 27, contained the following passage: "Our eldest boy, Wilhelm, of whom you may perhaps have some dim recollection, was suddenly taken from us by a malignant fever. The loss of this child I feel exceedingly. Of all those I have, he was most fond of being about me, and hardly ever left me."

that friend Humboldt has experienced a bitter loss. If you can, send him a few words of sympathy. I am very grieved, for this very child was the most promising of all.

Please let me have the letter back.

SCH.

915.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I hear that you are to-day going to have a reading-rehearsal of *Julius Cæsar*, and wish you all success. A violent cold still keeps me confined to the house and makes my head feel quite confused.

I saw the two threatrical recruits * yesterday; their appearance was very good, and with regard to the dialect of the one, it is better than I had expected. We shall have to expect more from their good-will than from their talents.

Grüner has a great wish to appear as the ghost † in the *Jungfrau von Orleans*. In many respects this sort of introduction would not be unfavorable to him. In addition to the rôle being a short one, and accordingly one that would have to be very accurately learnt, it can be spoken to a certain extent monotonously, and does not call for much action. What is strange in it will connect itself well with what is new, and Graff, who, on account of his removal, at present only finds this part a trouble, will be glad to be rid from it.

Becker I have not been able to speak to alone.

Farewell. I want very much to see you again soon.

SCH.

916.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 17, 1803.

Do write and tell me how you are and whether you will be able to go to the theatre this evening. I shall see you to-day in any case. Meanwhile I want your advice. In thinking how I could show Humboldt some friendly

* Grüner and Wolf.

† As the Black Knight.

attention, it occurred to me to send him *Die Natürliche Tochter* bit by bit; but the difficulty is that the subject is the loss of a child. Can we hope that counterfeited sorrow will lessen real grief, or must we fear what might be the impression produced by the subject?

I want to hear that you are quite well again.

G.

917.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I propose going to the theatre this evening; the short way cannot harm me. But my catarrh is still troubling me, and I must take care of it if I wish to prevent its becoming an obstinate one.

Fernow * told me that Cotta told him that he intended sending Humboldt *Die Natürliche Tochter* as soon as it was ready. You should therefore, I think, leave it to him, and perhaps yourself express the wish that he should do so. The parcel would moreover arrive at a time when his loss is no longer quite recent, and in that case a poet's work would be more likely to produce a good effect than a bad one.

Will you have the kindness, as it is message-day to-day, to order the catalogue † of the history of Switzerland, and perhaps also of the history of the German empire, by Vulpius?

I am looking forward to seeing you to-day. If you drive to the play or from it, you will no doubt take me with you.

SCH.

918.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 23, 1803.

Would you be so kind as to send the enclosed note to

* Fernow had received the appointment of Professor of the History of Art in Jena a year previously, while in Rome, but did not leave till the following August, and arrived in Weimar in September very unwell. Schiller was shocked at his appearance, and found him very much aged. He has been frequently mentioned in some of the earlier letters.

† Catalogues which Schiller wished to consult about books that might be of use to him for his *Tell*. It was only as a favour that the loan of the catalogues of the library of the University of Jena could be obtained.

Fichte?* Unfortunately, the whole affair is not a pleasant one. Fichte, in spite of his great intellect, is still under the delusion that one can maintain one's rights in a court of law in one's own particular fashion, whereas of course things there mainly depend upon certain forms. Further, as you will see from the little note, Salzmann, who is absolutely of no good, must be got out of the way. I want very much to see you. Would you care to drive over to Tieffurth with me this afternoon, as it is such a beautiful day? I have announced my coming, and they will assuredly be glad to see you also. I would call for you after twelve.

G.

919.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Having wasted weeks and months of the summer, I must now be careful of the days and hours. Hence I cannot accept your friendly invitation to drive to Tieffurth. Perhaps you will call in upon me on your return, or I will come to you at about five o'clock; for the late evening hours are sometimes favorable to me for work, and I must make up for those I lose of a morning. We might perhaps make some arrangement about meeting more frequently between three and five o'clock, and thus, by breaking the day in the middle, make two out of it.

Farewell. Sch.

920.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, September 30, 1803.

I send you, by a very unprepossessing modern Roman lady,† an interesting letter from Johannes Müller‡ and

* Fichte had, on June 9, applied to Schiller about some money matters; he wished, namely, that the ducal court of law should accept a mortgage of 1100 thalers (£165) which he had raised upon a house he formerly possessed in Jena, for 1000 thalers (£150). A lawyer Salzmann had been engaged, who, however, did not further the matter. Goethe, at Schiller's request, subsequently interested himself in the case.

† Düntzer is unable to explain this allusion.

‡ The famous historian.

also wish to know whether we can meet anywhere this afternoon. At six o'clock we have the full rehearsal of *Julius Cæsar*.

G.

921.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE

(October 2, 1803.)

This forenoon I leave for Jena, as my mother-in-law is going there also; things have made a great impression upon me here, and a week hence, after the second performance, I shall be able to say something to you about it. There is no question that *Julius Cæsar* possesses all the qualities for becoming a mainstay to the theatre: interest in the action, variety and wealth, force of passion and sensual life *vis-a-vis* the public—and as regards art it possesses all that one could wish and require. Hence all the trouble one devotes to it is pure gain, and any increase of perfection in the representation of this piece must at the same time serve to indicate an advance of our theatre.

The play is inestimable to me for my *Tell;* my little ship also is furthered by it. Yesterday it at once put me into the most productive state of mind.

On Thursday, at latest, I hope to see you here again. Will you have the kindness to give me a few lines to Trapizius*, respecting your rooms, to take with me? I shall by this device escape the embarrassment of being obliged to stay with friends, where I should be deprived of my freedom and not accomplish my object.

What am I to do with the two volumes of catalogues? Shall I send them back to the Library in your name?

Farewell, and may the best of thoughts present themselves to you this week.

I hope to start at ten o'clock.

SCH.

922.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 2, 1803.

I was very much pleased with what was done yesterday, but specially with the interest you took in it. At

* The keeper of the palace at Jena

the next performance I hope to increase its effect; we are making a great step forward at the commencement of the winter.

I gladly confess that I undertook it with the view of promoting your important work; but my enterprise* has also drawn some advantage from it.

A note to Trapizius I enclose, and hope that the lonely room may grant you a very favorable state of mind.

The two volumes of catalogues must be returned to the Academic Library, in return for which they give me a receipt. Farewell.

G.

923.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

October 29, 1803.

Here is *The Merchant of Venice*†, with the request that you will kindly undertake the revision and the rehearsals. While reading it, think of the distribution of the parts, and we will talk the matter over. Perhaps you may care to come to me to-morrow evening at six o'clock, we are to have all kinds of dramatico-musical rehearsals. Herewith a copy of the *Pocket-book*‡

G.

924.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, November 27, 1803.

Unless I write now, I shall have even greater difficulty later in breaking the silence; hence I will only say that I have made use of these last few days in getting quit of answers and applications of various kinds. I have also been engaged with all sorts of matters con-

* Düntzer says this refers to the theatrical school and not, as Riemer thinks, to the remodelling of his *Götz*.

† Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was not given during this year. It was first played in the Weimar theatre on December 29, 1812, from Schlegel's translation.

‡ *Das Taschenbuch von Wieland und Goethe* of the year 1804; Goethe's *Natürliche Tochter* had appeared in the *Taschenbuch* earlier in the year.

nected with the critical institution which promises to prove flourishing in a wonderful way. In the first place, it will perhaps take me eight days or more to revise the programme of the art-exhibition and my essay on Polygnotus. When these are in the printer's hands, I will see if it is not possible to produce something pleasant. If this cannot be managed, I shall nevertheless console myself somehow.

Most pleasant hours have been spent with Schelver,* Hegel,† and Fernow. The first is working in the botanical department so exactly according to what I think right, that I can scarcely trust my own ears and eyes, for I am accustomed to see each individual—for the sake of a foolish desire for claims to originality—departing from the plain path of progressive potentiation with capricious jumps aside.

At Hegel's the thought occurred to me, whether some great advantage might not be obtained for him by what is technical in rhetoric. He is a most excellent man; but there is really too much that interferes with the clearness of his expressions.

Fernow, in his way, is very good, and has a very honest and judicious opinion in matters connected with art. When I talk with him, it always seems to me as if I had just come from Rome, and, to my own shame, I feel of more importance than amid the poverty of my northern surroundings which has been endured now for so many years, and with which one becomes more or less assimilated in spite of all.

It is strange that the historical element, which is so important when it treats of worthy subjects, can likewise be something in and of itself, and of significance to us also, when the object is an ordinary one, nay, even when it is absurd.

However, it has always denoted a wretched state of affairs when the form has to make up for everything.

* Friedrich Joseph Schelver, who had shortly before been called from Halle to fill Batsch's place, and of whom great hopes were entertained in the cause of natural science.

† For the two years previously Hegel had been *Privat-Docent*, and was joint-editor with Schelling of the *Kritische Journal der Philosophie*.

The gentlemen,* moreover, are away or on the point of leaving, and it does not occur to any one that anything is lost by this. The church bells may, of course, call the whole town together round the grave of its ablest citizen, yet the surviving multitude hurries home with the lively feeling that the honorable commonwealth can, will, and must exist now as before.

And herewith farewell; produce the best in so far as it is granted you. Let me hear from you from time to time; I will make it a rule to write at least every week, and to report how things are with me.

G.

925.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, November 30, 1803.

In my present seclusion it is only the increasing shortness of the days that reminds me that time is moving on.

Owing to there being absolutely nothing to distract the mind, and to my prescribed perseverance, I have gained this much that my work is, at least, not at a standstill, although my whole physical nature is suffering from the depressing influence of the season.

Your letter shows that you are in good spirits, and I see with pleasure that you are becoming more intimate with Hegel. That which he lacks can now scarcely be given to him, but this want of talent in describing things is, in general, a defect in the German national character, and is compensated for—at least to a German audience—by the German virtue of thoroughness and of honest earnestness.

Do try and bring Hegel and Fernow into closer contact; I think that the result would be that the one would help the other. In his intercourse with Fernow, Hegel would have to think of a method by which he could make his idealism intelligible to the other, and Fernow would have to quit his platitudes. When you have had both of them

* Hufeland had left for Ingolstadt, Professor Paulus and Schelling for Würzburg.

at your house four or five times, points of interest will be sure to present themselves between them.

Professor Rehberg* passed through here a week ago. You would be able to tell me more about him than I myself found out, as I knew nothing whatever about him. He has some respect and affection for the German character; but I do not know whether he has the capacity for appreciating an idealistic mode of thought. The northern magnet appears to be having a mighty effect upon all the Germans in Italy; for what we are doing in the north is making them most mightily anxious in the south.

It is said here that the Halle people have succeeded in having the *Jenaische Zeitung* prohibited in Prussia. I can scarcely believe it, write and tell me about this.

Thibaut,† who was here lately, has also very good hopes of the *Jenaische Zeitung*. He was formerly rather doubtful, and had no faith in it at all.

You do not write anything about Voss; please give him kind greetings from me when you see him, and tell me something about him.

Frau von Staël is really in Frankfurt, and we may soon expect her here. If only she understood German, I do not doubt that we should get the better of her; but to explain our religion to her in French phrases, and to be a match for her French volubility, is too difficult a task. We shall scarcely be able to settle things as easily with her as Schelling did with Camille Jourdan, who met him by appealing to Locke—"*Je méprise Locke*," replied Schelling, and, of course, his adversary had nothing more to say.

Farewell. SCH.

926.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, December 2, 1803.

Herr Regierungsrath Voigt paid me a visit this afternoon

* The painter Friedrich Rehberg, brother of the well-known author in Hanover. He had lived in Italy for many years and had there become acquainted with Goethe, Herder, Meyer, and Moritz. He was then on his way to England, and took with him a number of valuable paintings.

† Anton Fr. J. Thibaut, professor of law in Jena.

and prevented my writing to you; however, I have begged him to see you soon, and to tell you of the successful progress of our literary undertaking. If you had not chosen the better part for the present, I should beg you soon to give us a sign of your approval.

To me his nature is a new and strange school, which may be good, for with years, one always becomes less productive, and accordingly can no doubt enquire more narrowly into the affairs of others.

I am at present engaged with the programme, which falls into two portions: pronouncing judgment upon what is being exhibited, and in giving animation to the Polygnotic remains. The first part has, it is true, been very beautifully prepared by Meyer, inasmuch as he has thought of and expressed himself in an admirable manner upon everything that required it; and yet I shall have to re-write some passages entirely, and this will be a difficult task.

With regard to the Polygnotic remains, I have also done what I could; still it will take me a few mornings before everything is collected and revised; however, this work leads one into very beautiful regions, and must in future give our institution quite a different direction of thought. Besides this, there is the printing, so that I shall not be rid of the business for a fortnight. The programme will this time amount to about four sheets.

Voss I have only seen once, as I have scarcely ventured as far as the Bachgasse on account of the damp. He has now taken Burkhardt Waldis* in hand in order to make a note of his words and phrases in the dictionary. I shall have to accustom myself again to him and to his circle, and learn to curb my impatience by the gentleness of his disposition. If I might venture to think of something poetical, I would read with him as usual; for one then at once gets into the centre of the interest.

Knebel has taken apartments near the Neuthor in Hellfeld's house, hence in your old neighbourhood; and sufficiently far from Voss not to be incommoded by his rigorism. However, he will not disturb the water for our prosodist; for the latter lives where the brook runs in, he where it runs out.

* A German poet of the sixteenth century.

Poor Vermehren* is dead. Probably he would be living still if he had gone on writing mediocre verses. The postal business was fatal to him; and with this a friendly farewell for to-day.

G.

927.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, December 13, 1803.

It was to be expected that I should be recalled when Madame de Staël came to Weimar. I had taken council with myself so as not to be surprised at the moment, and had at the outset decided upon remaining here. I have, especially during this wretched month, only just enough physical strength to get on tolerably, as I am obliged to give my assistance in so difficult and critical a piece of business. I must have the thing before me, from the most intellectual view of the whole down to the mechanical typography; and the printing of the programme also, which has a good many difficulties, on account of the Polygnotic plates, demands repeated revision on my part. How few days remain before everything is ready and given in a dexterous manner on account of the passionate opposition. You, dear friend, will certainly look with horror at my position, in which Meyer is an admirable support to me, it is one which cannot be appreciated by every one; for everything that is at all possible is considered to be something ordinary. For this reason I wish very much that you would take my place; for it will not occur to any one but myself to think of the *Diver* on this occasion, and no one understands me but you. Therefore arrange things for the best as far as it is possible. If Madame de Staël comes to pay me a visit, she shall be well received. And if I know of her coming four-and-twenty hours beforehand, a part of Loder's house shall be furnished for her use, she should find homely fare, we should really meet and speak to each other, and she could remain as long as she liked. What I have to do

* Joh. Bernhard Vermehren specially noted for his essay on Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, and as the author of a number of Sonnets, &c.

here can be done at odd quarters of an hour, the rest of my time I would place at her disposal; but to drive over in such weather as this, to have to dress, to be at court and in society, is utterly impossible, this I maintain as positively as was ever declared by yourself in similar circumstances.

Take this as a friendly guidance for your actions, for I desire nothing more than actually to see and to become acquainted with this remarkable and highly respected woman, and I wish for nothing so much as that she may care to take this drive of a couple of hours for my sake. On her journey she must have become accustomed to worse fare than she will find here. Arrange and manage these things with your gentle, friendly hand, and send me an express messenger at once, as soon as anything important occurs.

I wish you success in everything that your solitude produces, according as you yourself may wish and desire! I am rowing about in a foreign element, nay, I may say that I am merely paddling about in it, with loss to things without, and without satisfaction from within or towards within. But—as I am always learning more distinctly from Polygnotus and Homer—we have in reality to conceive hell as existing here above; this it may also be considered to be a life. A thousand farewells in a heavenly sense!

G.

928.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, December 14, 1803.

Nothing can be said against the reasons you give about not caring to come here at present, and I have done my best to make the Duke understand them. To Madame de Staël also it cannot fail to be much more agreeable to meet you away from the perpetual train of entertainments, and if things are so arranged, you yourself will find it a pleasure to make her acquaintance, whereas otherwise it would have been only an intolerable trouble.

I am truly interested in the progress of your present occupation, which is, in fact, a necessity, even though you

may not be erecting and establishing anything within your own self. My work, too, is being furthered, and, at last, there are signs of something having been done. But being urged and driven by letters from Berlin—and thus perpetually reminded of the dragon which will devour and swallow the work warm from my pen—I do not feel any great inclination for work. From what Cordemann writes, I have again obtained some idea of the utterly contemptible spirit of the Berlin theatre.

It is now certain that Böttiger is going to Berlin; let us heartily wish him a safe journey. If only we prove fortunate in his successor. I have thought of Riemer; it is surely very desirable that such a man should be kept hold of.

Farewell, continue in good health and cheerful, and act charitably towards lady-pilgrim who is wandering to you. As soon as I hear anything further I will send you word.

Sch.

The Duke's answer to me was, that he would write to you himself, and would speak to me at the play.

Be firm, even though he should not comply at once.

929.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, December 21, 1803.

The rapid and really violent change from productive solitude to the utterly heterogeneous state of social diversion, so tired me out last week that I was absolutely unable to write, and left it to my wife to give you an account of the state of affairs here.

Madame de Staël will appear to you precisely what you will *à priori* have already imagined her to be; she is all of a piece. There is no odd, false and pathological feature in her character. The result of this is that one feels perfectly at ease with her, in spite of the immense difference of natures and modes of thought, and that one can listen to all she has to say, and also tell her all one wishes to say. The intellectual culture of the French has in her a pure and exceedingly interesting representative. In everything which we call philosophy, consequently in all

the ultimate and highest stages, one is at strife with her, and remains so in spite of all discussion. But nature and feeling are in her better than her metaphysics, and her fine intellect rises to the capacity of genius. She tries to explain, to understand and to measure everything; she admits of nothing obscure or unintelligible; and those things which cannot be illuminated by her torch, have no existence for her. On this account she has a horrible aversion to ideal philosophy, which, in her opinion, leads to mysticism and to superstition, and is the atmosphere which stifles her. For what we call *poetry*, she has no appreciation; from works of this kind she can assimilate only what is passionate, oratorical and general, but she will not prize anything that is false, and in all cases only acknowledge what is right. You will perceive from these few words that the clearness, decision, and the intellectual animation of her nature cannot but have a beneficial effect. The one tiresome thing about her is the extraordinary volubility of her tongue; one has to transform oneself into an organ for hearing to be able to follow her. As I get on very well with her, in spite of having but little facility in speaking French, you will find it very easy to converse with her, as you have had much more practice.

My proposal would be for you to come over on Saturday, be introduced to her, and then to leave again on the Sunday so as to finish your work in Jena. If Madame de Staël remains till the new year, you would find her here, and if she leaves before, she could, of course, pay you a visit in Jena. All now depends upon your hastening to get some idea of her, and to relieve your mind from a certain state of tension. If you can come sooner than Saturday, so much the better.

Farewell; my work has not progressed much during the week, it is true, but it has nevertheless not been quite at a standstill. It is very much to be regretted that this interesting lady has come at so inconvenient a time, when urgent business matters, the bad season of the year, and the melancholy occurrences which cannot leave one altogether unaffected, press upon us.

Sch.

930.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 31, 1803.

Here, dearest friend, are the proof sheets of the programme, stitched together in lots, till I can send you a better copy. Would that our efforts may succeed in drawing some expression of approval from you.

I am not going to the play this evening; what do you think of doing? Would you care to come and see me towards eight o'clock, and wait here for Wolf who will probably go to the theatre?

G.

931.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I was on the point of coming to enquire what you intended doing this evening, when I received your parcel which pleased me very much. The programme is full of substance and life, and fills one's whole mind with a world of ideas. Your essay on Polygnotus is splendid, and seems to announce the advent of a new day. More by word of mouth. I shall be with you at about eight o'clock.

Be so good as to let me have a note about the drawings which Wolzogen left, and I will pay for them at once.

SCH.

1804.

932.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Weimar, January 4, 1804.

The enclosed little note I was about to send off when I again came upon the ballads which I received some time ago; there is something good about them without their actually being good. I want to have your opinion of them.

G.

933.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

As a birthday piece, *Mithridates* * might, I think, be used in case of necessity; as we have nothing better, it will at all events furnish a serious and noble representation. For this reason I yesterday set to work upon the manuscript which has been lying in a state of stagnation by me, and have given the first act, with my remarks, to Bode,† who is going to alter the passages in question. If he can manage this, which will be proved in a couple of days, the piece might be copied out next week and the parts distributed, and there would still be a fortnight's time for getting the parts learned.

Geist told me yesterday that the concert and supper at the town-hall had again been postponed. As I have not

* Racine's *Mithridates*, translated by Bode.

† Dr. August Bode, son of the Berlin astronomer. He had already published translations of Racine's *Bajazet* and of Corneille's *Rodogune*. He died very young in October 1804.

heard anything about this officially, please let me hear how the matter stands. I send the *Augusteam* for Meyer. Of Madame de Staël I have heard nothing; I hope she is engaged with Herr Benjamin Constant. What would I not give for peace, freedom, and health during the next four weeks; I should then get through a good deal.

SCH.

934.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 10, 1804.

When I got home last night, it suddenly struck me that I promised Herr Genast new conundrums for to-morrow's performance of *Turandot*, and, in order that I may in some measure keep my word I shall sit down before going to bed, and put a few ideas for these into verse: hence the book you lent me and put into my pocket I have only this moment taken in hand, but shall this evening be able to give a report of it.

The new people in the list of theatrical personages I will endeavour to put to the utmost possible use in my *Jungfrau*.

SCH.

935.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

While coming to enquire how you are, I wish, at the same time, to ask you whether you feel in the humour and have time to take note of some poetical work. For, if so, I should like to send you the large first act* of *Tell*, which I am obliged to send off to Iffland, and do not care to give out of my hands till I have your opinion of it. Notwithstanding all the adverse circumstances which have been accumulating this month, my work is still making tolerable progress, and I am in hopes of getting it completely finished by the end of the coming month.

The review which you sent me is altogether unenjoyable and almost unintelligible; I am afraid you will often

* This act originally included the first scene of what is now act ii.

meet with cases like this. Of the book which is reviewed, I have not been able to obtain any idea.

Madame de Staël was here yesterday, and to-day I shall meet her again at the Dowager Duchess':—It is the old story with her; it would remind one of the vessel which the Danaïdes were called up to fill, were it not that Oknos * and his donkey came into one's mind at the same time.

SCH.

936.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 13, 1804.

This is really no first act, but a whole play, and, moreover, an admirable one; I congratulate you upon it with all my heart, and hope soon to see more of it. To judge from my first look at it, everything is exactly as it should be, and this is doubtless the main point in works which are calculated upon producing certain effects. Two passages only I have enclosed. In the one case—where I have made a stroke—I should like another line added as the turn is rather too abrupt.

In the other case I remarked this: that a Swiss does not feel a longing for home when hearing the *Ranz des Vaches* in another country, for, as far as I know, it is not heard elsewhere; he feels it because he does not hear *it*, his ear misses what it has always been accustomed to hear from his youth upwards. However, I will not maintain this as quite certain. Fare-well, and again give us a new interest in life by continuing in your beautiful state

* This is an allusion to a painting by Polygnotus—*Odysseus in the Lower Regions*—which Goethe had spoken of shortly before. According to Pausanias it represented a man called Oknos plaiting a rope out of reeds, and by his side a donkey which at once eat up what he had plaited. The Danaïdes were also represented carrying water to the broken earthen vessels. Goethe had made the remark that "It was natural to Oknos to go on plaiting just as it was natural to the donkey to go on eating: he might have left off plaiting, but what should he have done in place of it? He prefers plaiting in order to be plaiting, and the reed-grass—which would have been devoured, even though it had not been plaited—is now eaten plaited. Perhaps it tastes better thus, perhaps it is more nutritious? This Oknos, moreover, keeps up a vein of conversation with his donkey."

of productivity; also keep bravely in the Hades of Society, and weave reeds and rushes skilfully into a strong rope, in order that there may be something to chew. *

With greetings and good wishes.

G.

937.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

That you are satisfied with the commencement of my *Tell*, is a great comfort to me, which I was particularly in need of in the stifling atmosphere by which I am surrounded. On Monday I will send you the Rütli, which is being copied out: it can be read as a whole by itself.

I am longing impatiently to see you again. When shall you open your door again?

To-day, after four weeks, I again feel a desire to go to the play. During all this time I have not felt the slightest wish this way, as play has been going on round my own self a good deal.† Madame de Staël intends remaining here three weeks longer. In spite of the vivacity of the French she will, I fear, make the experience in her own person, that we Germans in Weimar are a changeable people too, and that one ought to know that it is better to leave in good time.

Let me have a few words from you before you retire for the night.

SCH.

938.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

In answer to your friendly evening-words, I can only say that I wish most heartily to see you soon, although I must take great care of myself. A conversation I had with Voigt ‡ yesterday had a bad effect upon me. I am beginning to feel how weak I am.

* See note to last Letter.

† Düntzer explains this by saying that Madame de Staël had kept Schiller in a state of perpetual excitement.

‡ Christian Gottlob von Voigt, an intimate friend of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Carl August, and one of his ministers of state. He had just returned from St. Petersburg on some mission for the Duke.

I have, meanwhile, been thoroughly enjoying your exposition, and feasting upon it. It is a good thing that you express your opposition towards our importunate lady-neighbour so simultaneously, otherwise the state of affairs would be intolerable.

As I am at present feeling ill and out of humour, it seems to me as if it would be next to an inpossibility ever to carry on such discussions again. One may really be said to be sinning against the Holy Ghost if one but utters anything in the slightest degree to please her. Had she been schooled by Jean Paul, she would not have remained so long in Weimar; let her, at her peril, but try it for other three weeks.

I have, meanwhile, been constantly occupied in some way or another, and not having been able to accomplish anything, have done and learnt various things; only I have had to change from subject to subject, and to make pauses in between.

Hackert's landscapes which have arrived, also gave me one pleasant morning; they are most unusual works, and even though many suggestions might be made in regard to them, it must be confessed that no living artist could have done them, and certain parts have never been done better.

Farewell, and if you drive to court to-morrow, come to me for a minute first; my carriage could fetch you and wait the while.

The Rütli will be a great pleasure to me. I am now very anxious to have a full view of what has been introduced so well by itself.

G.

939.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

Herewith the new journals, with the request that you will send them on to Meyer immediately, especially No. 13. There is really nothing new under the sun! And did not our excellent lady-traveller assure me this morning that she would have all those of my words which she could get hold of printed? This news about *Rousseau's Letters* *

* The *Correspondance originale et inédite de J.-J. Rousseau avec Madame Latour de Franqueville et M. du Peyron.*

really plays the mischief with me in regard to the said lady. One sees oneself and a caricature of the aspirations of French women reflected as it were in a (diamantine—adamantine) mirror. My best wishes for your welfare.

G.

940.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

An ailment which I dare not neglect, and which more particularly prevents my *walking*, has kept me indoors and confined to the sofa since yesterday, and is also the reason why I shall not be present at the dinner to-day at Madame de Staël's, nor at the concert this evening. Unfortunately my work will not gain anything by this, for my head is very much affected. As my wife also cannot leave home, owing to a bad cough, please be so good, if necessary, to excuse me to his Serenissimo at the concert.

The leaves from the periodical I have read with great interest. The beginning made by the theological disquisition * is admirable, and could not, probably, have been more significant, even though one had had the freest choice. The review of Sartorius' book † is very powerful and excellent; the beginning must be allowed to pass as oratorical and reckoned as *ad extra*, as he recalls it again so naïvely in what follows. Of *Cellini* more might and ought to have been said, however this early notice of it, even though it does not quite satisfy one, will be useful in making the work known.

The article on Philosophy ‡ in the *Intelligenzblatt* gave me a great pleasure, and is an uncommonly happy thought; I am very anxious to see the continuation. A few more such articles from the same pen on philosophical matters would introduce a happy change in the public opinion about philosophy. To the shame of my shrewdness be it said, I have not yet made out who the author of this essay can be.

* The *Litteratur-Zeitung* opens with a criticism of the latest editions of the New Testament by Matthäi and Griesbach.

† No. 7 contained a review of the first two volumes of the *Geschichte des Hanseatischen Bundes* by Prof. Sartorius of Göttingen, a friend of Goethe's.

‡ In No. 5 of the *Intelligenzblatt* there is the commencement of an *Uebersicht der neuesten Philosophie des Auslandes.*

Johannes Müller* is close by: a letter I had to-day from Körner announces his arrival there and that he will shortly come to us. Körner considers Böttiger's appointment in Dresden as not quite settled, as his negociations with Berlin were known to persons in Dresden and they did not wish to come into collision with them.

Madame de Staël, in a note to my wife to-day, speaks of having to leave shortly, but also says that it is very probable she may be returning soon by way of Weimar.

Let me hear how you are feeling. I shall this afternoon have a reading-rehearsal of *Mithridates* at my house, as I shall not be neglecting anything very important.

SCH.

941.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

That you too should be suffering physically is not good; one ought, when not feeling specially well oneself, to be able to bear the ailments of one's friends as well, which I, under present circumstances, would very gladly undertake to do.

Your approval of the first leaves of the *Zeitung*, was very comforting to me. Almost everything in such a piece of work is accidental, and yet it has to become and look as if it had been well weighed. The matter, however, is in a good way, and if you would take part in it, you would further it greatly; to begin with, the articles would not require to be very carefully thought out or long reviews *ex professo* but merely, from time to time, an intelligent communication on the occasion of the publication of a book which we should read in any case. And then I surely deserve to receive a little help: for I have during the past four months dragged and pushed this dead-weight about more than is fair.

I am also very much pleased that you are satisfied with the little introduction to the *Philosophy of Nations*. If we succeed in starting some such thing, in other departments also, before details are introduced, it will be amusing and instructive in every way. It is doubtless

* The famous historian. See also Letter 945.

difficult to guess who the author is, for he is still a nameless individual. In fact, I have on this occasion seen that a certain kind of higher culture is very general in Germany, and those possessing it will also gradually be drawn towards us. Accept my thanks for undertaking the reading-rehearsal of *Mithridates*. Be sure to write and tell me how it goes off, and, in fact, what you augur of it.

A hearty good-night. G.

942.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Costume and an animated representation must do their best with *Mithridates*. In fact, were it not that one learnt something from these obsolete works, and, at all events, felt more and more strengthened in one's old belief by them, one ought not to waste time and trouble upon them. When attending a poetical reading-rehearsal, the emptiness, superficiality and woodenness of this mannerism becomes very evident.

You said nothing to me about the Rütli. If you have any suggestion to make in regard to it, let me know of it to-morrow morning; for on Friday I shall have to send it off.

I trust you may soon feel better!

SCH.

943.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 18, 1804.

I herewith return the Rütli which is deserving of all praise. The idea of at once instituting a meeting of the people is admirable, both on account of the dignity and of the breadth it gives. I am very anxious to see the rest. All good wishes for its completion!

G.

944.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER,

Weimar, January 23 1804.

I was just on the point of enquiring how you were, for this long separation does come to seem very strange.

To-day, for the first time, Madame de Staël came to see me: one has always the same sensation; in spite of all her graciousness, she still acts rudely enough as a traveller to the Hyperboreans, whose capital of old firs and oaks, whose iron and amber could very well be made useful and ornamental; and yet she obliges one to look out old carpets as gifts for a stranger, and rusty weapons for defence.

Yesterday I saw Müller, he will probably return to-day. I will give him your message. He is of course shocked to find so much sickness in Weimar, for things must look rather bad when the Duke himself keeps in his room.

Amid all these troubles it is some consolation to me to know that your work is not quite interrupted, for it is the only thing I have in view which I could not do without; the little I have to do can at all events wait. Be sure to keep quiet till you have again recovered your full activity. Of Müller you shall hear to-morrow in good time. My kindest farewell.

The new *Litteratur-Zeitung* I may probably still send this evening.

G.

945.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

One more enquiry this evening as to how you are. I am tolerably well. This evening Johannes von Müller was with me, and found great pleasure in my drawer of coins. He so unexpectedly found himself alone among these old friends, that one saw clearly how perfectly he has history at his command; for he was acquainted even with the most subordinate figures, and knew about their surroundings and connections. I want to hear that the Swiss heroes have conducted themselves bravely in their troubles.

G.

946.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 26, 1804.

My brother-in-law sends you his kindest greetings. The betrothal was celebrated on New Year's Day according to the Russian Calendar, or on the 13th of January of our own. The marriage is to take place in February.

Cotta enquires very urgently about the continuation of your *Natürliche Tochter*. Would that I could give him some hopes of it!

He writes that my copies of his *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which have hitherto always come by way of Jena, will in future come enclosed in yours. Perhaps he has already commenced to do this, in which case please forward me mine.

Pray let me have *Adelung*,* if you do not require it any longer. I have all sorts of questions to put to this oracle. Herewith I enclose a small poetic theme† for you to solve.

What do you propose doing to-day and to-morrow? The long talked-of French lecture by Madame de Staël is, I hear, to come off to-morrow. But if you will be at home to-morrow evening and so disposed, I will come self-invited, for I am longing to see you.

SCH.

947.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January, 26, 1804.

Madame de Staël came to me to-day with Müller, whereupon the Duke soon joined us, and the conversation became very animated, and my object in looking over a translation of my *Fischer* ‡ was frustrated.

Herewith I send my *Adelung;* forgive me for having carefully packed up yours and sent it to Voss, who was greatly in need of it for his review of Klopstock's *Grammatische Gespräche*.

I also send you the first numbers of the *Zeitung*, except 1 and 2, and those others I myself miss in this sending.

Your poem is a very pretty mount up the St. Gotthardt, to which all sorts of other meanings might be added, and it is a very appropriate song for *Tell*.

To-morrow evening at five Benj. Constant is coming to me; if you care to come later it would be very pleasant to me.

Wishing that you may have a good night's rest,

G.

* Adelung's *Dictionary*.

† The *Berglied* in the form of an enigma.

‡ Madame de Staël's translation of the poem.

948.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 28, 1804.

While coming to enquire how you are, and at the same time to assure you that I can keep tolerably well by remaining at home, I wish to send you word about two works of art that have arrived here.

Firstly, a painting by an old mannerist of the seventeenth century, representing those women who stripped themselves of their clothes in order to stop the fleeing army and to drive it back against the enemy; it is represented with so much intelligence, humour and success that it awakens a feeling of real pleasure.

Secondly, a piece of Calderon's, *Fernando*, prince of Portugal, who dies in slavery at Fetz, because he will not give up Cento, which is demanded as his ransom. As in the case of his earliest dramas, one is disturbed by a variety of causes in the enjoyment of single passages, particularly upon first reading it; however, when one gets through it, and the idea rises up before the mind's eye, like a phœnix from the flames, one feels as if nothing more admirable had ever been written. It certainly deserves to stand beside The Devotion at the Cross, nay, it is even classed higher, perhaps because it has been read last, and because the subject as well as its treatment is pleasing in the highest degree. Nay, I could say that if poetry were wholly lost to the world, it might be restored from this one piece.

If you but add an act of *Tell* to this favourable aspect of things, no evil can waft towards me during the next days.

Rest by night, and good humour during the day, is my heartfelt wish for you.

G.

949.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

Considering the seclusion in which I am at present living, it is really refreshing to receive so friendly a greeting in the evening, and you will quite spoil me. I am very anxious to see the two *nova*. The subject of the painting seems to me to be excellent, and qualified for an artistic work of the first rank, inasmuch as it unites

and gives an actual representation of two entirely opposite conditions.

I have nothing of a similar kind to communicate to you. In addition to my task, which is slowly advancing, and is at least not at a stand-still, I have been reading the memoirs of an excellent navigator * which have led me to the Mediterranean and to the Indian Ocean, and are important enough of their kind. Sleep well; I hope soon to be able to send you something again.

SCH.

950.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 8, 1804.

With kindest greetings I send you herewith various things:

1. Three numbers of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of which is particularly important on account of a curious article (χρέα).†

2. A few rôles in *Macbeth* which have still to be filled up.

3. Your beautiful *Berglied*.

4. An attempt—I am afraid again an unsuccessful one—to produce a Greek tragedy; what seems to me more especially unsuccessful is the rhymed chorus which is connected with the ancient and, for us, perhaps, too heavy measure of the trimeter, its being without any sort of mediation.

If you care to pay me a visit this evening, give the bearer of this orders at what hour the carriage shall call for you.

G.

951.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Accept my very best thanks for what you have sent me. Greek things are, in fact, inappropriate on our stage,

* *Voyages à Madagascar, Maroc et aux Indes-Orientales*, by Alexis Rochon.

† This probably refers to the "flowery" account in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 31st of January, of Madame de Staël's journey to Weimar and of her stay there, which could not be ascribed to any one but Böttiger.

and, apart from the work itself, I should be opposed to it. Has any one spoken to you on the part of Wieland, about a performance of the *Helena* of Euripides, where, however, the Chorus is to be accompanied by the flute? I heard of this five weeks ago and have always forgotten to ask you about it.

As I am to-day feeling in a very good mood for work, I shall probably make a long evening of it, and doubt whether I shall be able to go out. Unfortunately I must to-day try and make up what I shall lose to-morrow, for I am to dine with Madame de Staël. Your letter to my brother-in-law I sent off yesterday and expressely recommended its contents to his consideration.

SCH.

952.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 16, 1800.

While again sending you some numbers of the *Zeitung*, I come to enquire whether you will give me the pleasure of your company this evening. Madame de Staël and Herr von Constant are coming after five o'clock. I shall have a supper ready in case they are inclined to remain; it would be very nice if you were one of the party. Order the carriage at what time you like.

G.

953.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I have now come close to the end of my work, and must, above all things, carefully avoid everything that might rob me of or disturb the necessary last mood, and, above all, more particularly keep away from all French friends. Excuse me, therefore, my dear friend, with that evangelical Christian charity which I will reserve for you under similar circumstances.

SCH.

954.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I herewith send you my work, to which, considering the present state of affairs, I can do nothing further.

When you have read it pray let me have it back, because the man who is copying out the different rôles is waiting for it.

If it is to be given towards Easter, we must try and get it ready a week *beforehand*, in order to be able to profit by Zimmermann's presence, and by the actual state of things in Jena—in respect of the state of our funds—which might change after Easter. In this case, however, some speedy decision must be come to in regard to the dresses to be procured, and the necessary decorations; *Macbeth*, too, would have to be put off. There would be no difficulty about having the parts learnt, as even the chief one is not of any great length.

I enclose my idea as to how the parts should be filled up. You will see from it how difficult it would be to fill Zimmermann's part. If, after Easter, we should have to do without him, it will then be a more easy matter than if the first impression had been bad.

These anxieties, and also the weather, affect me very much, and I must keep at home a few days longer. But if you will discuss this with Becker and Genast, as well as with Meyer and Heidloff,* the matter can nevertheless be carried on.

Sch.

955.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 19, 1804.

I was on the point of enquiring how you were, and about your work; for not to hear or to see anything of you was becoming too wearisome to me. The sight of the piece and of the distribution of the parts pleased me very much. I should think the performance might be given before Easter, although the time is short enough; of course the copying of the parts would have to be done quickly. I would suggest that several copyists should be set to work together. More of this as soon as I have read it. At present merely my heartfelt thanks.

G.

* Professor Victor P. Heidloff, painter to the court and the theatre. See Letter 492.

956.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

February 21, 1804.

The work turned out admirable, and gave me an enjoyable evening. A few considerations in regard to its representation before Easter have occurred to me. If you would care to drive out about twelve o'clock I will come and fetch you.

G.

957.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Herewith I send you the rôles of *Tell*, with the way I should fill the parts, and beg you now to arrange the rest.

I have created three new female parts,* in order to introduce the three remaining actresses, as they did not care to act as mere dummies. Madame Müller is left out entirely.

This evening we shall meet at Madame (de Staël's). Yesterday we missed *you* very much; many amusing things occurred, which will afford us amusement in days to come.

SCH.

958.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

It is a real comfort to me that you will take an interest in *Tell*. If I feel at all able I shall certainly come. Since I last saw you at the reading rehearsal I have not felt at all well, for the weather affects me very much, and also since the departure of our lady friend I feel as if I had just recovered from a severe illness.

SCH.

959.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 12, 1804.

Would you care to look at the first two acts? Where the white paper is sewn in, there is a scene wanting

* The three peasants, Mechtild, Elsbeth, and Hildegard, were wholly wanting in the original. The inserted passages are distinct enough: "*Und du bist—Befehl zu trotzen!*" and "*Da kommt—Empörung*" (see Düntzer's *Erläuterungen*).

between Weislingen and Adelheid.* If you have no suggestions to make, I shall, at all events, have the parts copied out from the beginning.

G.

960.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Mid-March, 1804.

Have the kindness to look at the passage in question and see whether it will now do. Any important alteration could not, of course, be attempted now; however, I hope that there is no longer any inadmissible jump from one thing to another in it.

If you have nothing to suggest, send me the leaf back, in order that I may at once alter what is necessary for to-day's rehearsal.

SCH.

961.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

April 2, 1804.

Pray let me know how you and yours are?—whether you are going to see the *Hussiten?*†—whether you will give me the pleasure of your company this evening?—or what your state of affairs may otherwise suggest?

G.

962.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

April 6, 1804.

Act I.

1. With Macbeth and Banco a few others should enter, so that the latter can ask, How far is it still to Foris?

Act II.

2. *The bell calls.* It ought not to be rung; one should rather hear but one peal.

* Characters in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen.*

† A play of Kotzebue's.

3. The old man should sit down or go away. With a small alteration Macduff might close the act.

Act III.

4. The boy who attends upon Macbeth ought rather to be dressed and to some extent equipped as a page.

5. Eilenstein's mantle is too narrow. Another breadth might be let in.

6. When Banco is murdered, it should be quite night.

7. The fruits on the table should be painted more of a red colour.

8. Banco's ghost looks to me too prosaic in the doublet. Yet I could not exactly say how I should like this altered.

Act IV.

9. The witches should have wire supports beneath their veils, so that their heads do not appear too smooth. They might perhaps have wreaths by way of decoration in imitation of the Sibyls.

10. As the horizon falls after the scene with the witches, Macbeth must, of course, not say "*Komm herein, da draussen*," &c., for this supposes the scene to be in the cave.

Act V.

11. The *Lady* washes or rubs first one hand and then the other.

12. The shields ought to be re-painted.

13. Macbeth ought to put on his armour in the theatre, at least, partially, otherwise he says too much without any actual reference to anything.

14. He ought not to fight in his mantle of ermine.

G.

963.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

The review * is ingenious and throws light upon the subject; to find so much agreement about the main prin-

* The review of Schiller's *Braut von Messina*, which was sent to the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, and appeared in it immediately.

ciples must, of course, please me, even though a few individual points are still open to discussion. But I think I shall, in any case, be able to come to an understanding about these points with an art-critic whose mind is so congenial to my own.

More by word of mouth. If you have nothing else in view, I will make my appearance this evening at about seven. To my house, which is still a cough-hospital, I cannot invite you.

SCH.

964.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

May 30, 1804.

Dr. Kohlrausch,* a Hanoverian, who comes from Rome accompanying Frau von Humboldt, wishes to introduce himself to you. He is sure to interest you, and will tell you about von Humboldt and of Italian affairs.

I have nothing new to report, for I have heard but little and done still less. The machine has not yet been set a-going.

I have partly resolved what to do about the rôles in the *Selbstquäler* † that have still to be filled up, the others may remain as they are till you return.

Farewell, and come soon again. My whole household send you kind greetings.

SCH.

965.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

June 19, 1804.

Will you tell me what you have arranged to do to-day? Till about seven I shall be in my garden-house. Afterwards at home.

G.

* Humboldt had mentioned this physician—whom he had accidentally met, and who had saved the life of his son Theodor—in a letter to Schiller as an "excellent man, unusually well informed and of great experience, of the most sympathetic disposition, and yet of the greatest thoughtfulness and composure of manner."

† Einsiedel's translation of Terence's *Heautontimoroumenos*, which was performed on April 30, and repeated on May 30.

966.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

Accept my thanks for the beautiful things * which I will bring back with me this evening, if you will have me. The journey to Jena will probably be undertaken in six or seven days. Before that, however, we hope to have you here again one evening.

At last a *Charlotte Corday*,† which, it is true, I take up with fear and hesitation, but my curiosity is great.

SCH.

967.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 25, 1804.

For some days I left the *Allgemeine Zeitung* unopened, and so your copy remained here. I now send them all together and they will doubtless serve as entertainment.

I have all this time kept to my *Götz*, and hope to have a clean manuscript and the rôles copied out before the actors return; when shall we see it objectively and consider what is next to be done? If only it is somewhat successful as regards length, I shall have no fear of the rest.

Write and tell me that you are busy, and the rest of your household well.

Thank you for having given Eichstädt,‡ a good reception, which has pleased him very much.

Farewell, and keep me in remembrance.

G.

968.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 3, 1804.

I have indeed had a sharp attack, and it might easily have become serious, but the danger has happily passed

* Probably some contributions sent in for the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, and other articles.

† A tragedy of this name with choruses was published that year in Hamburg.

‡ The editor of the *Litteratur-Zeitung* and Schütz's successor at the university. Schiller seems not to have been very well disposed towards him.

off; things are now improving again, if only the intolerable heat would allow me to recover my strength. Sudden and great nervous exhaustion at such a time of the year is, in fact, almost killing, and during the eight days since my illness, I have felt scarcely any trace of increase of strength, although my head is tolerably clear and my appetite very good again.

Very glad I am to hear that you have got so far with your *Götz*, and that, accordingly, we can look forward with certainty to this dramatic feast.

Count Gessler is here at present, and will probably remain another week. Perhaps you will come while he is here.

Bode's review of *Kotzebue* is indeed a bad affair; but an *Allgemeine Zeitung* could not be published at all, if things were to be taken so very seriously. I think, therefore, that the work should be allowed to be published, *mutatis mutandis*, and more especially abridged, inasmuch as it recalls to mind the chief grievance one feels against Kotzebue, and is merely insufficient, not actually false.

The enclosed melodies to *Tell* were sent to me from Berlin. Get them played to you by Detouches or some one and see what they are like.

Here all are well and send you kindest greetings.

Farewell; remember me to our friends, especially to Frau von Stein. SCH.

969.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 5, 1804.

To see your handwriting again was exceedingly delightful to me. Your illness, which I did not hear of till late, I have grumbled over and allowed to vex me, which is the usual way in which my grief vents itself. Most heartily glad I am that you are better. Be sure to keep quiet while this hot weather lasts.

Enclosed is a letter from Zelter to you and to me. His is one of those sterling and admirable natures which should have been born under popes and cardinals in very blunt times. How pitiable it is to see him lying on this sand gasping for the element of his origin!

To Count Gessler my kindest greetings; if I possibly can I will come over this next week.

With regard to the review of *Kotzebue* I gladly conform to your opinion. If you would ask Hofrath Eichstädt about it, this sending too might be dispatched.

I take a sincere interest in the welfare of all your circle, both older and younger, and I wish we could soon be united again.

To Frau von Wolzogen many kind remembrances.

G.

970.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

September 10, 1804.

Herewith a peculiar, I might almost say, a melancholy bit of reading.* If people had not followed so many false tendencies, and still followed them half intentionally, one could not understand how they could produce such strange stuff. I hope to see you to-day.

G.

971.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

October 2, 1804.

Herewith an essay as a result of your yesterday's encouragement! Will you kindly look through it and assist me with your good advice?

G.

972.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

October 28, 1804.

If you would again let me have Rochlitz's piece,† also *Lorenz Stark*,‡ and the two others, I could think over and arrange something for the future. More by word of mouth shortly.

G.

* According to Düntzer, probably Tieck's *Octavianus*.

† His *Revanche*, a comedy in two acts.

‡ *Lorenz Stark, oder die deutsche Familie*, a play in five acts, by Fr. L. Schmidt (after Engel's novel of the same name), appeared during the year 1804. See Letters 134 and 135.

973.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

November 5, 1804.

I do not wish to disturb you, but should like to know how matters stand and are progressing. Let me have a few words, and tell me whether we could meet to-morrow.

G.

974.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

December 20, 1804.

Pardon me, dearest friend, for not having answered your note. My head is still most confused. I must, however, inform you that the Minerva Velletri * has arrived and looks quite astonished at having to take part in the Christmas festivities. All good be with you and yours!

G.

975.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

December 21, 1804.

While coming to enquire how you are, I will add a few things about the state of affairs here, so that you may, in the meantime, know how things stand. I hope to be able to finish one half of the translation † by the middle of January, the other half by the end of the month. With regard to what might be said about it, is a matter for further consideration. At first one steps into the water and fancies that one can very well wade through it, but as it becomes deeper and deeper, one finds oneself at last obliged to swim. The bomb of these conversations bursts right in the middle of French literature, and one has to take great care to show how and what it hits. Moreover, Pallisot is still alive, and in his seventy-fourth year, unless he died last year; we shall all the more have to beware of exposing weak points.

* Found in the year 1797, and described by Fernow the year following in the *Merkur*. Goethe had probably received the plaster-cast from Paris.

† Goethe's translation of Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau* which was made from the manuscript. It did not appear in the original till some years later.

And then many a critical point in the dialogue is more difficult than I at first thought. The piece, *The Philosophers*, is mentioned in it as given but shortly before, and yet it was played for the first time in Paris on May 20, 1760. Old Rameau was still alive. This fixes the epoch previous at least to the year 1764, the date of his death. Then, however, mention is made of the "*trois siècles de la littérature française*," which only appeared in 1772. One would accordingly have to assume that the dialogues were written at an earlier date and that they were subsequently dished up again, which might very well have given rise to such anachronisms. But before expressing one's opinion upon such matters, matters must be examined on all sides. When, therefore, this contribution can be finished is difficult to say, as I must get my account of *Winckelmann* * ready before Easter, and it cannot be done at a moment's notice. All this I tell you meanwhile for your kind consideration. Otherwise I am very well and not altogether inactive. I am living in the hope of better things and wish you the same.

G.

* *Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert, in Briefen und Aufsätzen.*

1805.

976.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

Herewith, for the New Year, a packet of plays with my best wishes. As you will probably be glad to look at them, please write down a few words about each of them. This may lead to some result. Oels has no part to play in *Phädra*, has he? He has asked for leave, which I am all the more willing to grant him.

May I not soon expect to have a couple of acts? The appointed time is, with every day, coming closer upon us.

G.

977.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 9, 1805.

Let me, dearest friend, have a few words about yourself and your work. My endeavours to approach high and refined society, have not succeeded as well as they might have. At all events I am driven back indoors again for the next few days. Hence I should like to receive some pleasant news from your citadel; at the same time I wish to know whether your wife would care to meet our lady-friends here on Thursday morning? Wishing you good health and goods spirits,

G.

I just hear that his Excellency is going to favour us to-morrow. It would be very nice if you could decide to join us.

978.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

January 14, 1805.

I am very sorry to hear that your having to keep at home is not voluntary on your part. Unfortunately we are none of us quite strong, and he who is of necessity forced to learn to put up with being ill, has the best of it. I am very glad now that I formed the determination and have commenced to occupy myself with a translation. Thus these days of misery have at all events been put to some use, and I have lived and been active. During the next eight days I shall now try and see whether I can put myself into the proper humour for my *Demetrius*, which, however, I doubt I shall not be able to do. If it cannot be managed, I shall have to look up some other semi-mechanical work.

Herewith I send you what has been copied out. To-morrow my Rudolph will get the whole finished.

Would you look over the first sheets, occasionally compare them with the original, and mark in pencil whatever you may have to suggest. I should like to have it ready as soon as possible, and before the rôles are copied out.

If the rôles are commenced the day after to-morrow, we could have a reading-rehearsal next Sunday, and there would still be ten days before the thirtieth.

The Duke has given me permission to read the *Memoirs of Marmontel*,* which you have just now, therefore, please let me have them when you have finished with them.

The Grand Duchess yesterday again spoke with great interest about your late recital. She is looking forward to seeing and hearing many other things at your house.

Farewell, and let me too soon hear from you again.

Should you not be in the humour to read the sheets through, please send me them back, so that I can make use of the time for having them copied out.

Sch.

* *Mémoires d'un Père pour servir à l'instruction de ses Enfants.* Goethe thought that Marmontel was not competent to judge of Rousseau, whereas Voltaire and Necker seemed to stand bodily before one. These Memoirs were going the round of the court at the time.

979.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

I congratulate you upon the good use you are making of this dangerous time. I have read the three acts with great interest. The exposition of the piece is brief and good, and the aroused passion gives it life. I entertain the best hopes of it. In addition to this, some of the chief passages must produce an excellent effect as soon as the motives are admitted. In these, moreover, the diction is admirable. I had commenced to insert a few alterations here and there, but they refer merely to a case that occurs several times, where a hiatus arises, or two short unimportant syllables take the place of an iambus; both cases make the already short line still shorter, and I have noticed at the time of performances, that an actor, as it were, breaks down and loses his composure in such passages, particularly where they are pathetic. It will cost you but little trouble to alter these passages. Be good enough also to hurry the copying out of the parts as much as possible; for the piece has, of course, still to be learnt and rehearsed.

Marmontel's Life I send you back with pleasure, it will give you a few days' pleasant diversion. In it you will once or twice come upon the finance minister, Bouret, who has become interesting to us through Rameau's cousin. Be kind enough merely to note the page. I can make good use of the few traits for my notes.

If our young Princess is pleased with what we can offer, all our wishes are fulfilled. One of our set can only say with the apostle: "Gold and silver have I none, but what I have I give in the name of the Lord." Be sure also to think what we could present to her on such occasions. They would have to be short things, but of all kinds and descriptions, and that which lies nearest does not generally occur to me.

Farewell, and hold me in remembrance. As soon as I dare venture out again I shall come to see you one evening. I have been reading all kinds of things out of *ennui*, for

instance, *Amadis von Gallien*.* It is really a disgrace to have become so old without having become acquainted with so admirable a work, except from the mouth of parodists.

G.

The last pages † which I read afterwards also pleased me very much.

980.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(January 17, 1805.)

Your *Mitschuldigen* gave general pleasure yesterday, and will do so even more when the actors know better how to handle the style of verse. Becker did his best, at times; Silie did very well also; Unzelmann did not suit his part altogether; with Wolf one could be satisfied.

There was every now and again some hitch, but the good humour into which the piece transports one, did not allow these points, respecting propriety, to hold good. The Grand Duchess was greatly delighted, and the sublime passage with the chair ‡ especially, did not fail to produce its effect.

In the case of your *Bürger-General* it has again occurred to me that it would be well to omit, as far as possible, the moral passages, more especially from the rôle of the Nobleman. For, as the interest in the circumstance has ceased, it lies, so to say, outside of the play.

The little piece deserves to be held in the favour which it has met with, and it will be very well to give it a more rapid course.

Yesterday, when I saw Unzelmann again, I felt doubtful whether I could entrust Hippolytus to him, principally because he still does not possess actual manliness, and there is still too much of the boy in him. If Oels should

* A romance of the sixteenth century.

† The beginning of the fourth act of *Phädra*.

‡ Scene iv. in the third act, of which Chodowiecki has given a delightful illustration in a vignette to the second volume of Goethe's works.

be here in time I would prefer having him, and he would be in time if only he were certain to be here by Wednesday, for he learns well and the rôle is not a long one.

I hope to hear that you are feeling better again.

Sch.

981.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

Now, whether—according to the ancient doctrine—the *humores peccantes* roam about the body, or whether—according to modern ideas—the comparatively weaker parts are at a disadvantage, in my case at all events, there is some hitch, first in one part and then in another, and my troubles have wandered from the bowels to the diaphragm, thence to my chest, then to my throat, and after that to my eye, where they are least of all welcome.

Thank you for having consented to attend yesterday's performance. As the piece was favourably received, some other things might be done to it, as in fact have already been done, for various alterations were made. It seems to me that the main point will be that what, in any case, is still too much opposed to propriety, should be tempered and altered, and that something more cheerful, pleasant, and hearty should be introduced into it. During the couple of rehearsals which I had in my room, many things occurred to me. I send you herewith the stage version, from which you will already be able to judge of the alterations which I have made in this sense, and give me your advice regarding further ones. We shall also be able to work up the actors more, and it is worth the trouble, for it is a matter of greater importance than people are inclined to admit, to have one piece more in one's repertoire.

My *Bürger-General* I shall take in hand as soon as possible. I had thought of casting out the dogmatic character of the Nobleman altogether; however in that case one would have to devise some happy means at the end for uniting the objectionable elements by a piece of fun, in order that there should be no necessity for a *Deus ex machina*. This will have to be considered.

As Oels has leave till the twenty-sixth, we shall probably

have to keep to the first arrangement. I wish to hear how far you have got, and when you think you will be able to have reading-rehearsals.

As I am still unable to go out, you will perhaps come early for a little, perhaps to dinner. If so, I would send you the carriage.

I hope that things may go well with you, and that you are thinking of projects of your own.

G.

982.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

(Not dated.)

In the theatre, as usual, and especially just now—owing to a variety of circumstances—there is all kinds of talk, and it is reported—probably to annoy Frau Becker—that we delayed about distributing the parts merely because we expected Frau Unzelmann, who is not coming after all. If you know of anything that can throw light upon this gossip write and tell me. I must look seriously into this, unless I wish things to become worse than they are.

Write and let me know how you and yours are.

G.

983.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(Not dated.)

As you know yourself how much I counted upon Frau Becker when I first thought of this translation, in fact that it was chiefly on her account that I chose the *Phèdre* and not the *Britannicus*, you can easily imagine how strange to me must be the gossip that is going about. I do not know in the least what can have given rise to it, unless it be that I told Oels, when he came to me before he left for Berlin and asked me if I had any message to send, that I had a piece in hand which contained an interesting rôle for Madame Unzelmann. But how he could have understood this to mean that Madame Unzelmann was to play the part *here*, I do not comprehend.

My children, thank God, have not had any relapses, and I hope, will be well again in a few days.

My catarrh has not yet left me, although it is no longer violent. Marmontel's Memoires are engaging my attention very much, the *acheminement* to the Revolution, in particular, is very well described. It will interest me to talk to you about Necker when we see each other again; for you no doubt know him from his own writings, and know in how far Marmontel's account of him is true.

SCH.

984.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 24, 1805.

Herewith, my dearest friend, the opus.* Have the kindness to read it over attentively, to put your remarks in the margin, and then to give me your opinion of it. Afterwards I will read it over again, make use of your notes, fill up some of the gaps, perhaps modify some of the cynical passages, and then it can go off. To read it aloud to you and yours was what I had hoped to do, but this is now impossible. What are the little ones about?

G.

985.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

I send you back meanwhile what I have read of Rameau, the rest shall follow to-morrow. There were very few remarks to make, and several of them would perhaps only have occurred to me.

I looked to see whether the translation of the French *vous* by our *Ihr* might not occasionally have given rise to some discrepancy, but did not notice anything of the kind. It was at all events better than to use the *Sie*.

With regard to the point of propriety I had not much to suggest. It might be sufficient to give merely the first letter† of the improper words, and thus to pay one's respects to decorum without sacrificing the matter.

In my house things still look like a hospital, but the

* *Rameau's Neffen*, a dialogue of Diderot's translated from the manuscript, with notes by Goethe. See Letter 975.

† This was actually done.

doctor consoles us by saying that there is not much wrong with our little one.

Would you be so good as to interest yourself a little about my *Phädra?* I mean about the principal parts; it might perhaps be specially needful to help Hippolytus on to the right track. When he read his part a short time ago, there was too much vehemence in his delivery, he confounds it with power and pathos.

Farewell, and may you soon again appear as a good spirit to us.

SCH.

986.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

February 22, 1808.

If you do not mind writing a few words, do let me know how you are? For, much as I am interested, I have not heard anything.

I have again succeeded in getting into a state of rest, composure, and susceptibility, but nevertheless cannot produce anything; and this to some extent worries me, for I would gladly see my *Winckelmann* set aside.

How much I wish I could see you again soon. Hoping for the best,

G.

987.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

February 22, 1805.

It was pleasant to me to see a few lines in your handwriting, and it has again awakened my belief in the return of the old state of things, which I have at times quite despaired of. The two severe attacks which I have had within the space of seven months have shaken my system to its very foundation, and I shall have difficulty in recovering my strength.

It is true my present attack seems to have been merely the general epidemic that is going about, but the fever in my case was so great, and it seized me when I was already in such a weak state, that I feel as if I had arisen from a most severe illness, and find it specially difficult to struggle

against a certain listlessness, which is the worst trouble in my case.

I am anxious to hear whether you have yet sent off the manuscript of *Rameau*. Goeschen has not written anything about it to me, and, in fact, for the last fortnight I have not heard of anything that is going on in the world.

I trust that things may daily and hourly improve with you and with me too, so that we may soon see each other in gladness.

SCH.

988.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

I herewith send you my *Rameau's Neffe*, with the request that you will send it on to Leipzig to-morrow by the mail coach. Kindly see that it is wrapped up in a thick cover, so that the manuscript may not be harmed. It must go as it is, even though it may require a few alterations when it comes back in print. To give the finishing touches to such a matter is certainly not work for a convalescent state.

When I have finished with *Winckelmann*, I will see whether I have time and courage left to add the alphabetical literary notes to *Rameau*.

I have written some observations on the manuscript, which may, in some measure, be a guide to the printer.

Your *Phädra* I shall in every respect be very glad to look over.

As for the rest we must be patient and do what we can, till we are able to accomplish something better. I drive out every day, and am again hearing something of what is going on in the world.

I hope soon to pay you a visit, and trust that I shall find your strength improving.

G.

I also enclose the engravings for *Tell*, and a few novelties of various kinds.

989.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

February 26, 1805.

As you are probably in the humour for reading in your present circumstances, I send you a goodly bundle of *Litteratur-Zeitungen*, and our *Winckelmanniana*, &c., which, as far as I know, you have not yet seen. I have again run off into French literature while at work with the notes I spoke of, and something will come of this.

Things do seem to be progressing with me. How do things look with you? I am anxiously hoping to see you again.

G.

990.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(Not dated.)

With genuine pleasure have I read the series of æsthetic reviews,* which do not leave one in any doubt as to their author. If only you could decide upon taking a critical ramble like this from time to time, you would not a little promote the good cause generally, and more especially what is best for the *Jenaische Zeitung*. It is just this creative construction of works and of minds, and this admirable way of directing attention to the points of effect, that is wanting in all criticisms, and yet this alone can lead to anything.

The reviews are moreover written in so pleasant and cheerful a tone, that the information is imparted in the pleasantest way; it would only cost you the trouble of dictating, and certainly occasion no less happy sallies † than the Nürnberg philistine is, with consciousness.

Sonntagsfrühe (*Sunday Morning*) ‡ I should like to read in the pure, high German language of a poet, for the dialect, at least in reading, is always somewhat disturbing.

* In the *Litteratur-Zeitung* which Goethe sent to Schiller shortly before (see Letter 989), and now in Goethe's Works, vol. xxxii. 128–141, 160–173.

† Of Grübel, Goethe had said that he had an extraordinary advantage over others of his sect, inasmuch as he was "consciously" a Nürnberg philistine.

‡ A poem by Hebel which Goethe had given as a specimen.

The poem is most admirable, and has an irresistible charm.

Thank you for the *Winckelmann Letters*. They have come just in time to aid my convalescent state. I am continuing to improve, and propose one day soon to try and go out.

Could you procure me Schlözer's *Nestor*,* or let me know where I could get it?

Continue to get more cheerful and to gain in strength. Perhaps, if the wind subsides, I shall venture out and pay you a visit.

SCH.

P.S.—Müller's academic lecture† is somewhat scanty and meagre, and betrays the sand upon which it has sprung up. As this historiographer of Prussia is scarcely ever likely to succeed in writing a history of that monarchy, he ought and should have been able at this his first and last opportunity, to have said something very ingenious and rich in substance; in that case our good German public would have everlastingly regretted that it had not received a whole work from so excellent a hand.

991.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 28, 1805.

You have given me great pleasure by your approval of my reviews. In such matters one never knows whether one is not doing too much, while by doing too little, one, in fact, does nothing.

I intend acting in a similar way with regard to the notes to *Rameau* which I am at present dictating at times, all the more so as the text is of that kind where the notes

* Schlözer had in 1802 commenced a translation of this earliest of the Russian chroniclers under the title of *Russische Annalen*, of which, up to the year 1805, only four volumes, extending to the year 945, had appeared. Schiller wished to become acquainted with Russian history, and the account given of it by the famous chronicler, for the sake of his *Demetrius*.

† Müller's lecture *Ueber die Geschichte Friedrichs II.* was delivered in the Berlin Academy of Sciences on January 24, 1805.

also require to be well spiced. At this opportunity many things may be freely said about French literature which we have hitherto generally treated too rigidly as models or the reverse. And then, as the same story is played all over the world, a very faithful representation of their works is just what we are ourselves witnessing at present.

I very much wish to see you again. But do not venture out too soon, especially in this wild weather.

There is nothing new to send you to-day and therefore I will only say that, with all my heart, I wish that you may be well again soon.

G.

992.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

March 27, 1805.

Do let me hear how you have been during these last days. I have, at last, settled to my work again in all earnestness, and hope no longer to be so easily distracted.

It was difficult to settle down again after such long interruptions and unfortunate intermediate occurrences, and I had to put constraint upon myself. Now, however, I am in swing again.

The cold north-east wind will, I am afraid, make your recovery more difficult, as it does mine, and yet I have been feeling better than I usually do when the barometer has been in the same state.

Would you kindly send me the French *Rameau* for Goeschen? I will do my best to get him to send you the proof sheets immediately they are printed.

Farewell; I am longing for a few lines from you.

Sch.

993.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, April 19, 1805.

As, at Cotta's next coming, there might be some talk of an edition of my works, I find it necessary to make you acquainted with my earlier connection with Goeschen. Your friendship and knowledge of such matters will relieve

me from the necessity of looking through the unpleasant papers at present.

Besides this I must mention that Goeschen printed an edition in four volumes under the wrong dates of 1787 and 1791, of which there had not been any talk between us. Wishing you all good,

G.

994.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 20, 1805.

Thank you very much for looking over the papers, and I am glad to find that we are of one mind with regard to the obligations in question. It is certainly a strange look into days that have but lately passed and yet are different in so many respects. We will discuss the subject more closely when we have an opportunity, and make arrangements for its further development.

The three sketches * relating to *Winckelmann* were sent off yesterday. I do not remember which painter or dilettante wrote beneath his picture, *in doloribus pinxit.* This sub-scription might very well apply to my present work. I only hope that the reader may not be at all aware of the state of the case, in the same way as no one ever noticed a trace of gout-pains in the jokes of Scarron.

I have now set to work with the notes to *Rameau's Neffe*, and of course have got into the wide and large domain of music. I shall take care and merely run through a few principal lines, and then, as soon as possible, again make my way out of this realm, where I am, after all, somewhat of a stranger.

I congratulate you upon your work, and am delighting in the prospect of seeing something of it soon.

G.

* In Goethe's treatise, *Winckelmann und seine Zeit*, Winckelmann's letters to Berendis were followed by Meyer's *Entwurf einer Kunstgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts* and three *Skizzen zu einer Schilderung Winckelmanns* by Goethe, Meyer, and Fr. A. Wolf, without giving the authors' names. In the Preface, however, the authors are described as being *gleichdenkende Freunde* (friends of one mind) who offer "the small tribute as a testimony of their sentiments towards the great man, not as an account of his merits."

995.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, April 23, 1805.

I write to let you know what came from Leipzig yesterday. Goeschen seems not to wish the notes, while I have been busily working at them.

Have the kindness to go over them and to mark what you may find to be too paradoxical, bold and insufficient. I think that these pages, which do not exhaust the half of the names occurring in the dialogue, should, if still possible, be worked out and sent off: for, in fact, the main points in question have already been discussed in it, and the rest is more incidental and concerns his life which at this distance of time and place we shall not be able to fathom. Theatrical names such as Clairon, Préville, Dumenil, are already well known, and are not of the first importance even in the dialogue itself. Well, I say again, be so good as to look through the pages, to think the matter over and to discuss it with me one of these days. My kindest farewell.

G.

996.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

April 24, 1805.

The notes read remarkably well, even apart from the text upon which they throw very great light. What you have said about French taste, about authors and the public in general, and, moreover, with a side glance at our Germany, is as happy and true as the articles on music and musicians, on Palissot and others are appropriate and instructive for an annotated work. Your giving Voltaire's letter to Palissot, and placing Rousseau above Rameau, produce a good effect.

I found but few remarks to make, and even these merely referred to expressions, with exceptions of one short passage in the note on *Taste* which I did not quite understand.

As the notes seem to be all but finished, the question is whether they might not be despatched at once by to-morrow's post. I have found fifteen articles among them

which were interesting in themselves, and even the half of this number would have justified the notes. Moreover, I estimate that they will print, at least, three sheets, which I call equipping the text sufficiently well.

Farewell, and ever better! Do not forget to send me *Elpenor*.*

SCH.

997.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

Be so kind as to take out the article *Le Mièvre* from the manuscript. I have just discovered that I have been mistaken in the person.

G.

998.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

Herewith at last is the manuscript which I beg you to look at again and then to send on to Leipzig. Were it not that everything one does is extemporised, I should have many scruples about these very extemporised notes. My greatest consolation in this that I can say: *sine me ibis liber!* for I should not care to be present everywhere that it may go.

I have meanwhile recommenced to dictate my history of the theory of colours, and shall soon have settled a difficult chapter in the middle of it.

As for the rest, I keep very well as long as I take my daily ride. But as soon as I make a break in this, many unpleasantries arise. I hope to see you soon.

G.

998*a*.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Not dated.)

The enclosed little note be so kind as to have despatched to Leipzig, and when you have time, to read through the inclosed attempt at treating the history of the theory of colours. Keep the manuscript by you till I send the end

* A work of Goethe's. See Letters 478, 479, 480, *etc.*

of the chapter. It is prefixed by a short sketch for reviewing the whole.

G.

999.—Schiller *to* Goethe.*

Weimar, April 1805.

Your notes end merrily enough with Voltaire, and the reader gets a goodly load to go away with. However, in this very last article I find myself at some disagreement with you, both as regards the list of qualities necessary to make a good author, and its application to Voltaire.

It is true the list is meant merely to be an empiric enumeration of the predicates which one feels induced to express when reading a good author; but when these qualities come to stand in a row, it strikes one as odd to see such words as genera and species, principal colours and colour-tones, cited one beside the other. At all events, in this list, I should have avoided using such grand and highly-comprehensive words as genius, understanding, intellect, style, &c., and kept simply within the bounds of moods and shades of mood that are of only partial application.

Further, I missed in the series other definitions, such as *character*, *energy*, and *fire*, precisely that which constitutes the power of so many authors, and which can in no way be included among those before mentioned. It would indeed be difficult to assign a character to Voltaire's *Proteus*.

It is true that in denying that Voltaire possesses *depth*, you have pointed out one of his chief defects; but still I should have liked you to have stated that, like all Frenchmen as a rule, he is also very much wanting in what is called *Gemüth*. *Gemüth* and *Herz* you have not enumerated in the list; true they are in part included among other predicates, but still not in the full sense in which they are generally understood.

Finally, I would have you consider whether Louis XIV.

* This last letter of Schiller's, which Goethe kept among his treasures, was not published either in the first or the second edition of the *Correspondence*. Düntzer, in his *Erläuterungen*, gives a reprint of it from Riemer's *Briefe von und an Goethe*.

—who, after all, was in reality a very weak character, who never achieved much in war as a hero by his personality, and whose proud representative government, to speak fairly, was the work of the two very active ministerial governments who preceded him, and prepared the field for him—whether Louis XIV. represents the character of a French king better than Henry IV.

This *heteros logos* occurred to me while reading it, and I wished to let you know of it.

SCH.

Schiller was taken ill on April 29th. Goethe relates that he paid his friend a visit on that evening: "I found him just starting for the theatre, and would not allow him to remain away on my account. I was not feeling very well myself, and this prevented my accompanying him, so we parted—never to meet again."

From young Voss, who was in the habit of joining Schiller in his box at the theatre after the close of a play, we learn that, on the evening in question, he found Schiller in a violent fever and shivering. He was immediately taken home and carefully attended to. During the following week he was very much reduced in strength and confined to his sofa, but was able to see several friends. One of these was the publisher Cotta who was on his way to Leipzig, and whom Schiller wished to see on his return journey with regard to the publication of Goethe's works (See Letter 993). He himself had no idea that his end was approaching, and those around him—although conscious that his frequent attacks of illness during the last months had told most severely upon him—sought comfort in the thought that they had often seen their beloved patient in as precarious a condition, and fondly hoped that the spring, he so loved, would restore him to his usual state of health. This, however, was not to be. On the evening of the 9th of May a sudden change came, and before his wife—who had left him but for a few minutes—could reach his side, Schiller had fallen into his last sleep.

Goethe himsef was very unwell during these days of Schiller's last illness, and his friends avoided, as much as possible, speaking to him on a subject which they knew would only have distressed him. The sorrowful tidings of Schiller's death reached Goethe's house when Heinrich Meyer—their mutual friend—was there; and as Meyer could not summon up courage to break the intelligence to Goethe, he left the house without taking leave of any one. Goethe, who had noticed this, said to his wife next morning: "I feel sure that Schiller must be very ill;" and his wife knowing that the truth could not be withheld from him much longer, gently told him of his friend's death. "Half of my existence is gone from me," Goethe wrote to Zelter shortly afterwards, and later we again have his own words: "My diary is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence. In those days I took no interest in anything."

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LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.